With the idea in mind of capturing Tarzan for her state, and knowing that, unless he succeeded in dodging past her and reaching the entrance, he could not escape her, The Third Woman moved very slowly toward the apeman. Now, she ignored the other occupants of the store room. Tarzan, not knowing her real purpose, thought she was about to attack him as a dangerous alien in the sacred precincts of her home. He viewed her enormous, muscular bulk and the bludgeon she was swinging and mentally compared them with his own defenseless nakedness.

To the jungle-born, flight from unknown peril is *carried* with it no stigma of cowardice. Not only was Tarzan of the Apes jungle-born and jungle raised, but the stripping of his clothes away from him had now, as always before, also stripped away his thin veneer of civilization. It was, then, a savage beast that faced the unknown Alalu woman—a cunning beast as well as a powerful one—a beast that knew when to fight and when to flee. Tarzan cast a quick glance behind him. There was the Alalu lad, trembling in fear.

Behind was the rear wall of the corral, one of the great stone slabs of which tilted slightly outward. Also is the mind and eye of man compared with that of the trapped beast seeking escape. So quick was the ape-man that he had gone before The Third Woman had guessed that he was considering flight. And with him had gone the eldest Alalu boy. Wherefore, all in a single motion, Tarzan had swung the young male to his shoulder, leaped swiftly to the corral's rear wall, and, cat-like run up the smooth surface of the slightly tilted slab.

Tarzan drew himself over without a single backward glance, and dropped the youth to the ground upon the opposite side. Then the ape-man jumped after him and looked about. For the first time he saw the natural amphitheater and the caves before which several mammoth bull apes were still squabbling. The sun already was dropping over the hills, and it would soon be dark. He saw but a single avenue of escape—the opening at the lower end of the amphitheater through which the trail led down to the forest. Toward this he ran, followed by the boy.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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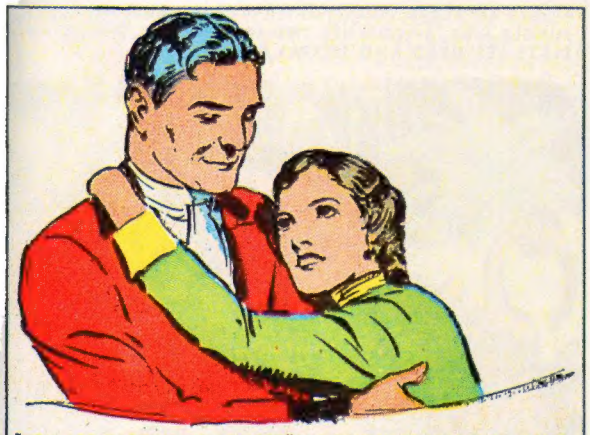
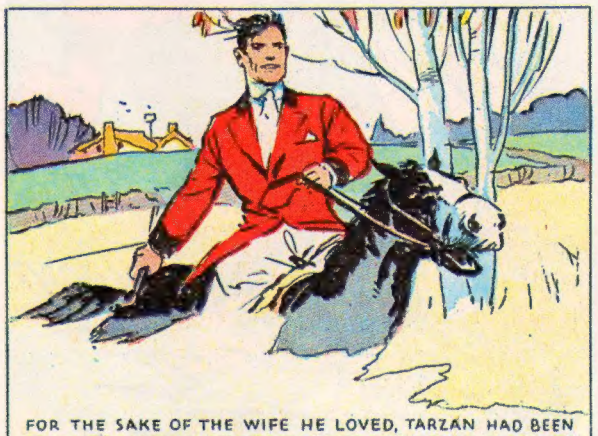
TARZAN AND THE FOX

A HUNTING PARTY HAD GATHERED AT THE GREYSTOKE ESTATE IN ENGLAND, AND NOW THEY WERE WAITING FOR THEIR HOST TO START

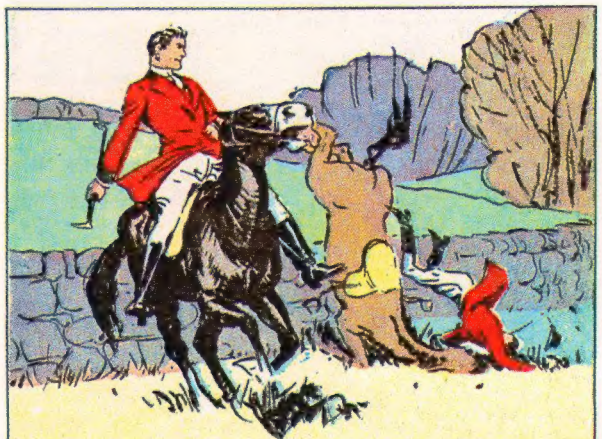
"YOU LOOK MARVELOUS, JOHN!" SAID LADY GREYSTOKE WHEN HER HUSBAND FINALLY APPEARED IN THE HUNTING CLOTHES THAT SHE HAD PERSUADED HIM TO BUY. "I FEEL SILLY," HE SAID. "TO THINK THAT I, TARZAN OF THE APES....."



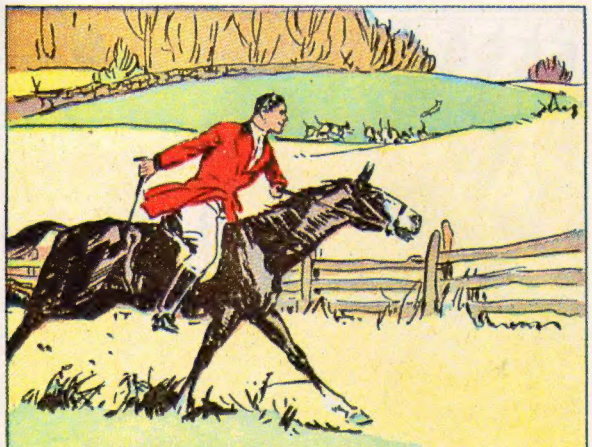
"YOU ARE TARZAN NO LONGER," SHE REMINDED HIM. "YOU HAVE COME INTO YOUR BIRTHRIGHT AS LORD GREYSTOKE. FOR MY SAKE, JOHN...." AND SHE STOPPED HIS PROTEST WITH A KISS.



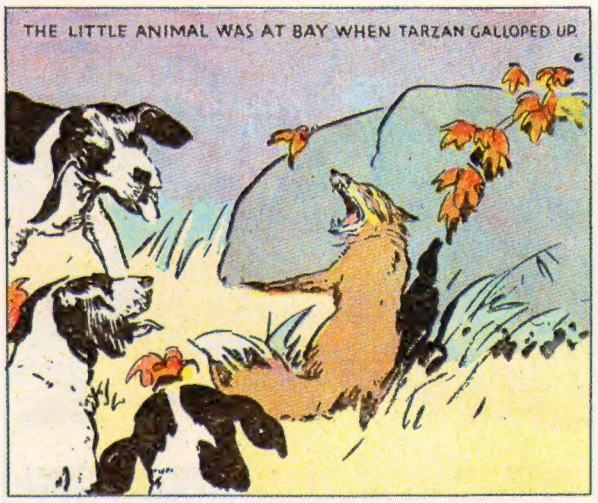
FOR THE SAKE OF THE WIFE HE LOVED, TARZAN HAD BEEN TRYING TO ADAPT HIMSELF TO THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, BUT, NOW THAT HE WAS OFF ON THE HUNT, SOMETHING OF THE EXHILARATION OF HIS JUNGLE DAYS SWEPT THROUGH HIM.



EVEN AT THEIR OWN SPORTS TARZAN EXCELLED THE PRODUCTS OF AN EFFETE CIVILIZATION.

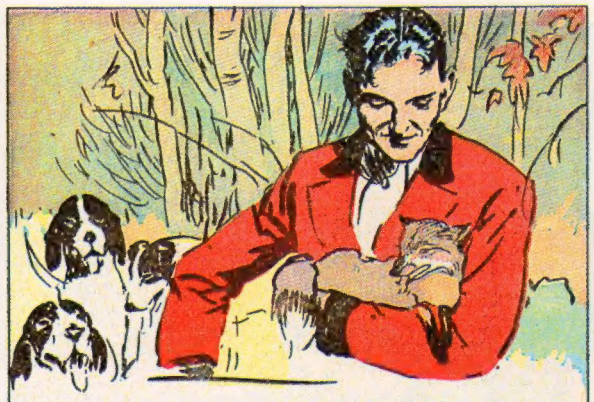


LEADING THE FIELD, TARZAN AT LAST SIGHTED THE FOX ON THE DISTANT HORIZON WITH THE PACK OF HOUNDS IN FULL CRY AFTER HIM.



THE LITTLE ANIMAL WAS AT BAY WHEN TARZAN GALLOPED UP.

BUT TARZAN WAS NO "SPORTSMAN". HE KILLED IN THE JUNGLE FOR MEAT OR TO SAVE A LIFE. WHEN HE SAW THE LITTLE HUNTED FOX, HE FELT CLOSER TO HIM THAN TO THE HUNTERS WITH WHOM HE HAD GONE HUNTING.



TO THE FOX HE TALKED, USING THE LANGUAGE OF THE APES. THE FOX DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE WORDS; BUT HE UNDERSTOOD THAT TARZAN WAS HIS FRIEND, AND GRADUALLY THE LITTLE, FRIGHTENED, HUNTED THING SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF THE APE-MAN'S ARMS.

AS OTHER HUNTERS ARRIVED, TARZAN TURNED ON THEM FIERCELY, GROWLING LIKE A BEAST HIMSELF "THE HUNT IS OFF!" HE SAID. "THE FOX IS MY LITTLE BROTHER"

IT WAS INCIDENTS LIKE THIS THAT MADE LADY GREYSTOKE REALIZE THAT TARZAN BELONGED IN AFRICA.....FREE ONCE MORE TO INDULGE THE WILD JOY OF LIFE WITH HIS BROTHERS, THE APES. 1-3

NEXT WEEK THE DANCE OF VICTORY.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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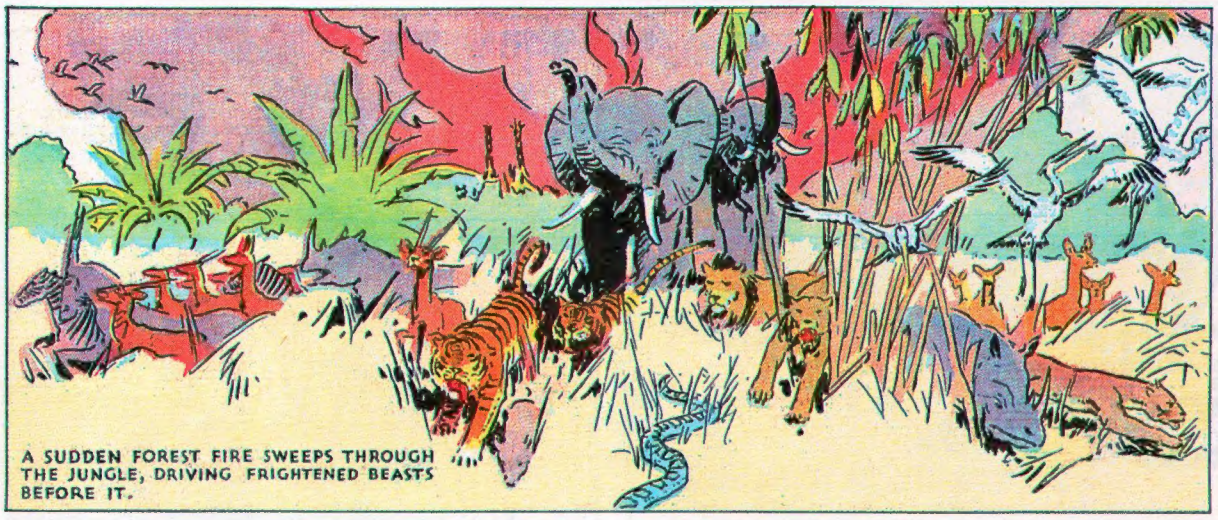
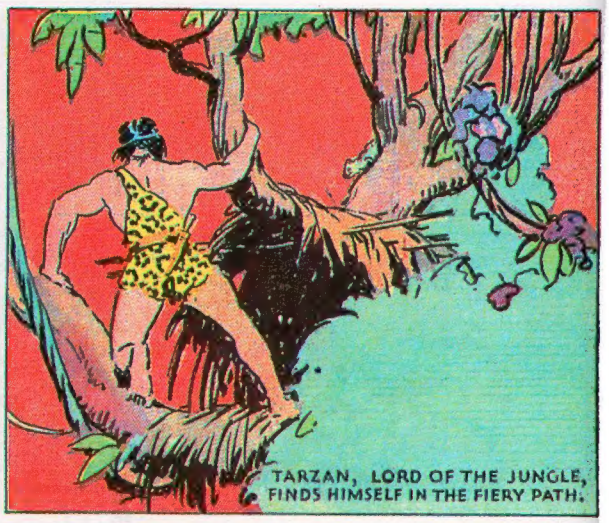
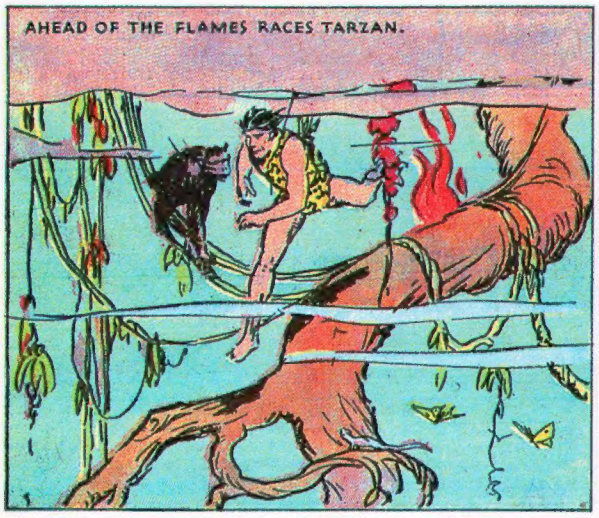
THE DANCE OF VICTORY



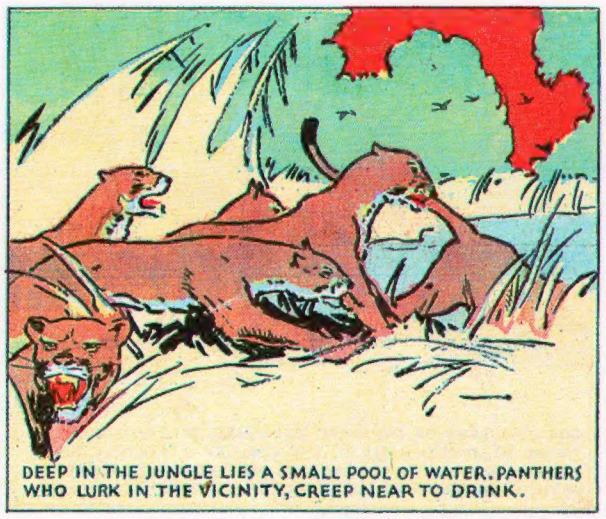
A SUDDEN FOREST FIRE SWEEPS THROUGH THE JUNGLE, DRIVING FRIGHTENED BEASTS BEFORE IT.



TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE, FINDS HIMSELF IN THE FIERY PATH.



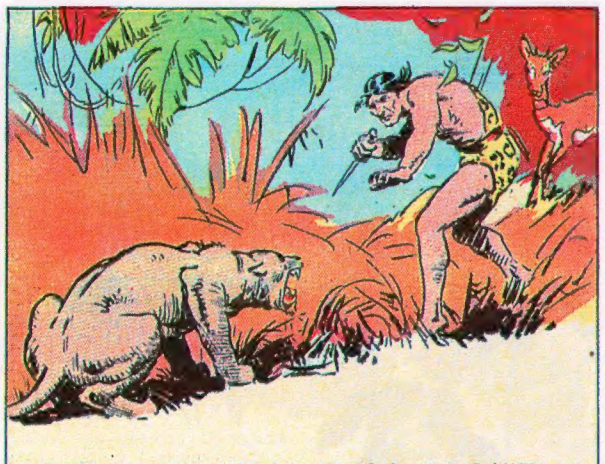
AHEAD OF THE FLAMES RACES TARZAN.



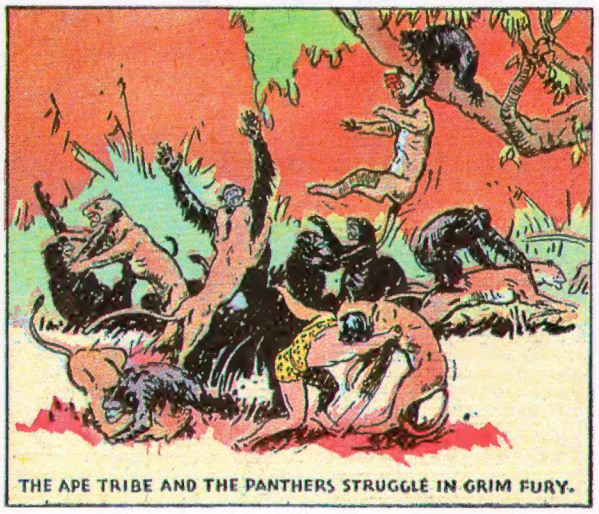
DEEP IN THE JUNGLE LIES A SMALL POOL OF WATER. PANTHERS WHO LURK IN THE VICINITY, CREEP NEAR TO DRINK.

A LONE ANTELOPE, THIRSTY AFTER ITS LONG RUN FROM THE JUNGLE FIRE, APPROACHES THE WATER POOL. A PANTHER LIFTS ITS HEAD AND SNARLS, AND . . . .

TARZAN SEES THE DEFENSELESS ANTELOPE AND THE PANTHERS AT THE WATER POOL.



THE APE MAN LEAPS, DETERMINED TO SAVE THE ANTELOPE, AND TO DRIVE THE PANTHERS FROM THE PRECIOUS WATER.



THE APE TRIBE AND THE PANTHERS STRUGGLE IN GRIM FURY.

LED BY TARZAN, THE APE HORDE WINS THE WATER POOL.

THE VICTORY INSPIRES THE APE MAN. AGAIN HE IS THE LEADER OF A VICTORIOUS APE HORDE. REFRESHED BY THE WATER HE LEADS THE APES IN A WILD DANCE OF VICTORY.

NEXT WEEK ABOARD A SLAVE SHIP

1-10

ABOARD A SLAVE SHIP

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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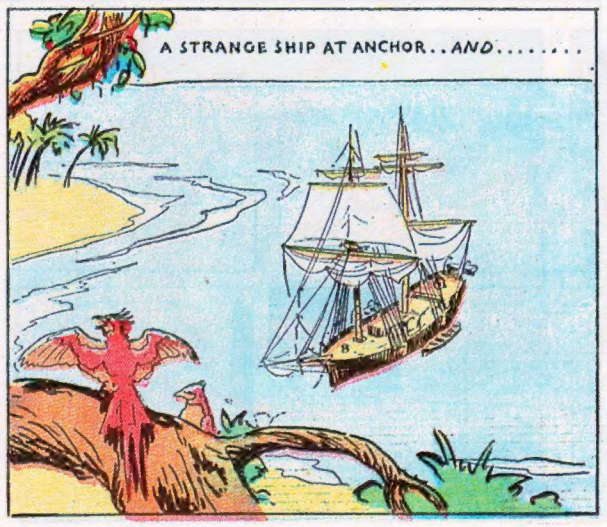
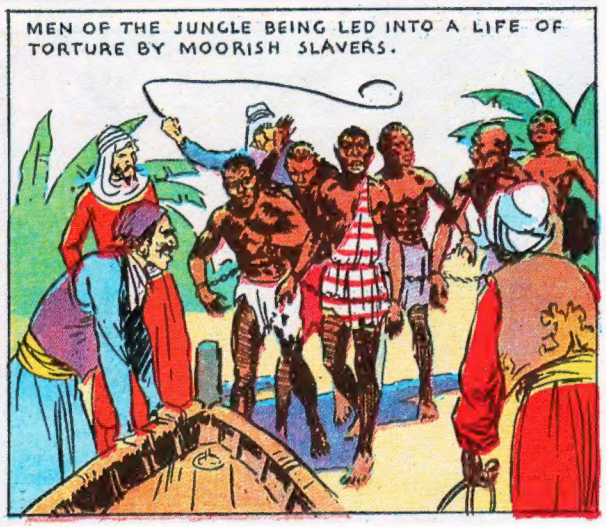
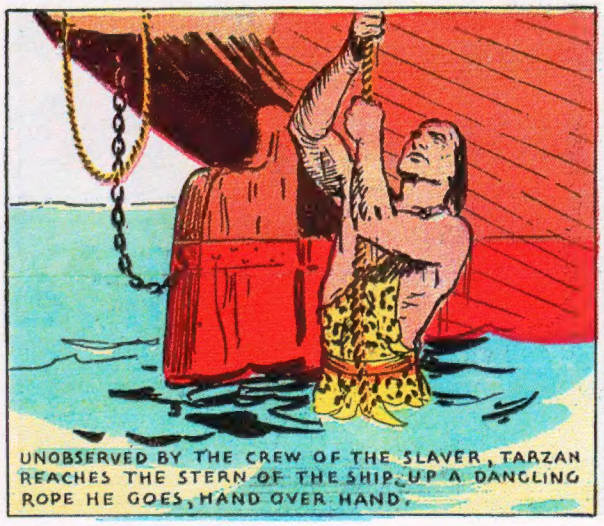
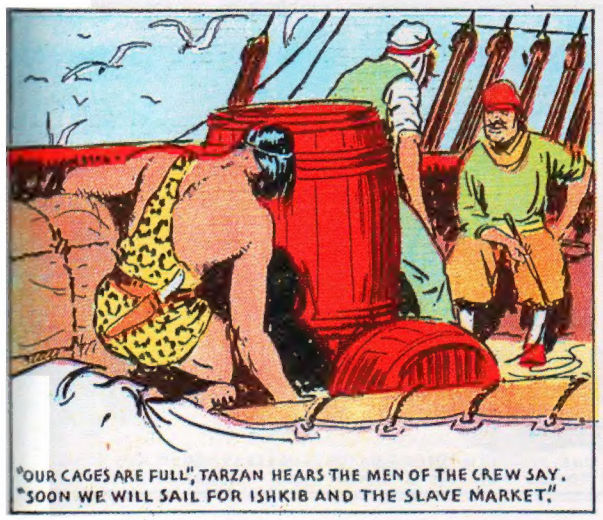




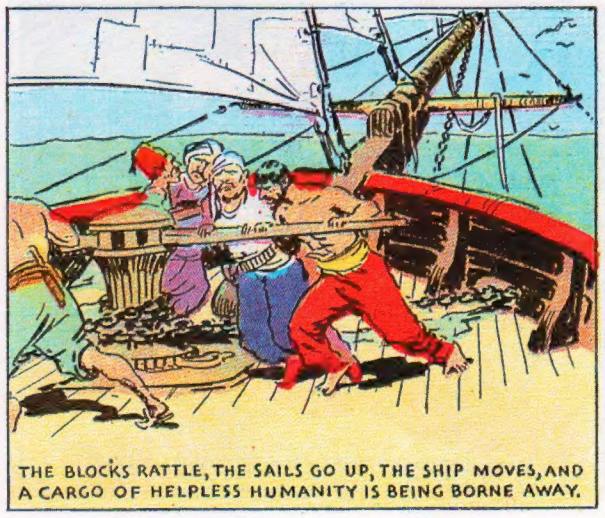


UNOBSERVED BY THE CREW OF THE SLAVER, TARZAN REACHES THE STERN OF THE SHIP. UP A DANGLING ROPE HE GOES, HAND OVER HAND.

THE MEN OF THE JUNGLE STRUGGLE AGAINST THEIR IRON BARS.

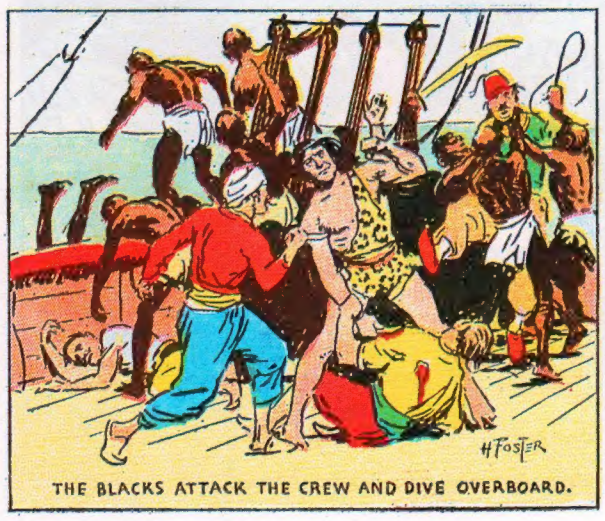


"OUR CAGES ARE FULL", TARZAN HEARS THE MEN OF THE CREW SAY. "SOON WE WILL SAIL FOR ISHKIB AND THE SLAVE MARKET."

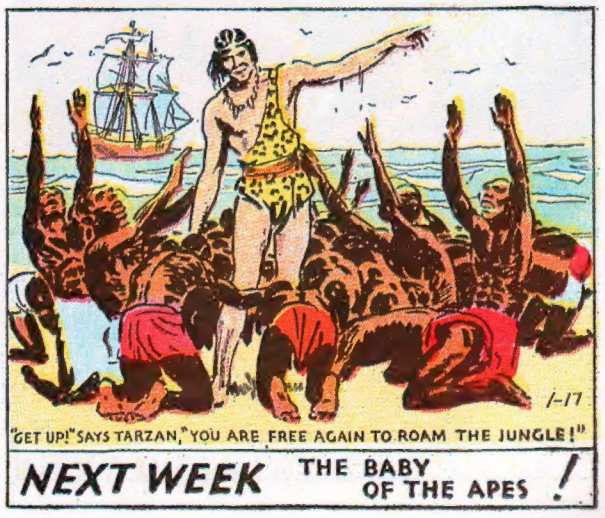


THE BLOCKS RATTLE, THE SAILS GO UP, THE SHIP MOVES, AND A CARGO OF HELPLESS HUMANITY IS BEING BORNE AWAY.

LIBERATES THE JUNGLE MEN! THEY SWARM BEHIND THE APE MAN AS HE LEADS THEM TOWARDS THE DECK AND FREEDOM.



THE BLACKS ATTACK THE CREW AND DIVE OVERBOARD.



"GET UP!" SAYS TARZAN, "YOU ARE FREE AGAIN TO ROAM THE JUNGLE!"

NEXT WEEK THE BABY OF THE APES !

Tarzan

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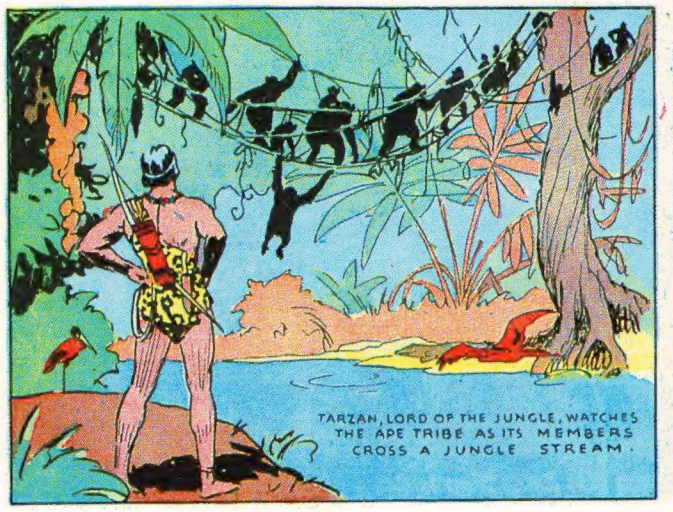
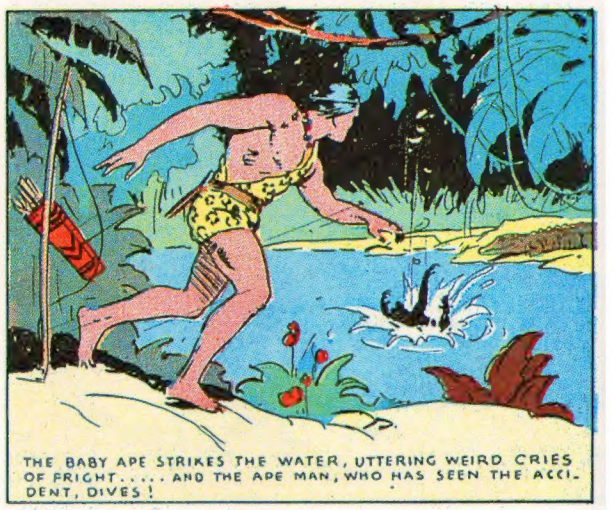
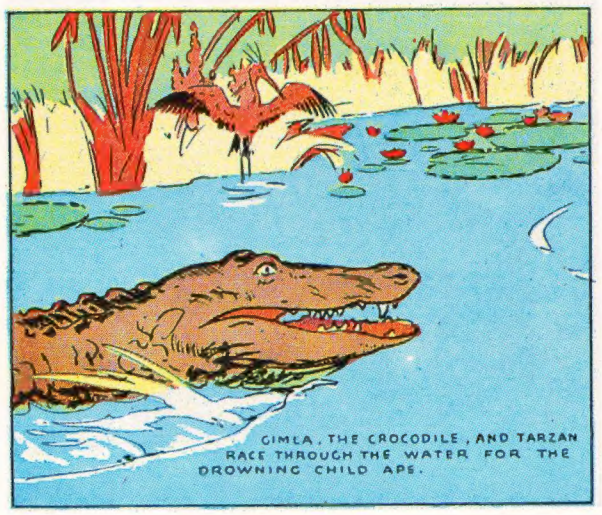
The BABY OF THE APES

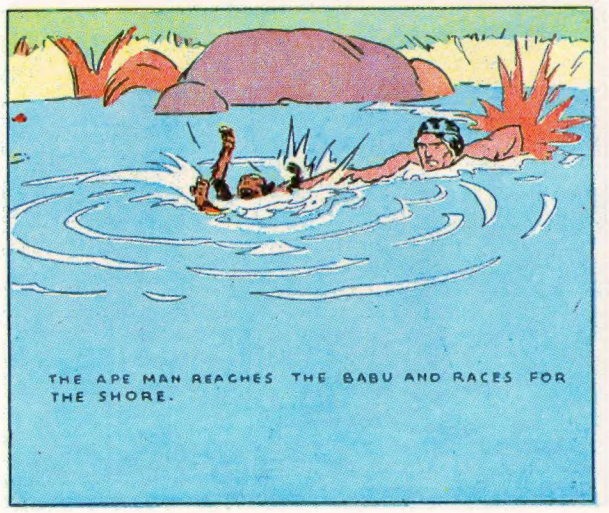
1932.

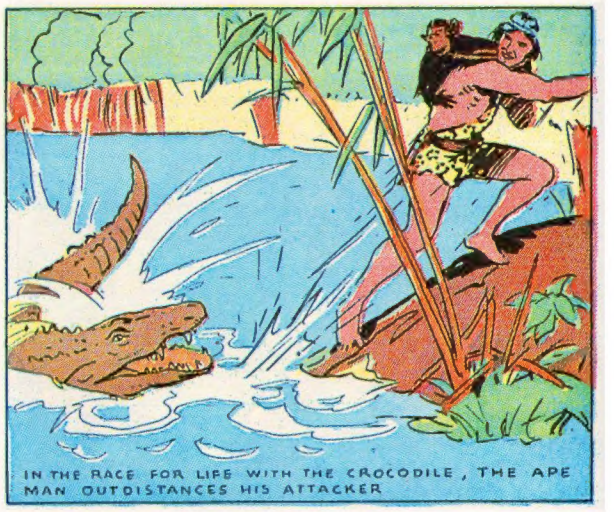
H. FOSTER

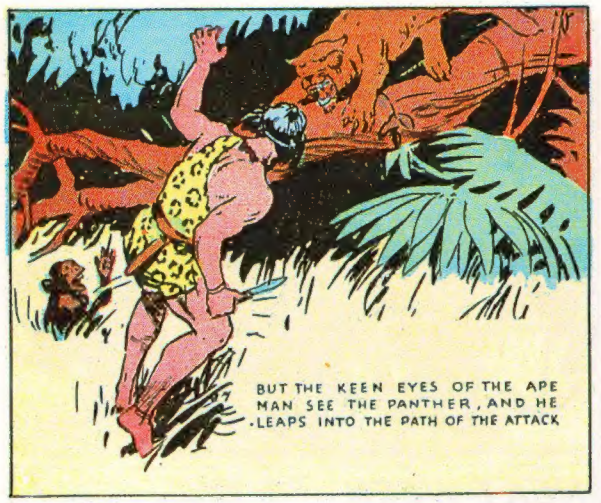


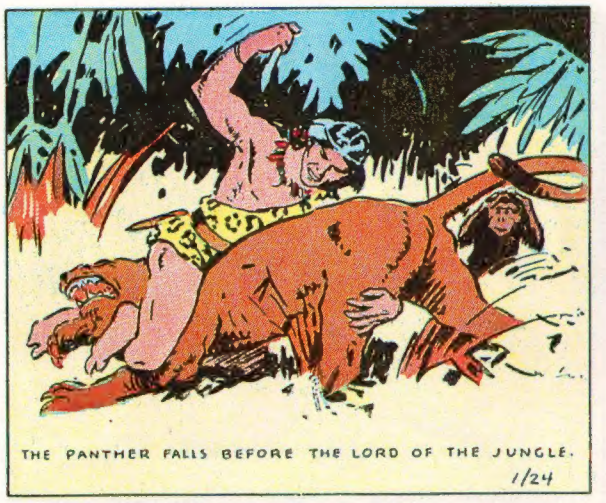












NEXT WEEK *The* BLONDE PRIESTESS.

Tarzan

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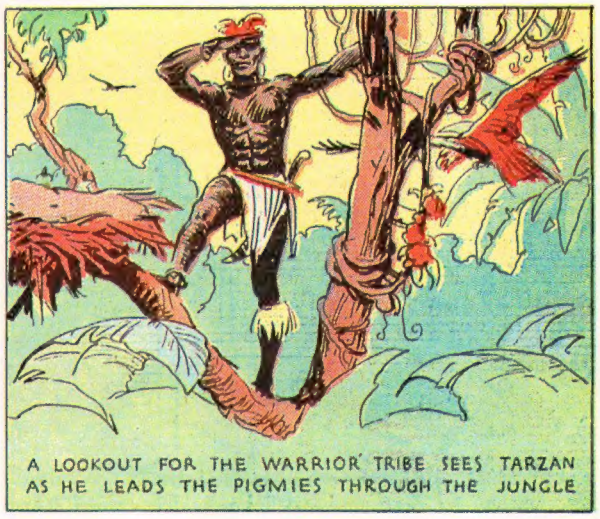
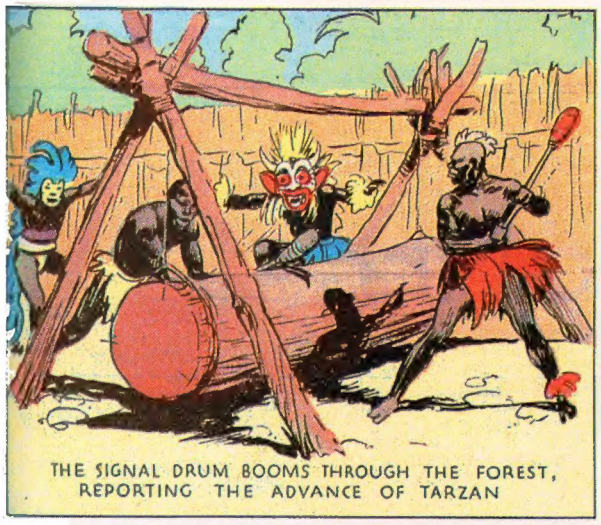
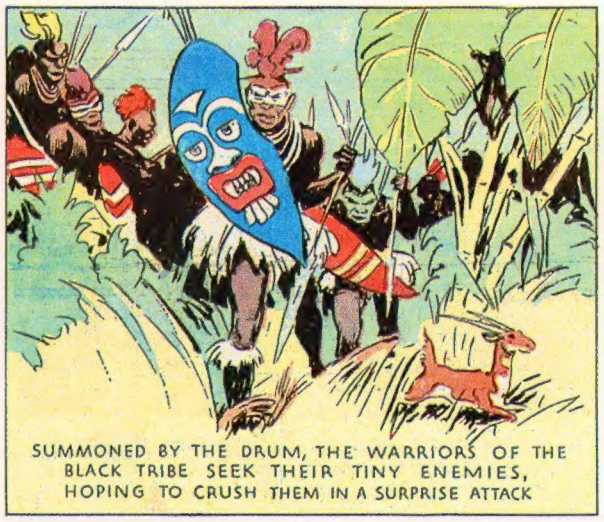
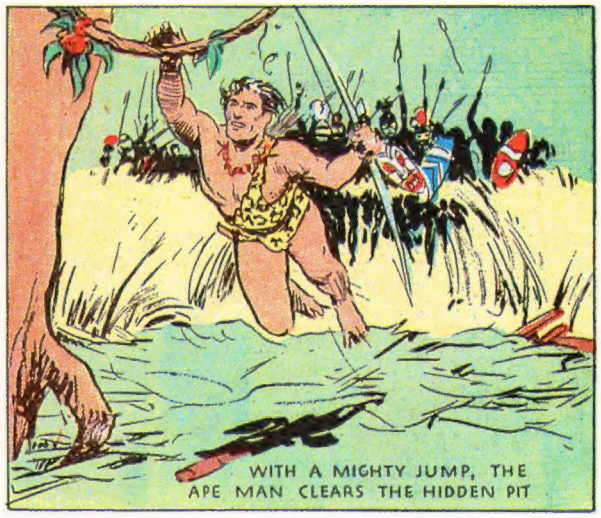
THE BLACK PIT!

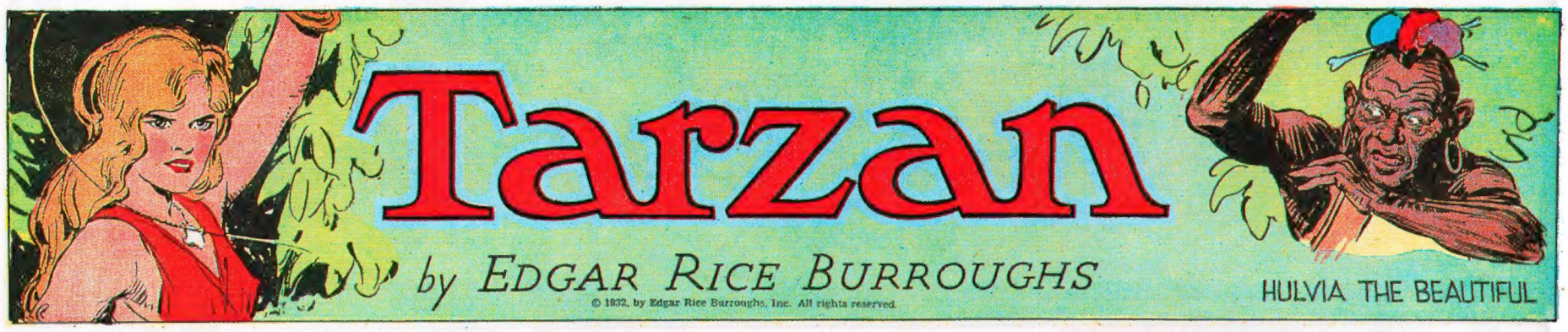


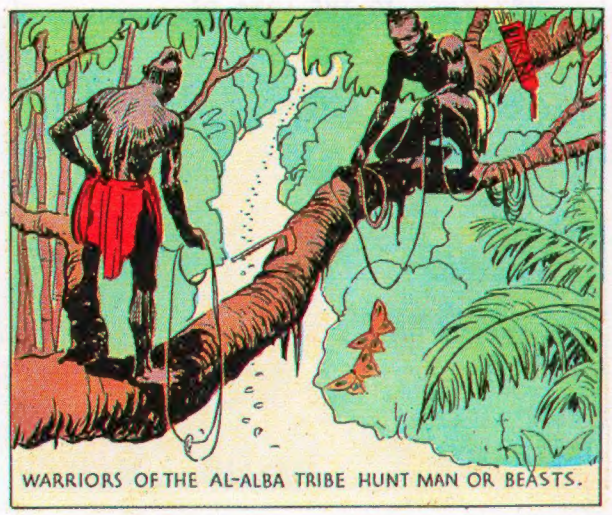


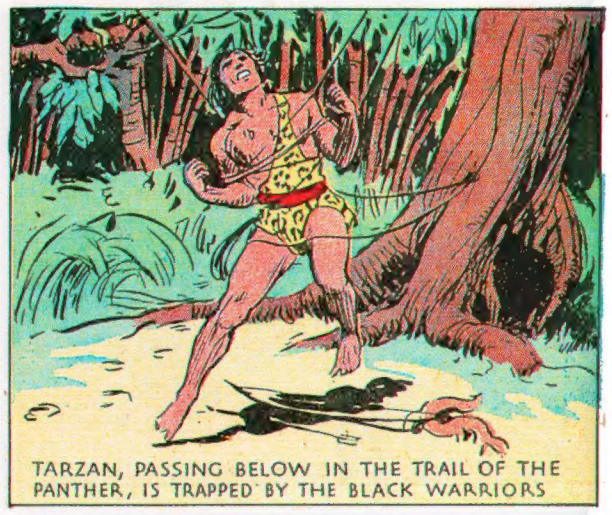


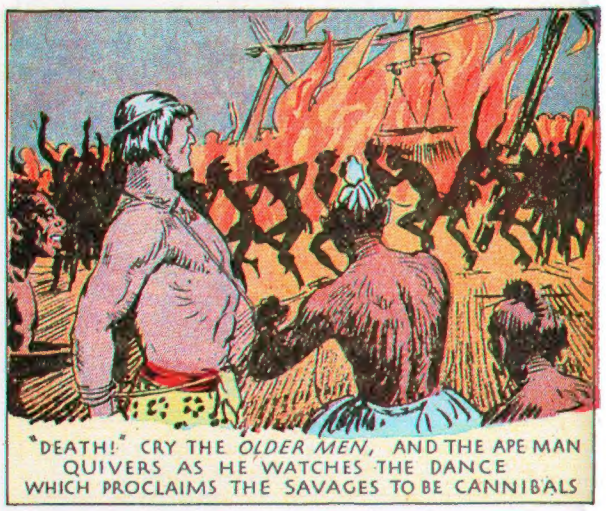


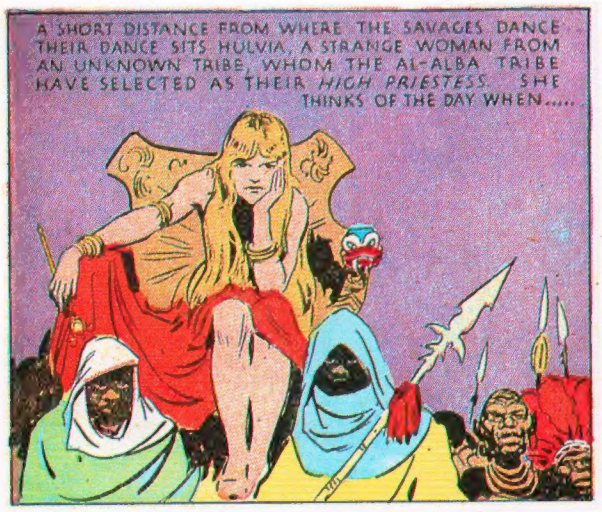
NEXT WEEK: HULVIA the BEAUTIFUL.

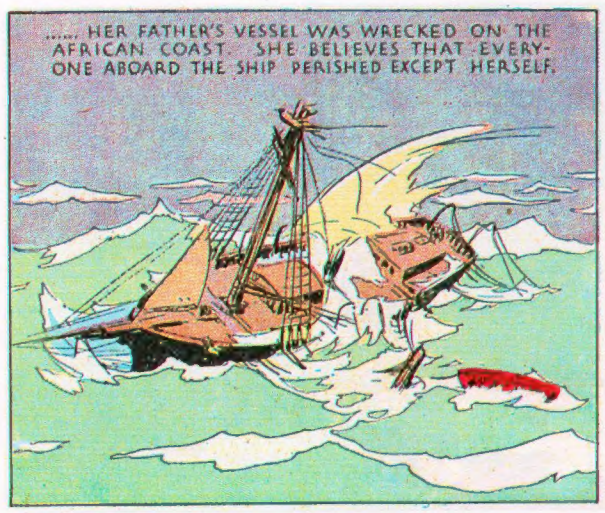


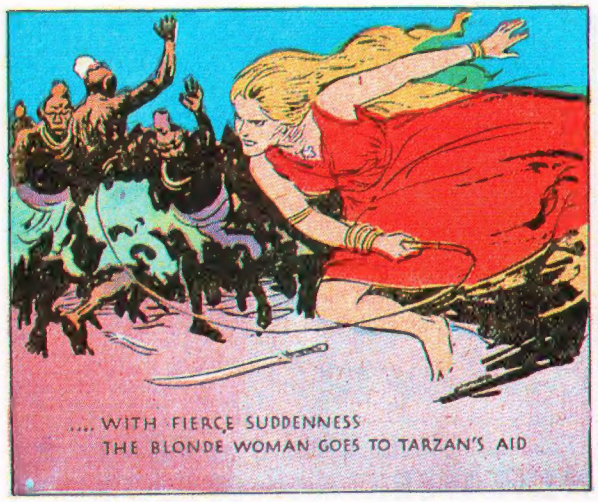


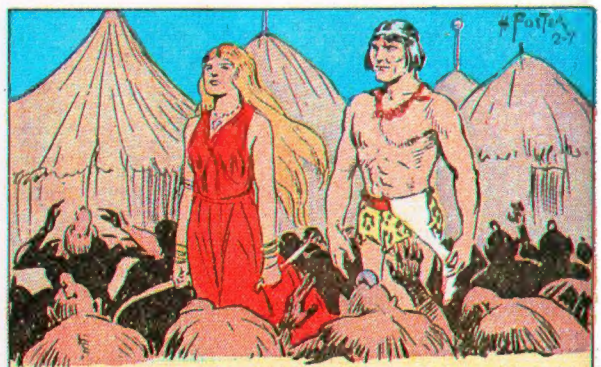




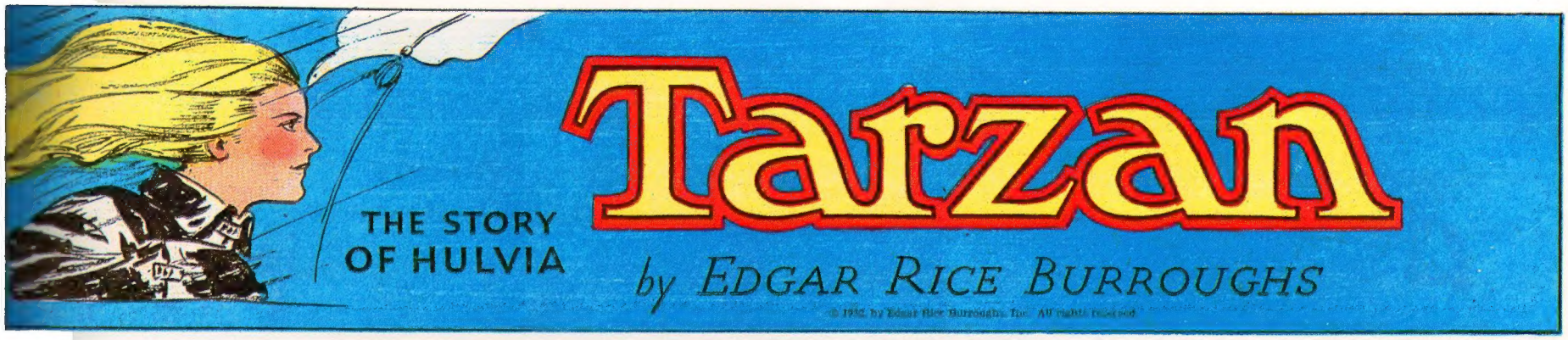








NEXT WEEK: THE STORY OF HULVIA



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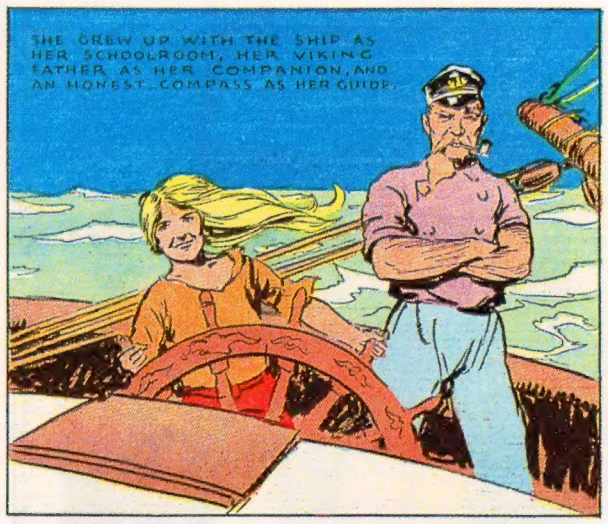
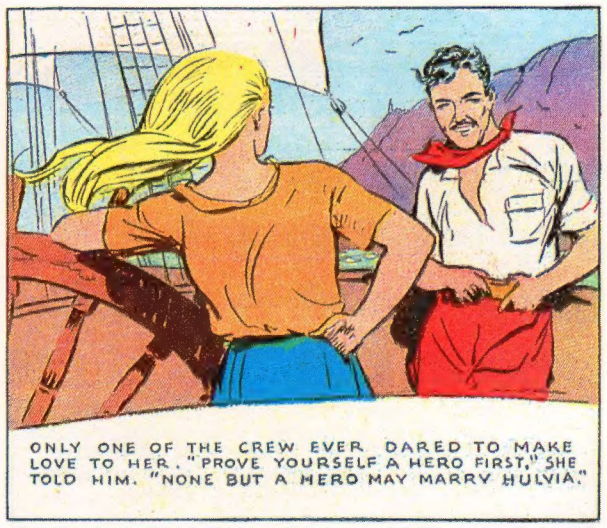
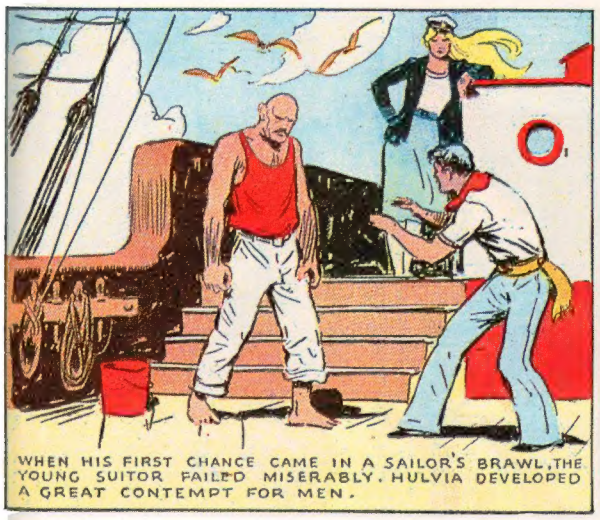
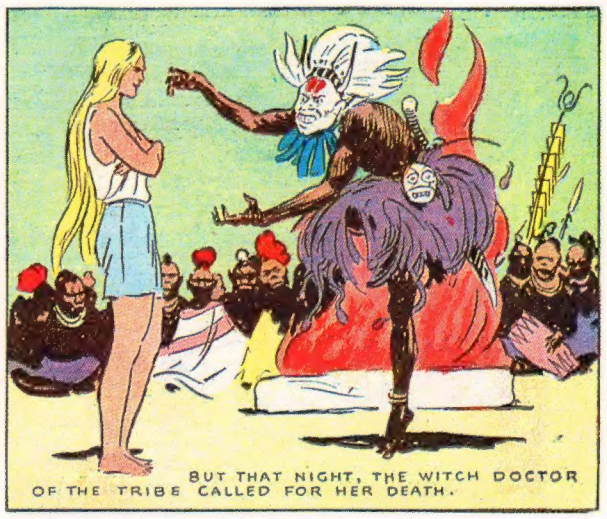
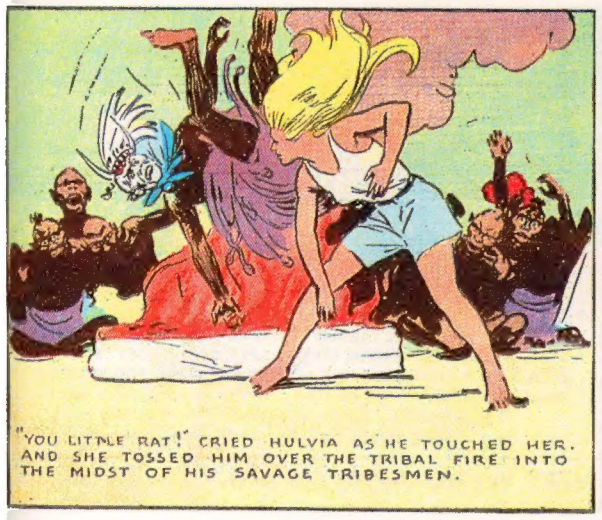
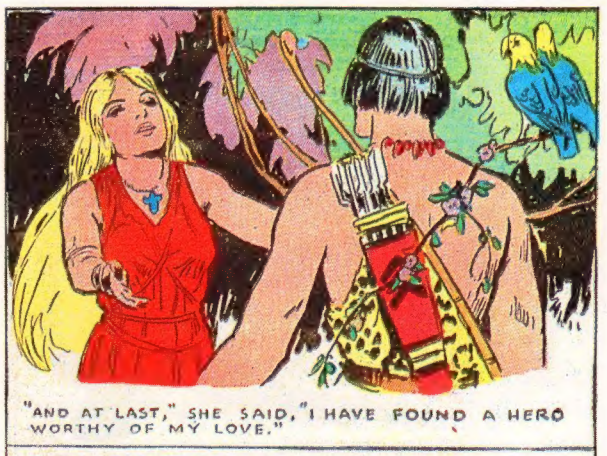










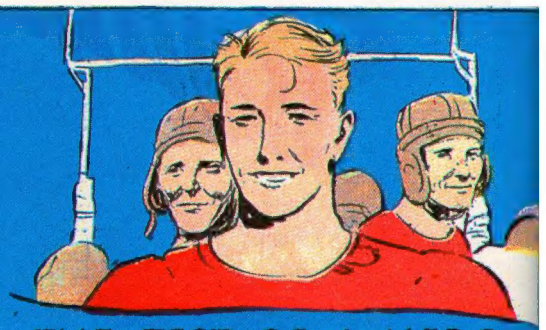


NEXT WEEK—THE TEST OF A HERO

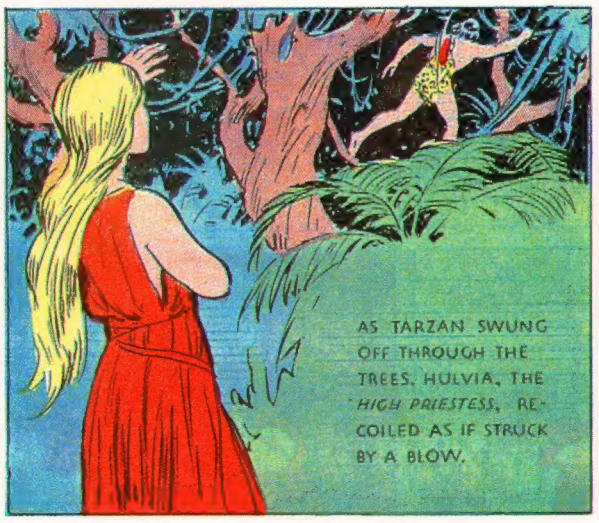
2-14

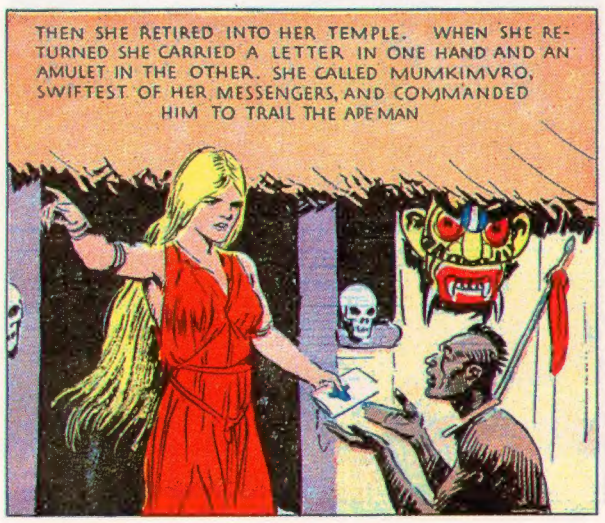
Tarzan

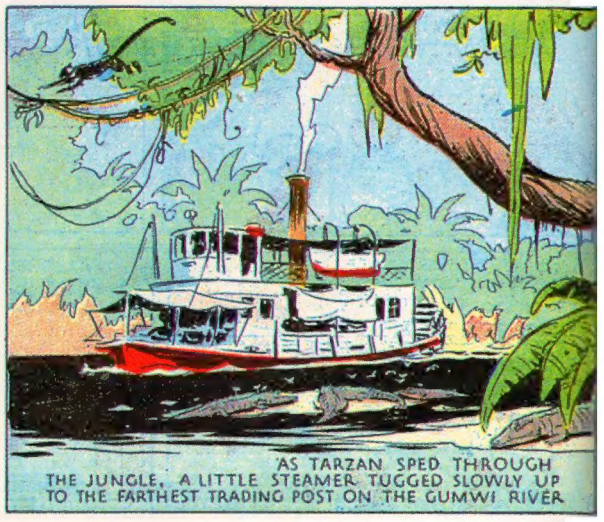
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

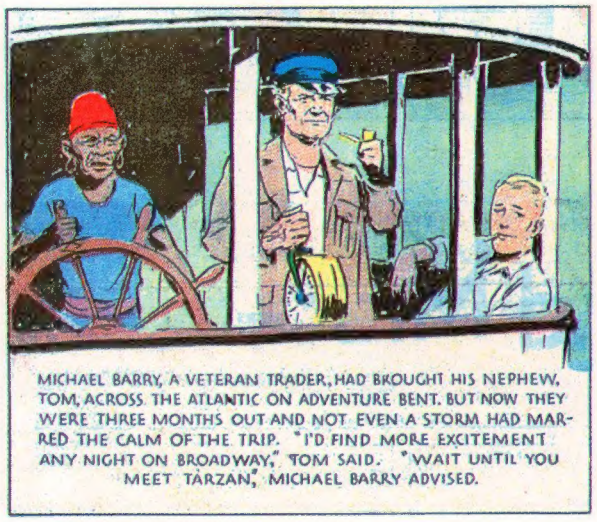


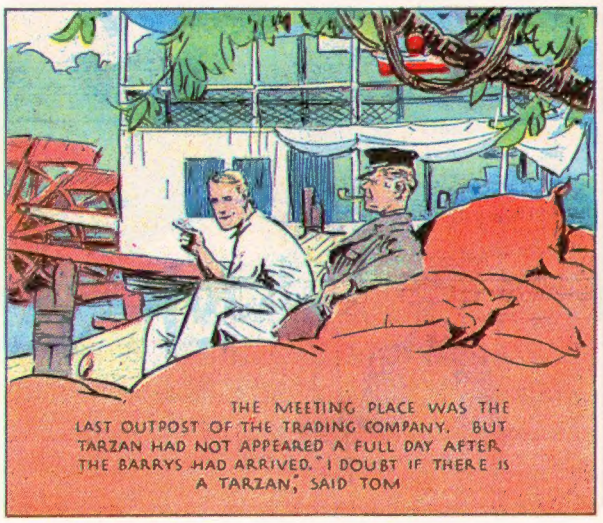
THE TEST OF A HERO

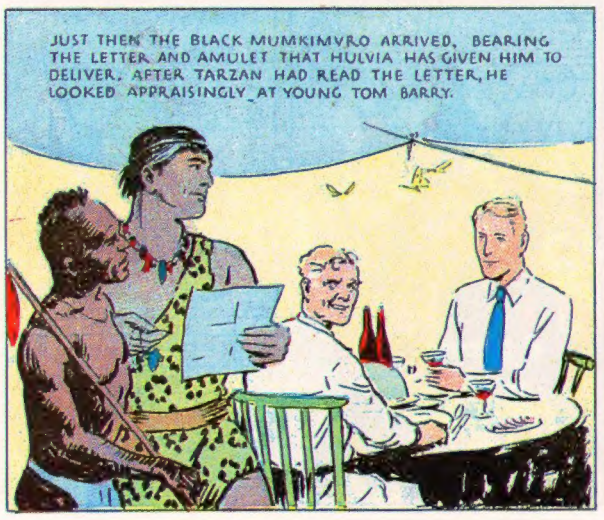


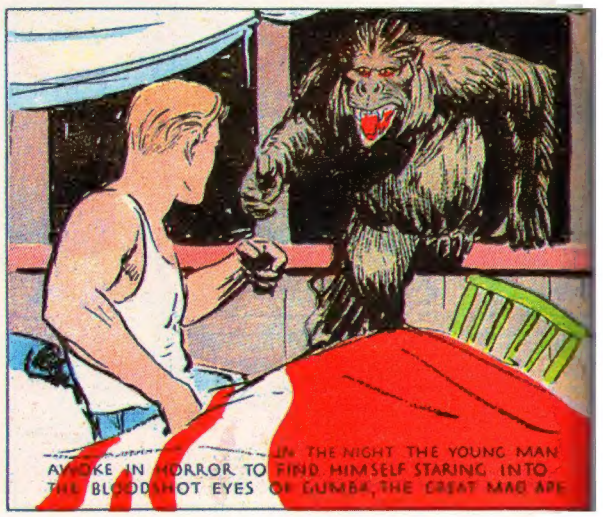


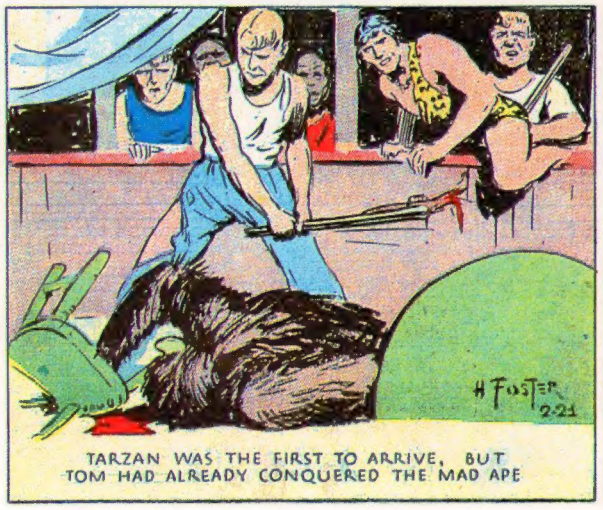


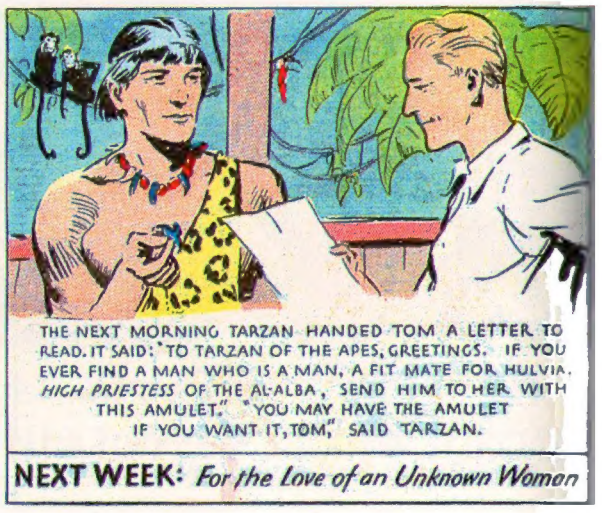












NEXT WEEK: *For the Love of an Unknown Women*

Tarzan

FOR LOVE OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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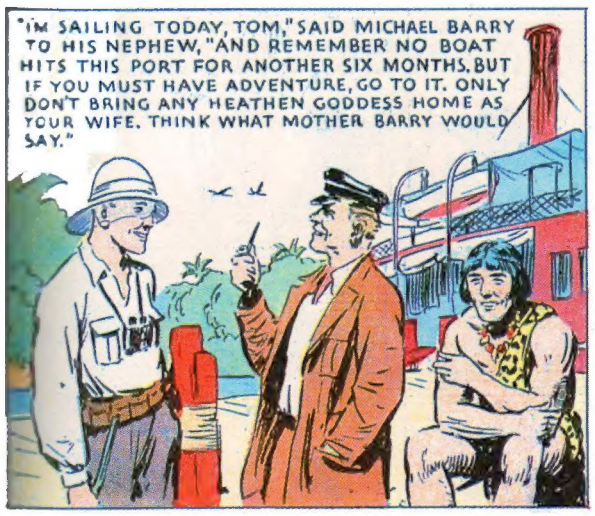

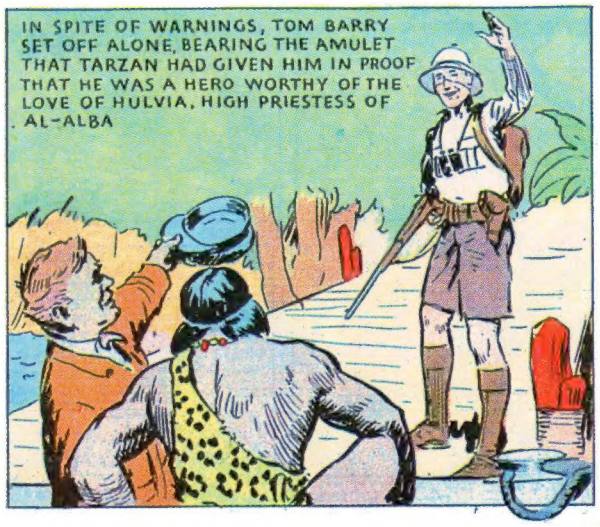

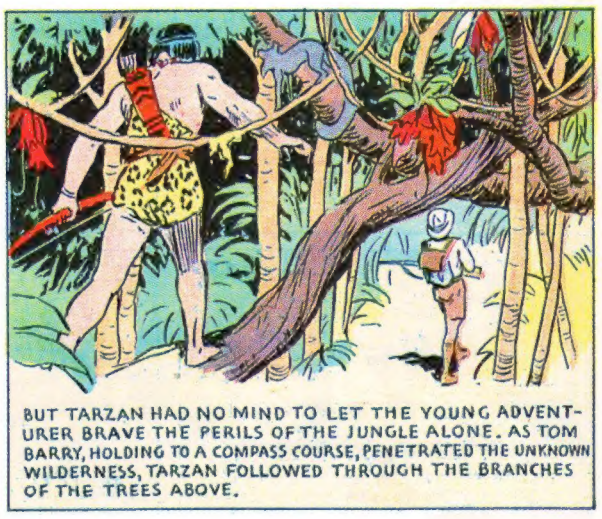

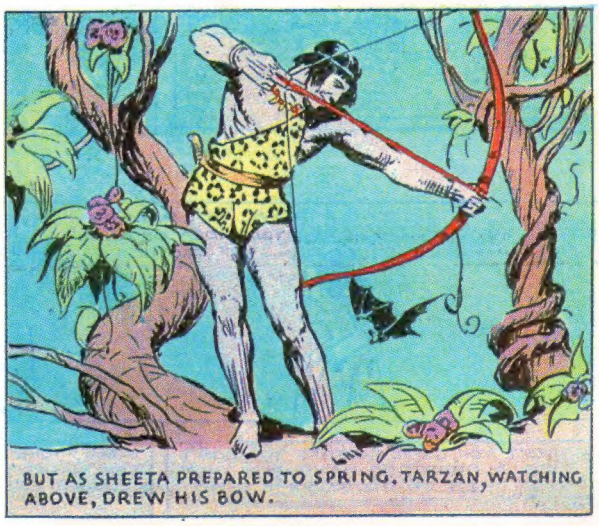

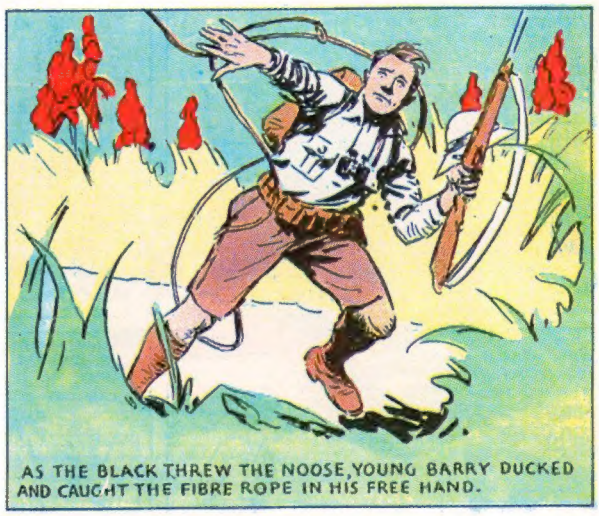

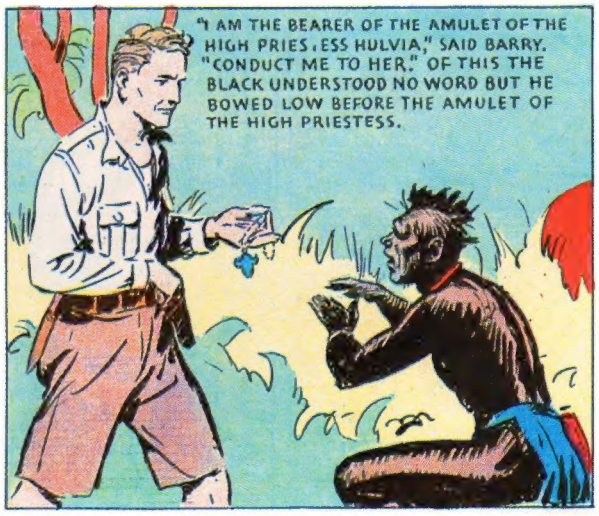

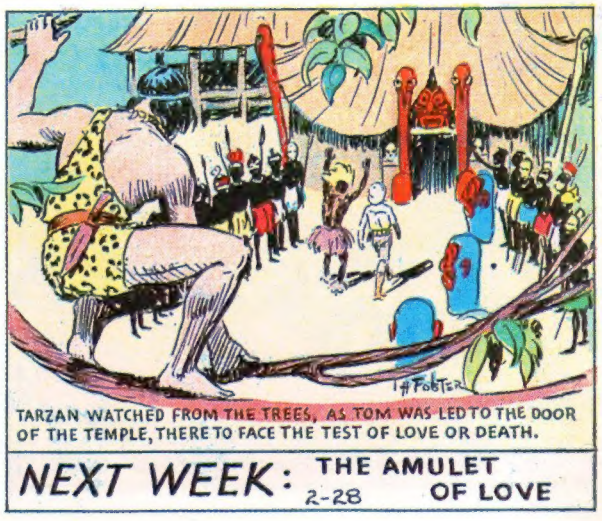

NEXT WEEK: THE AMULET OF LOVE

2-28

THE AMULET OF LOVE

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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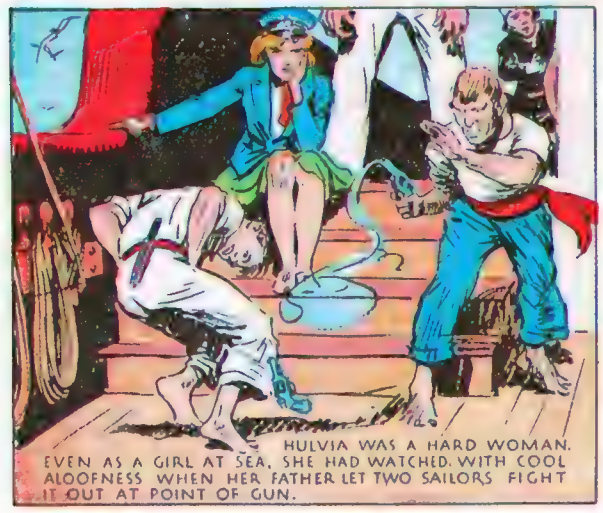

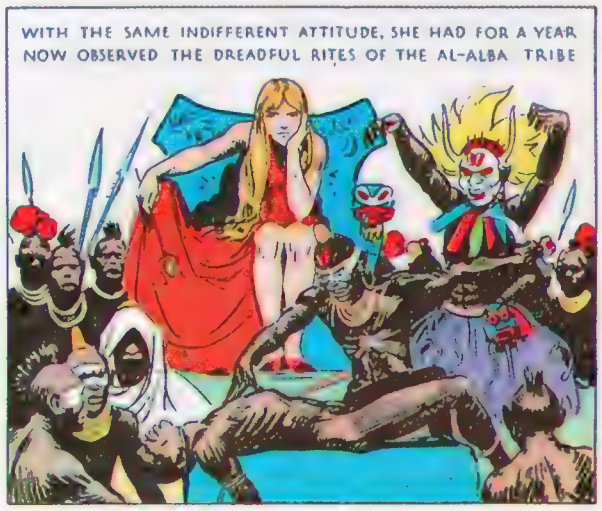

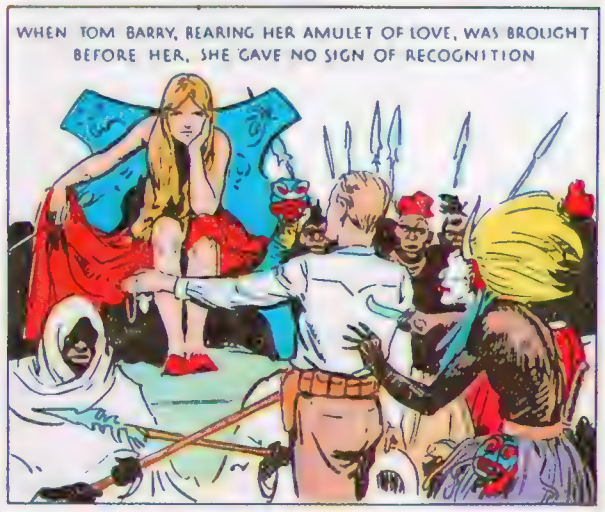

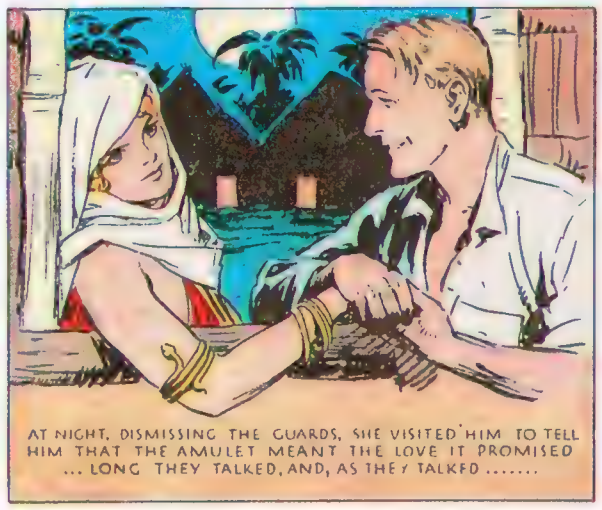

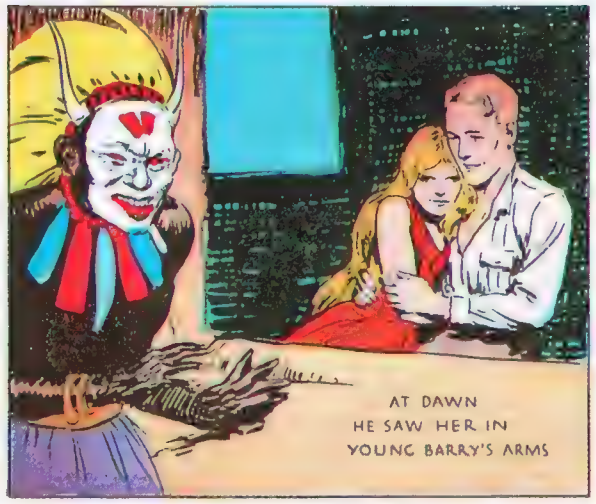

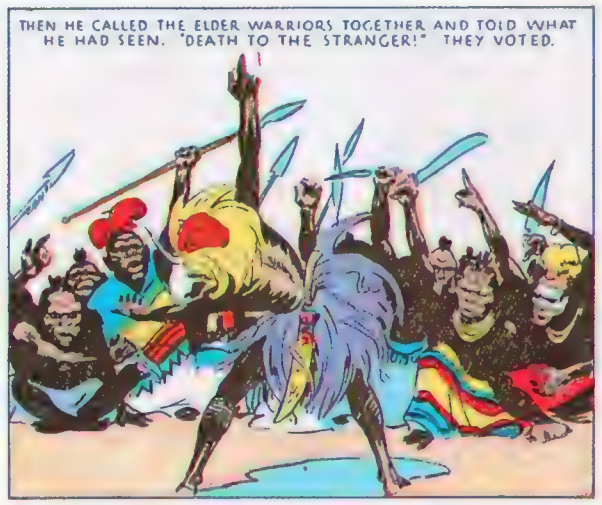

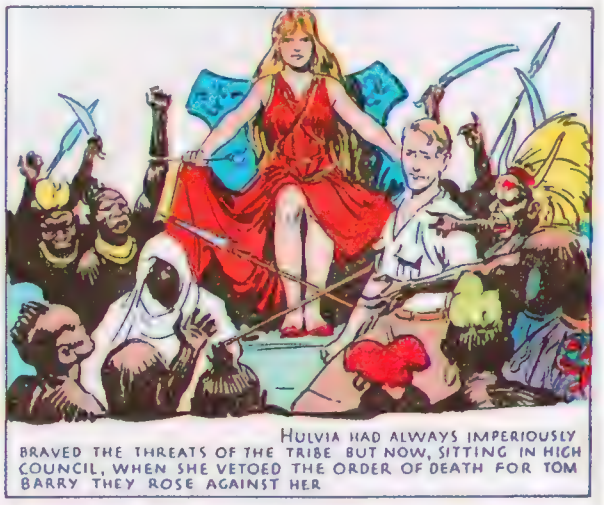

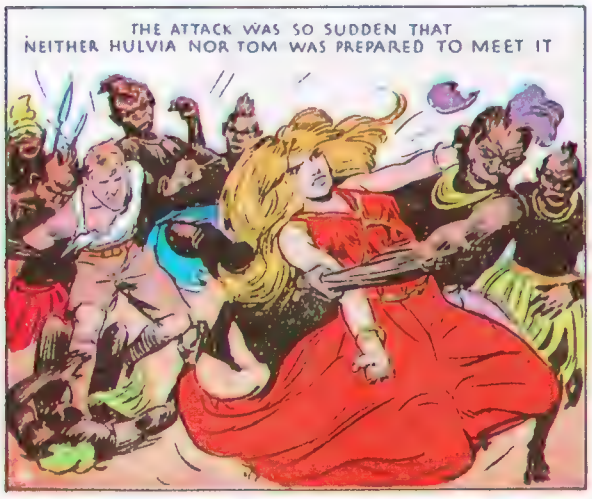

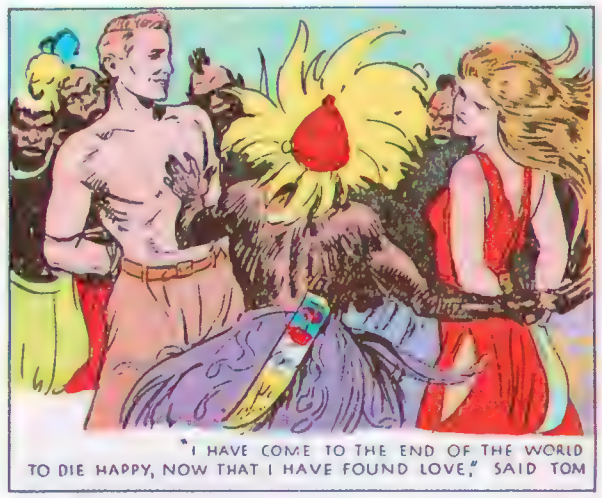

NEXT WEEK: A WOUNDED GODDESS

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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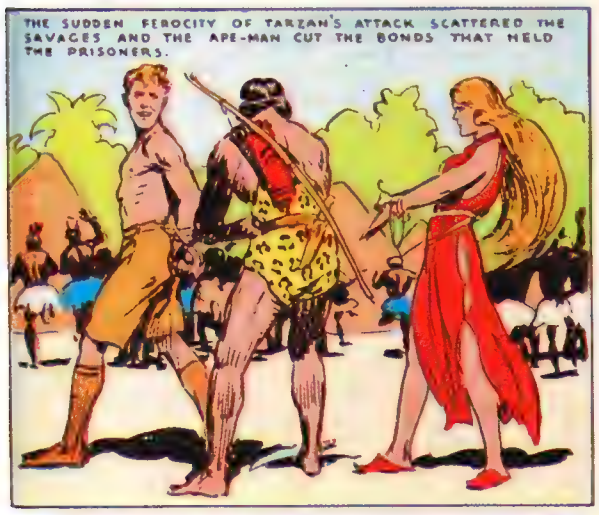
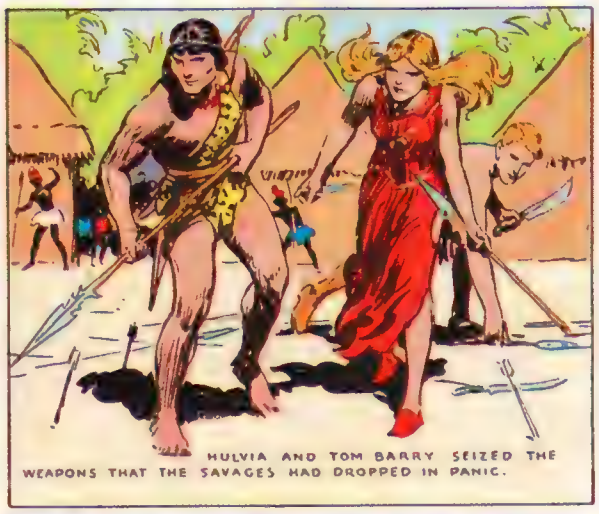
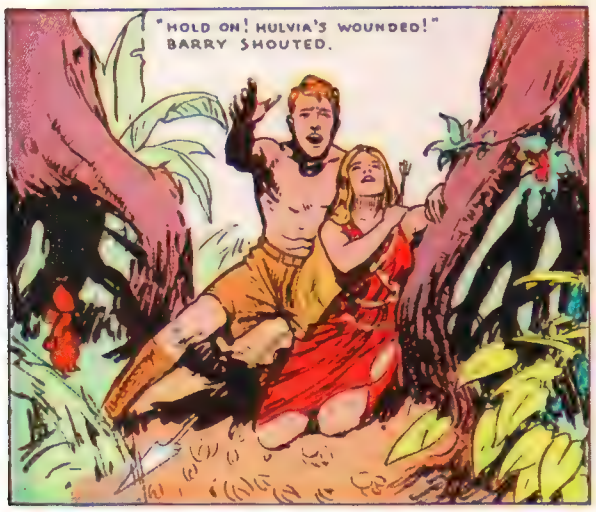
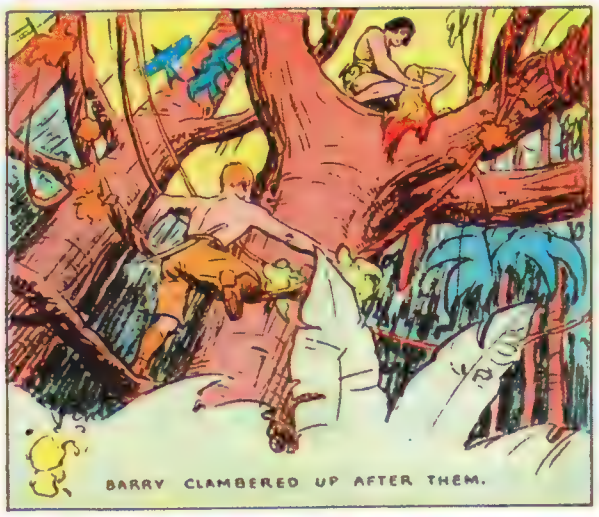
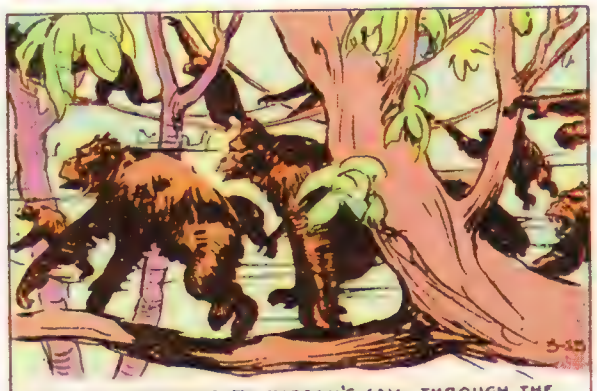
A WOUNDED GODDESS











NEXT WEEK - A LOST LEADER

A LOST LEADER

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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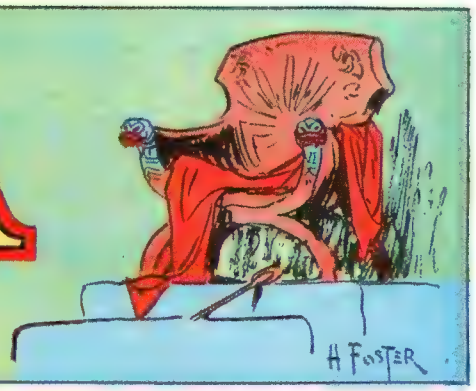

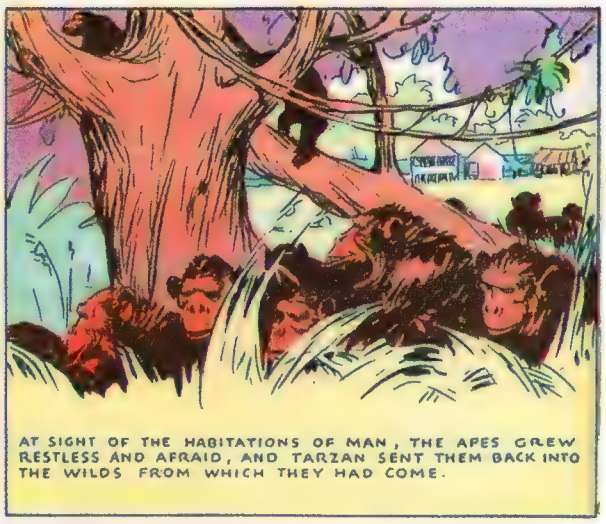

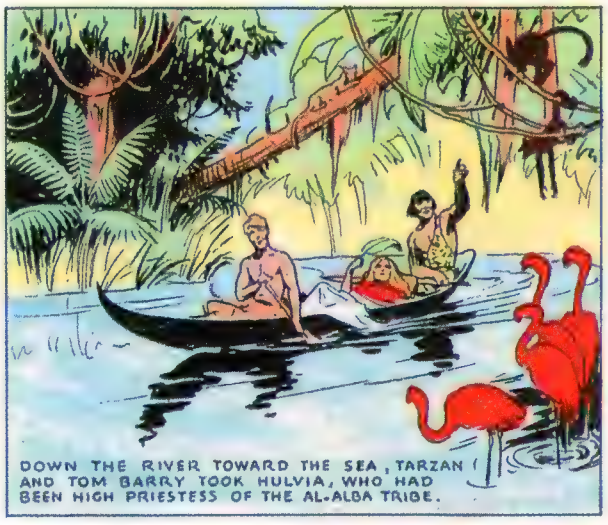

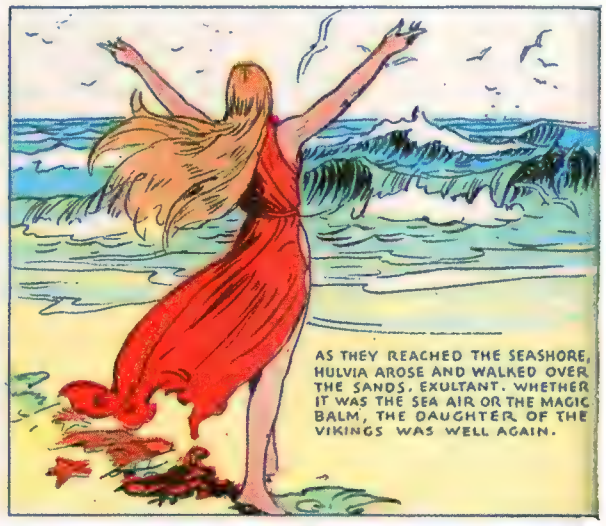

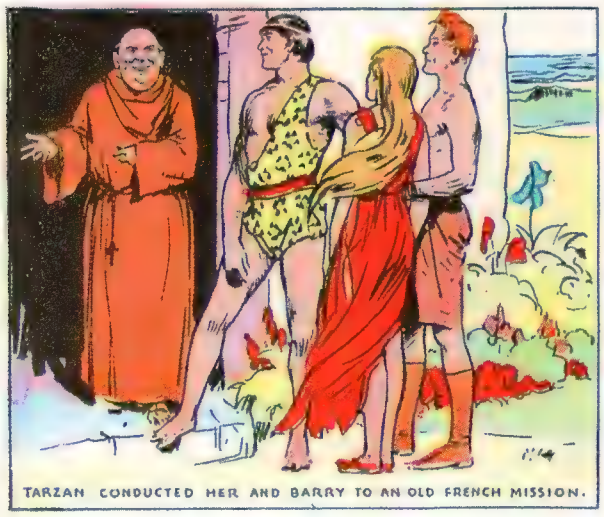

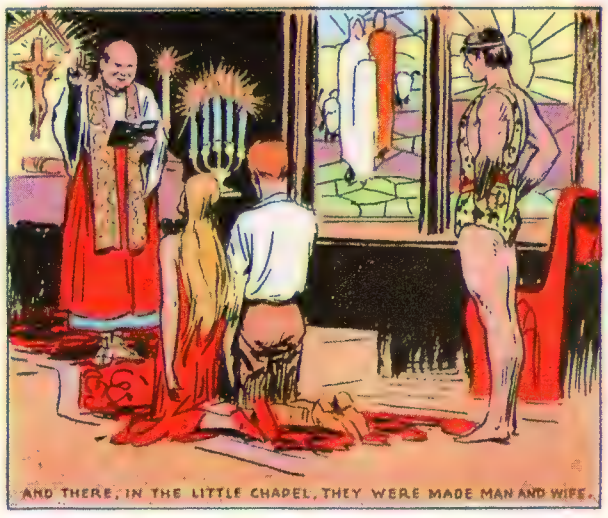

MEANWHILE THE MISFORTUNES OF THE AL-ALBA TRIBE HAD CONVINCED THEM THEY COULD NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT THEIR "WHITE PRIESTESS". AND THE WARRIORS WITH SPEAR ON HIGH, SWORE AN OATH THAT, THOUGH EVERY WARRIOR DIED, HULVIA MUST BE CAPTURED AND RETURNED TO THE TRIBE. 3-20

NEXT WEEK - THE PERILOUS HONEYMOON

Tarzan

THE PERILOUS HONEYMOON

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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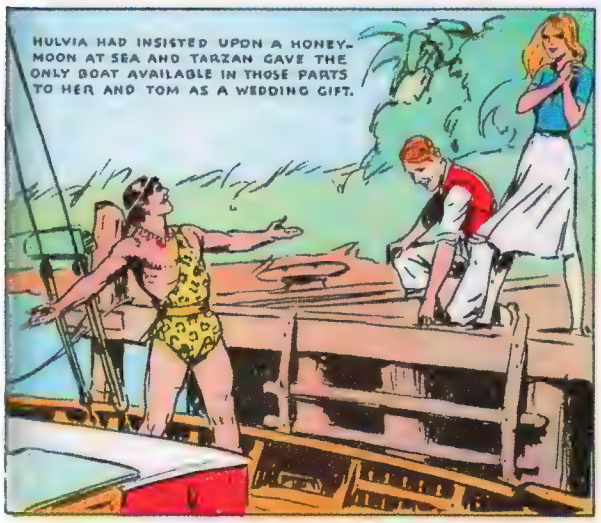

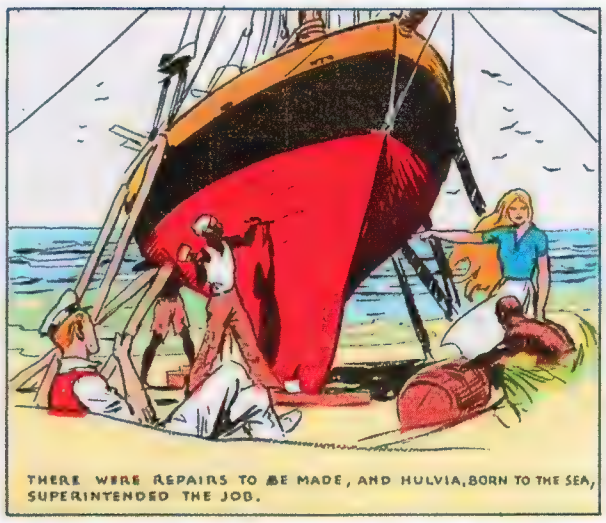

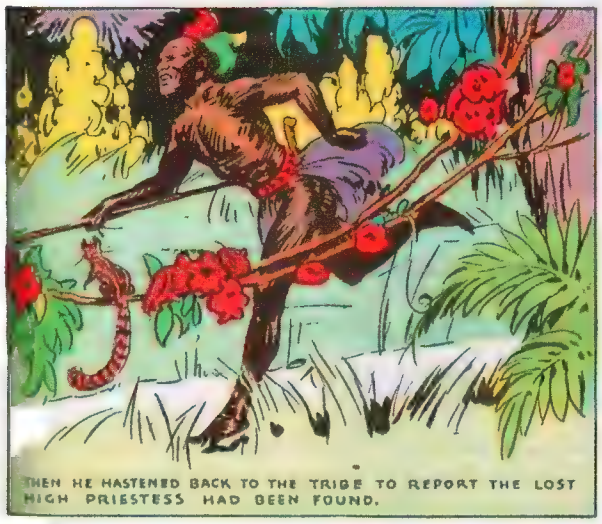

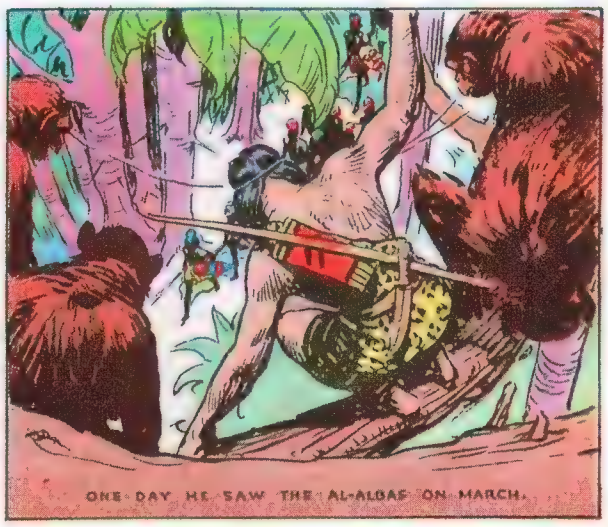

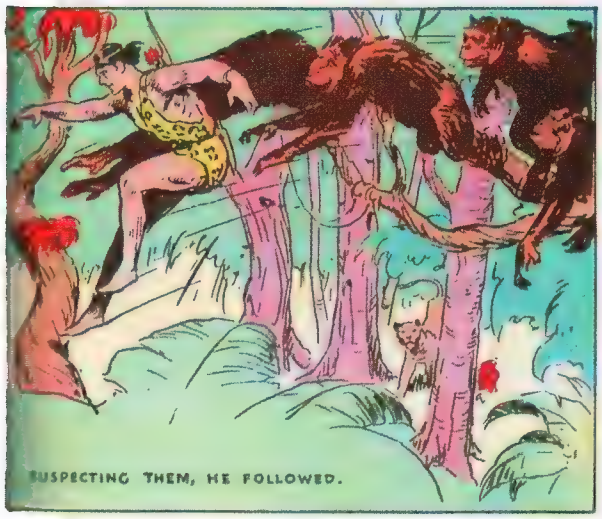

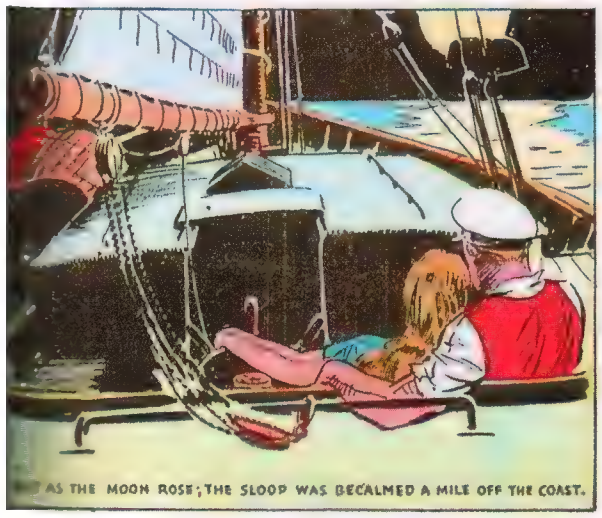

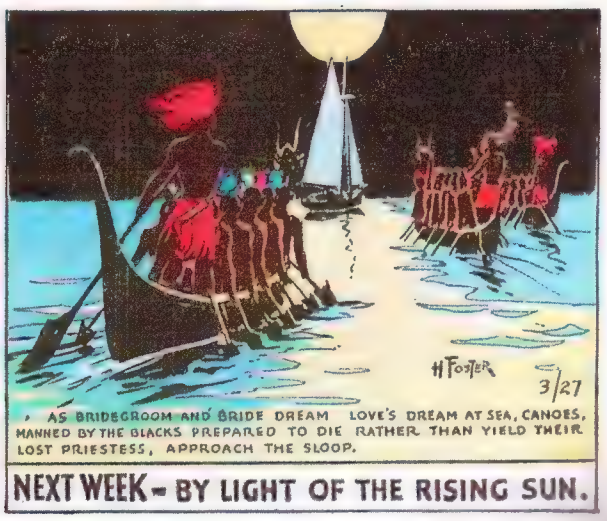

NEXT WEEK – BY LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN.

BY LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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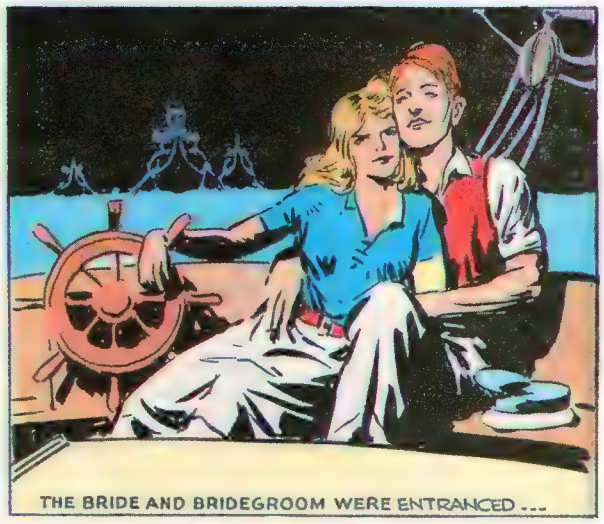

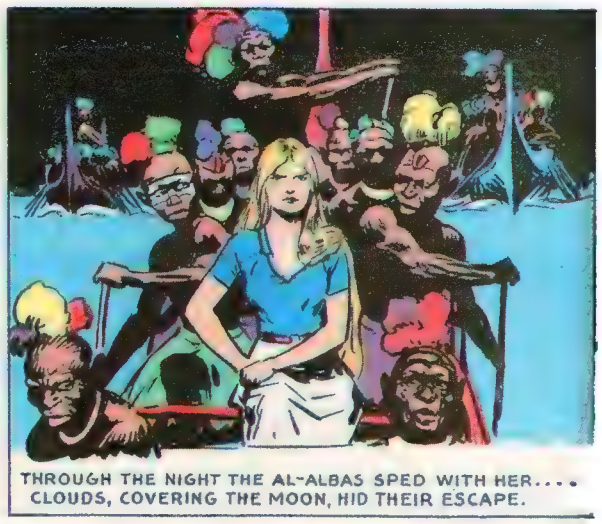

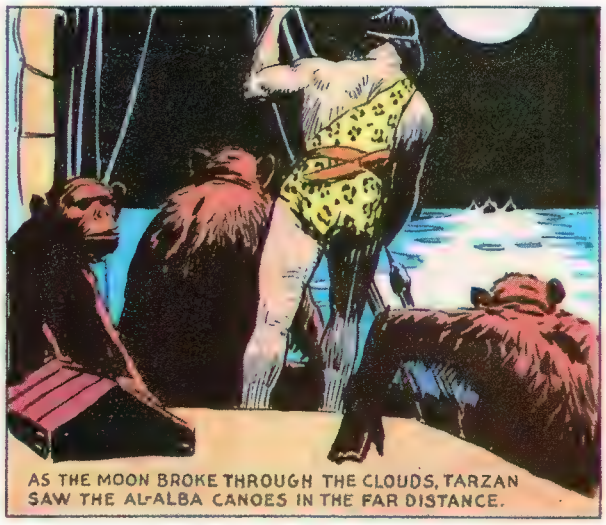

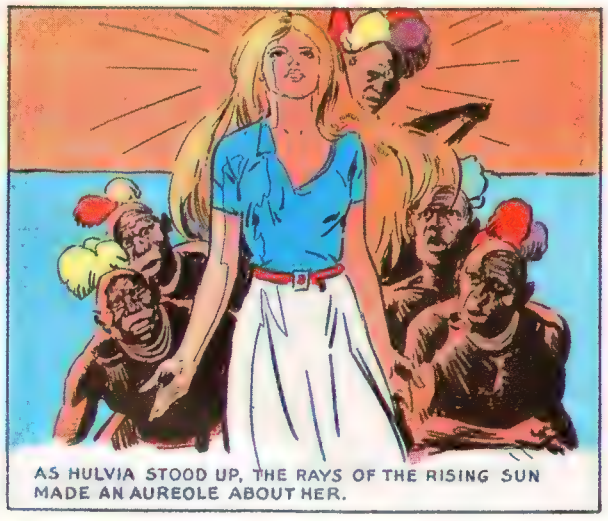

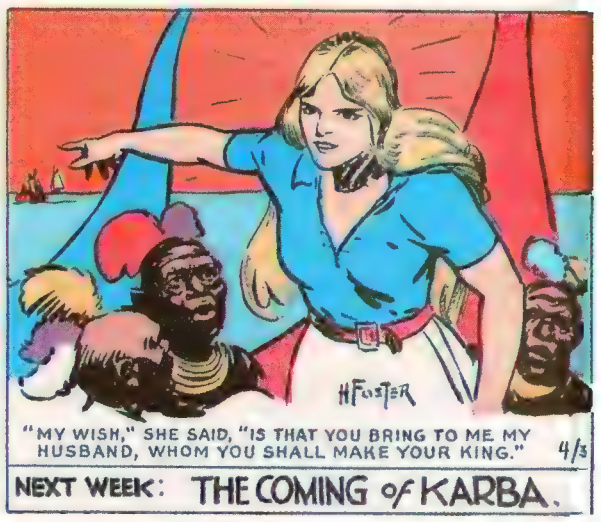

THE COMING OF KARBA

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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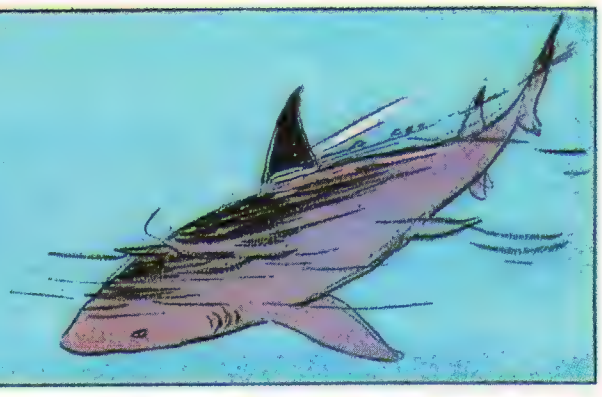

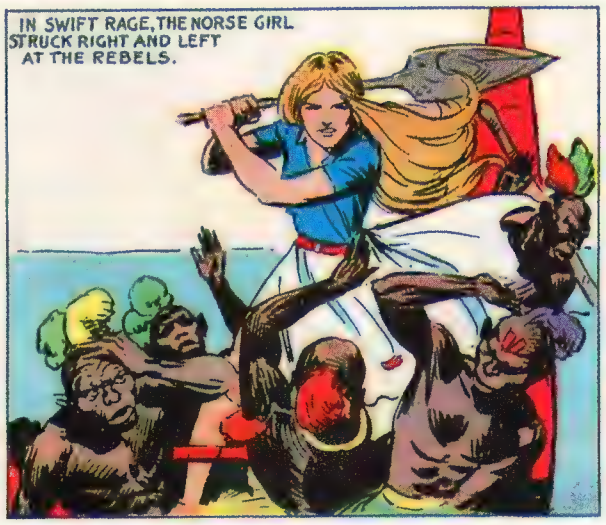

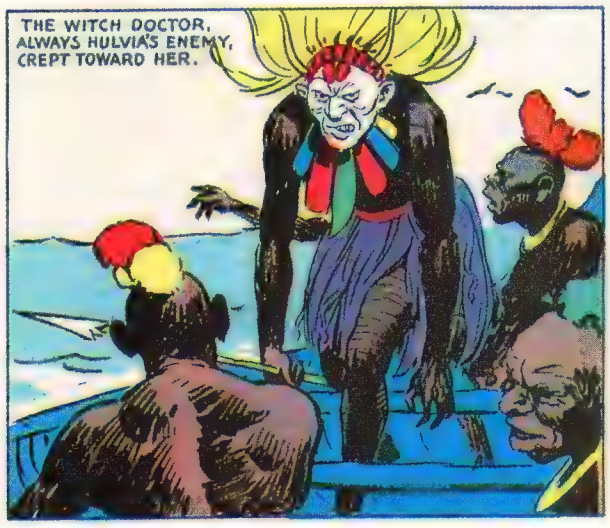

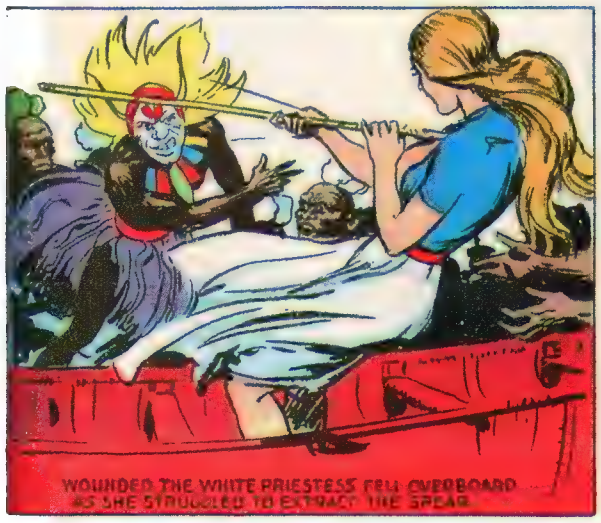

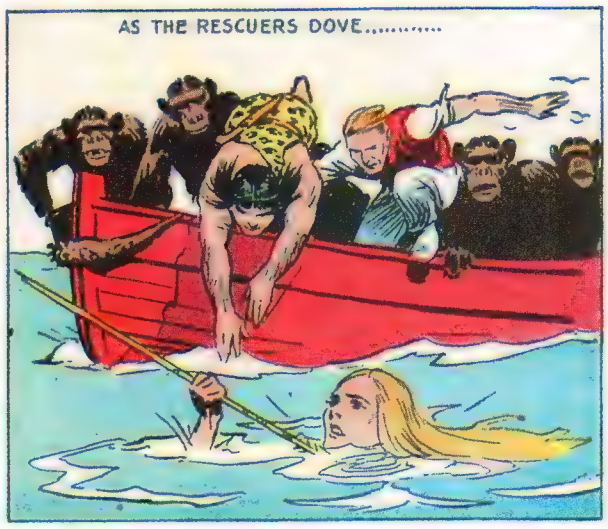

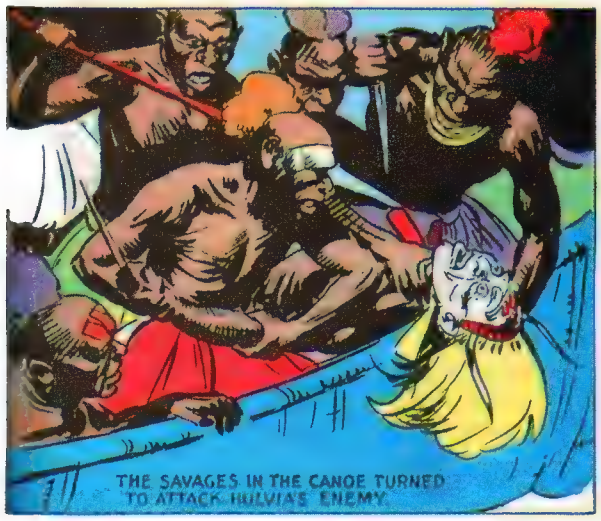

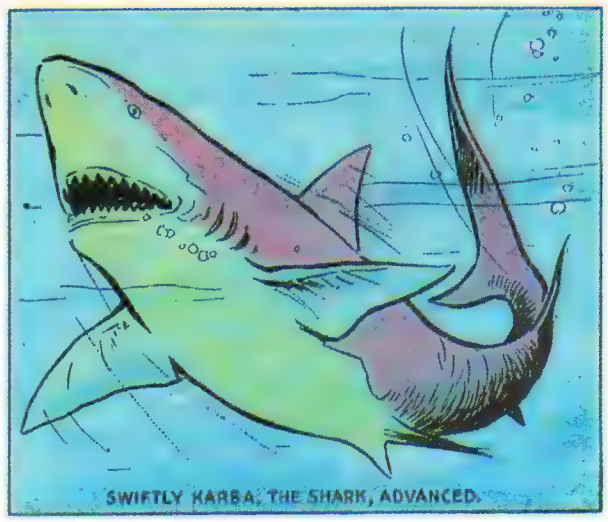

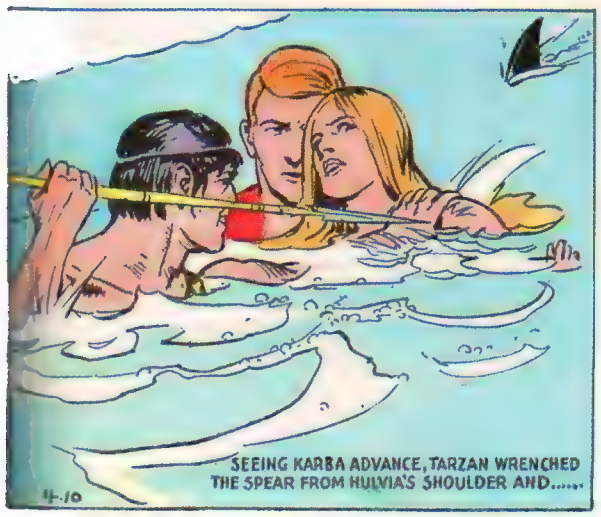

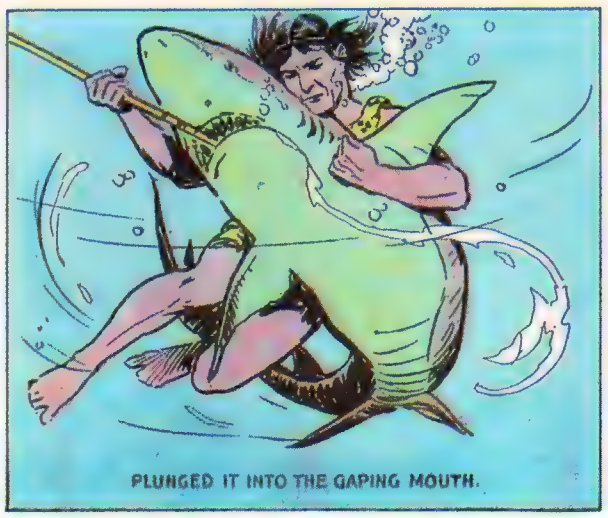

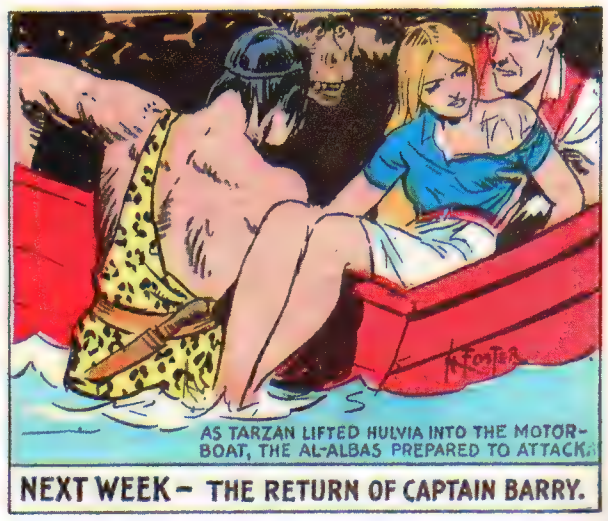

NEXT WEEK – THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN BARRY.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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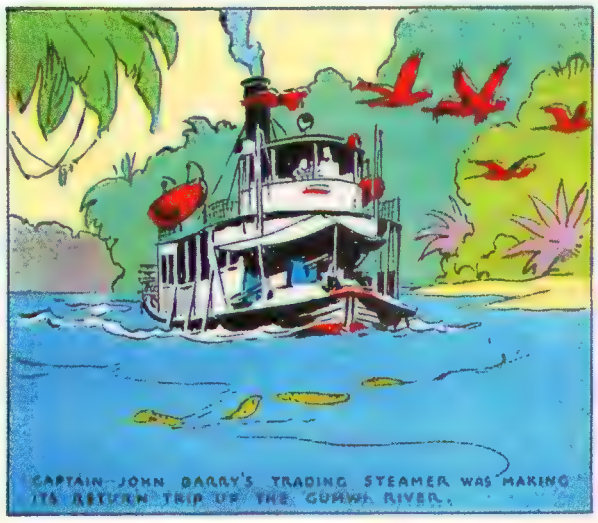
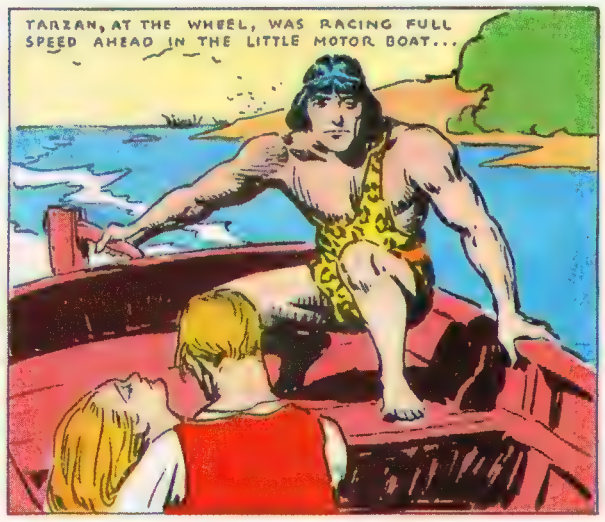
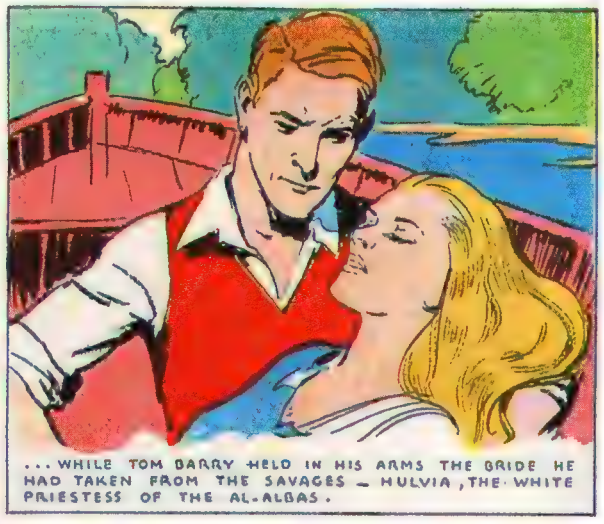
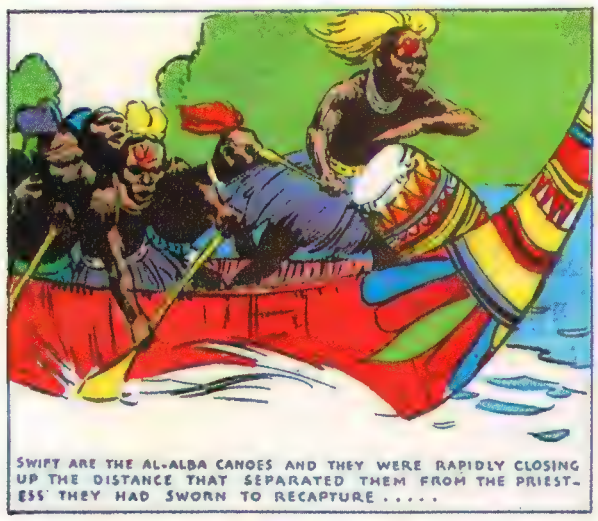
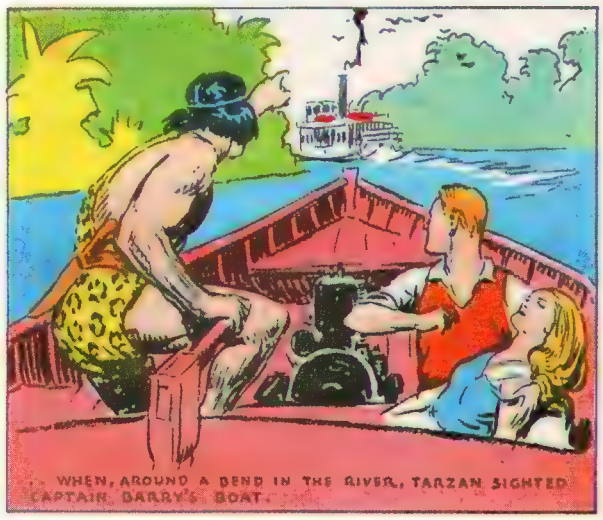
THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN BARRY

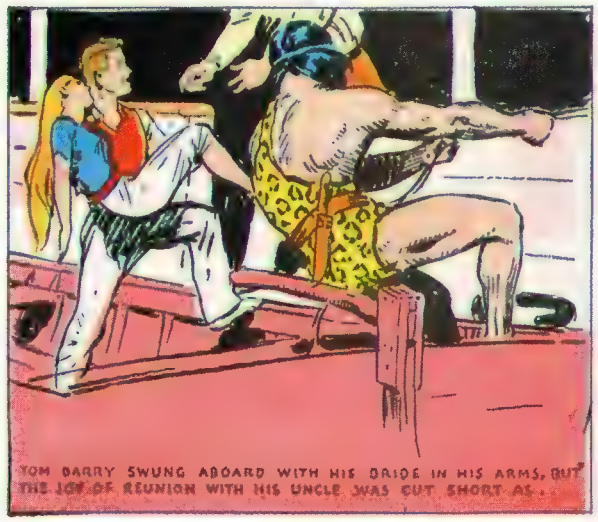


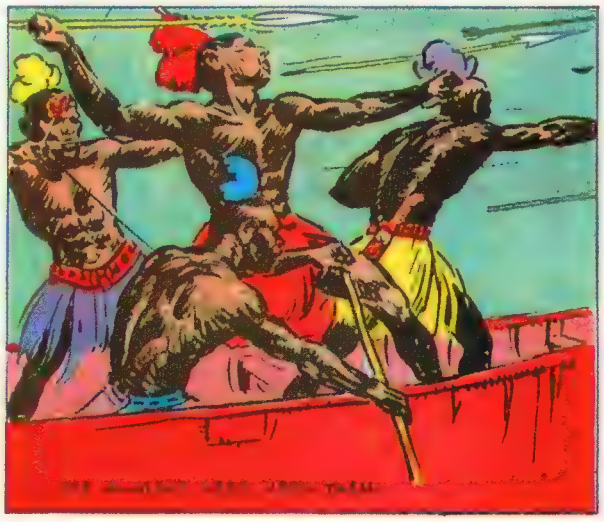


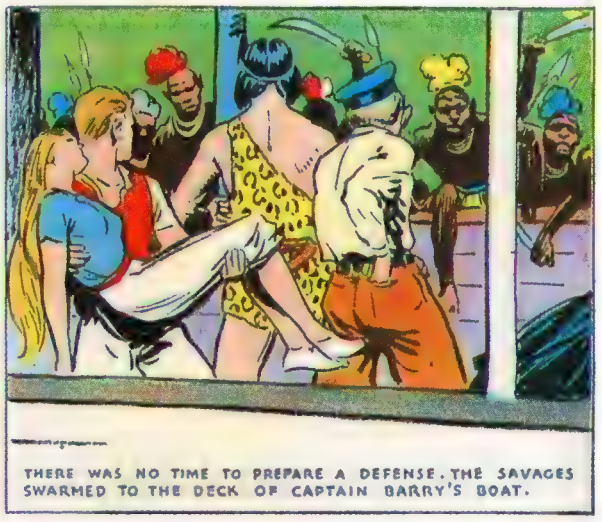


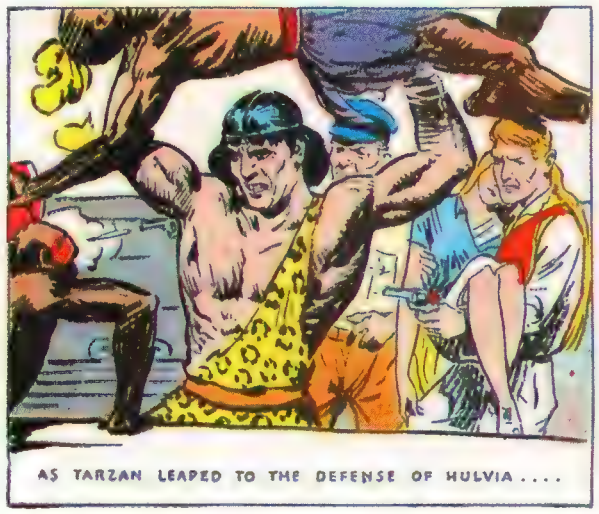


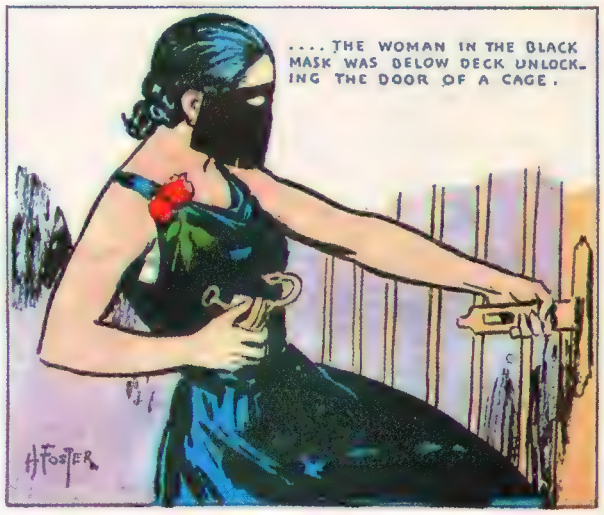




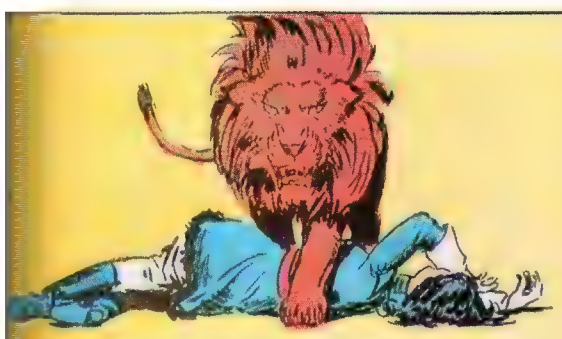








NEXT WEEK... TARZAN AND THE LION TAMER



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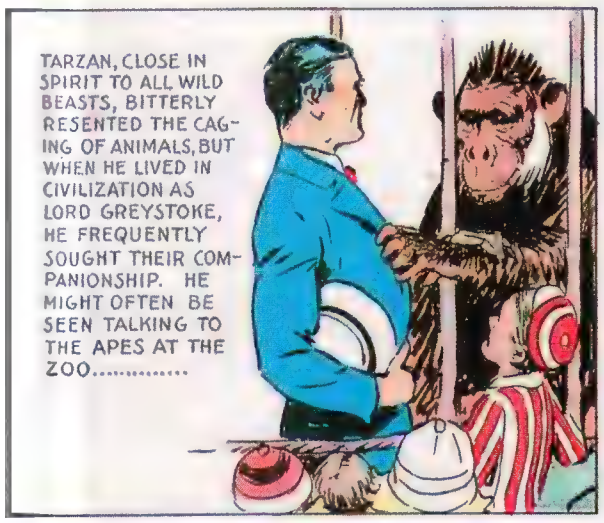
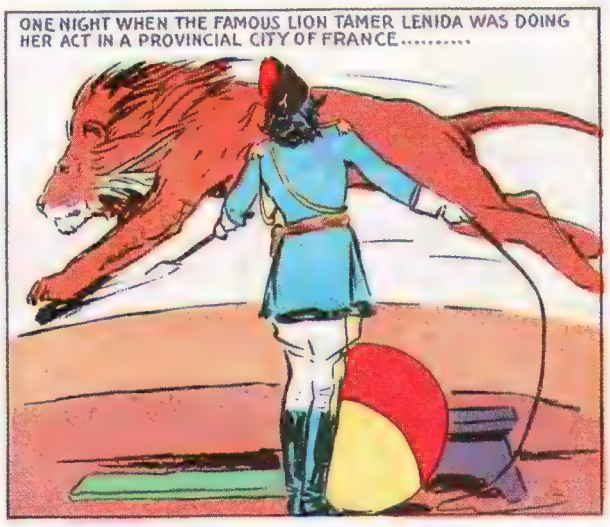
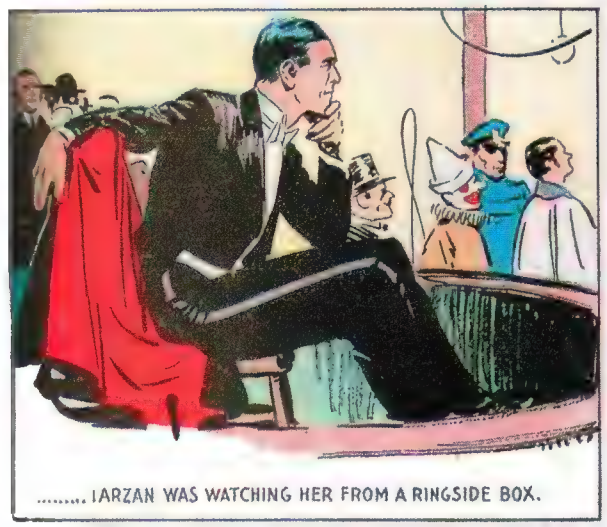
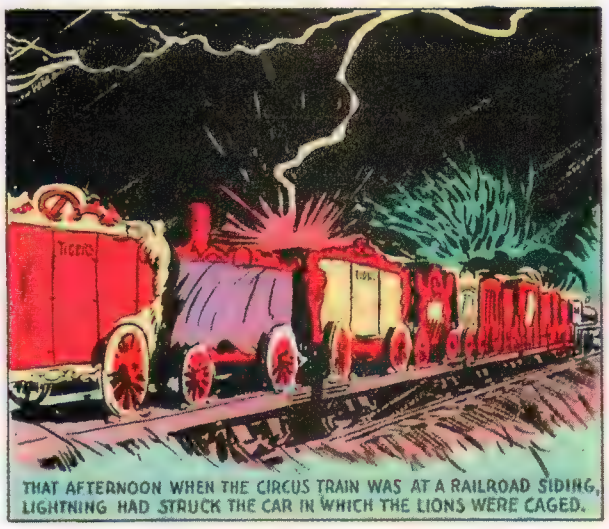
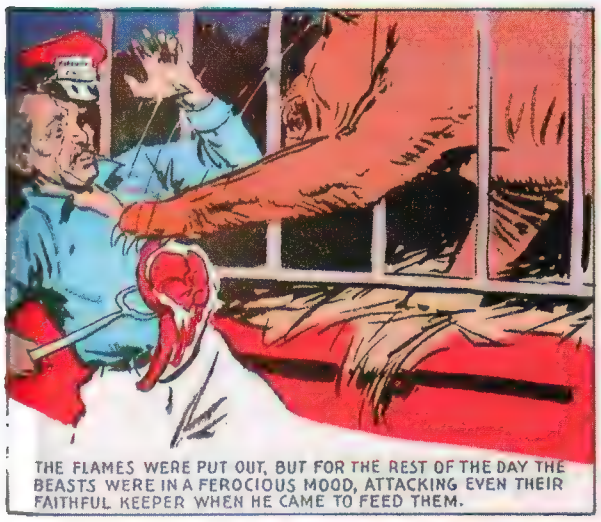
TARZAN AND THE LION TAMER

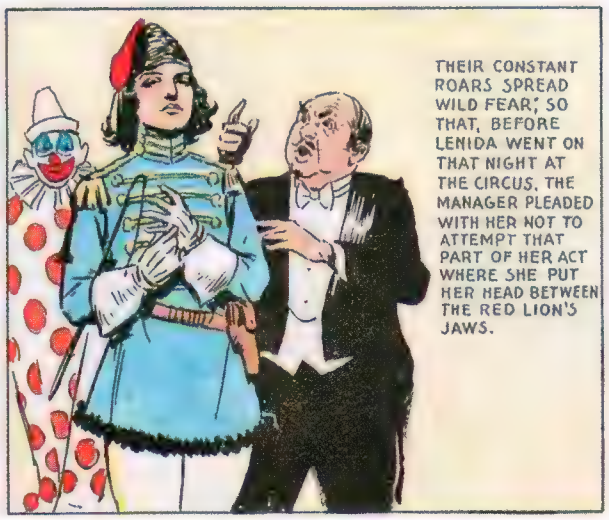


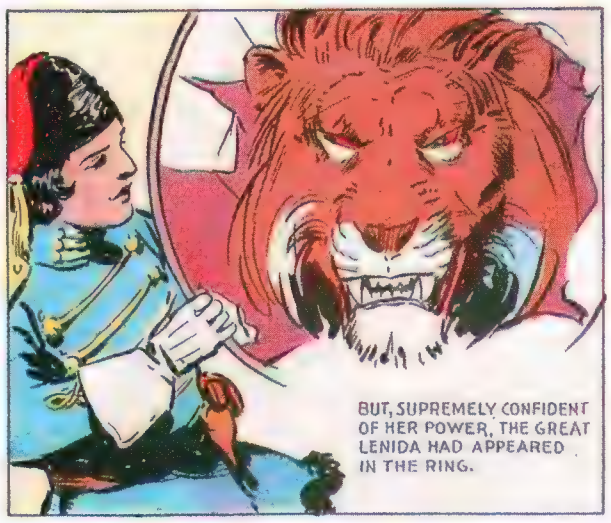


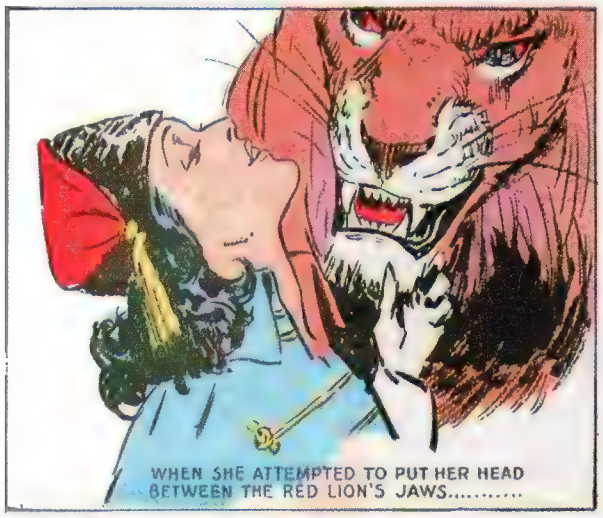


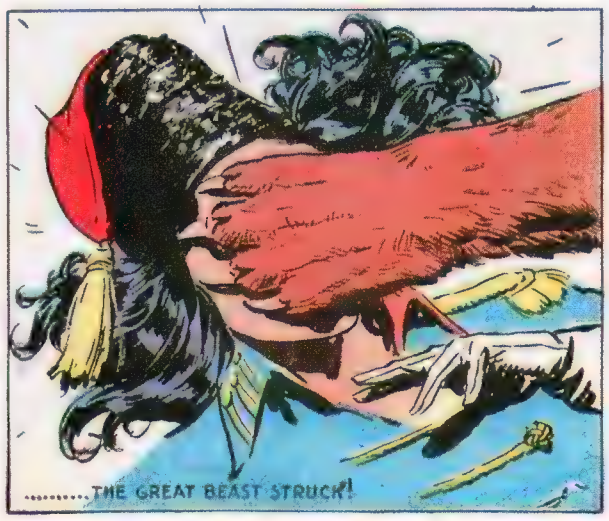


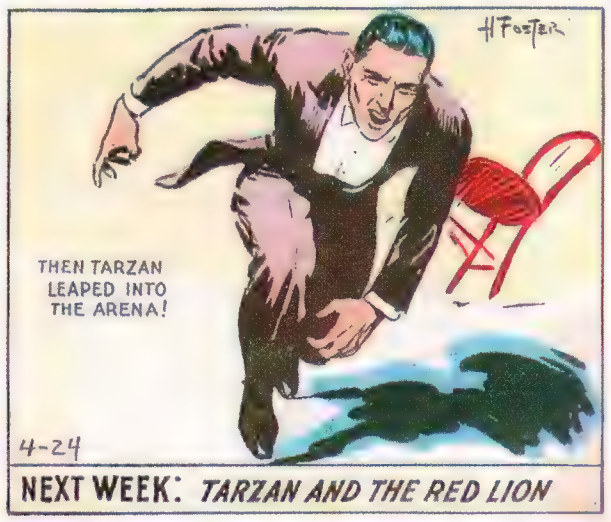












NEXT WEEK: *TARZAN AND THE RED LION*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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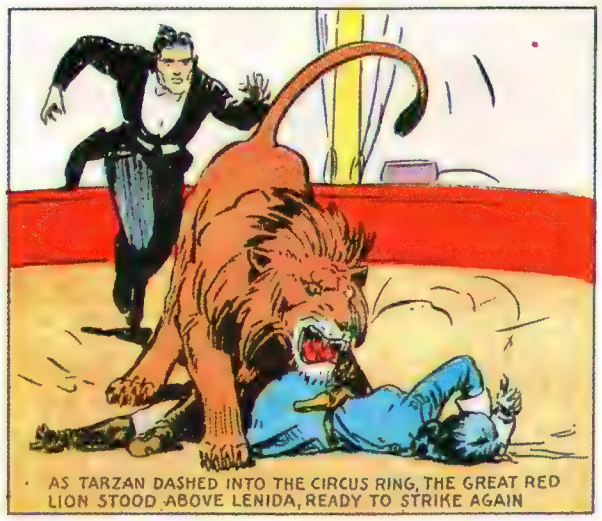
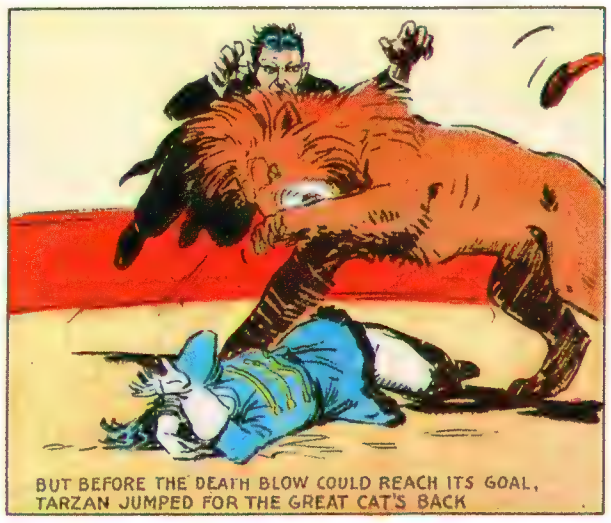
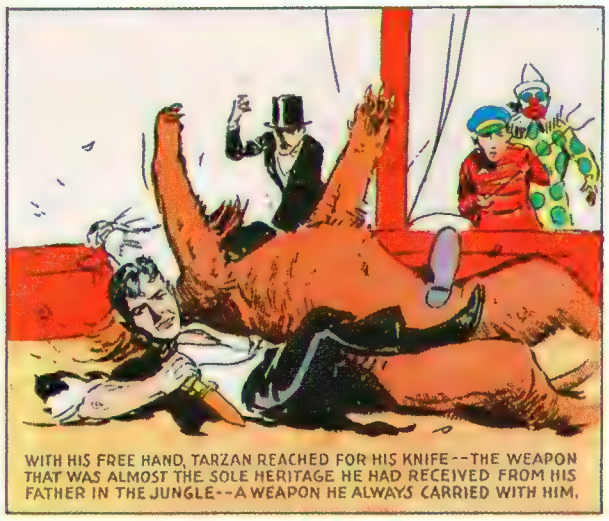
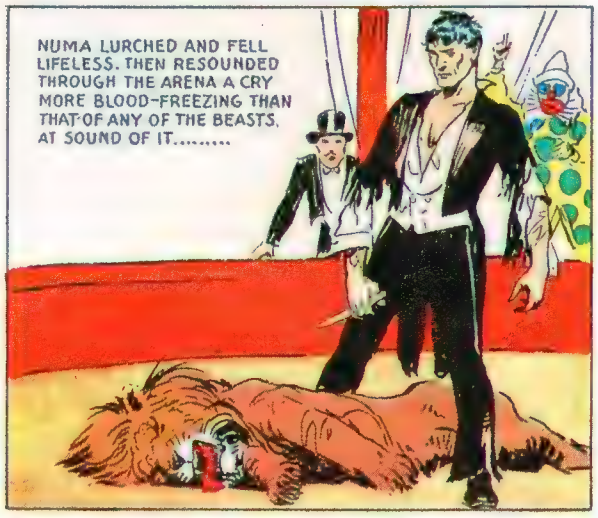
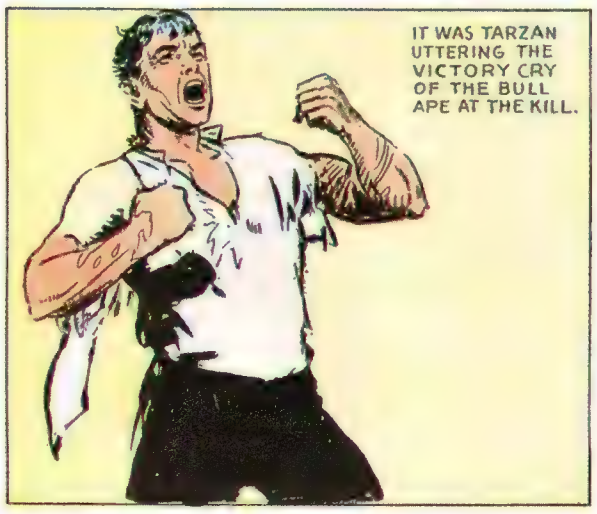
TARZAN AND THE RED LION

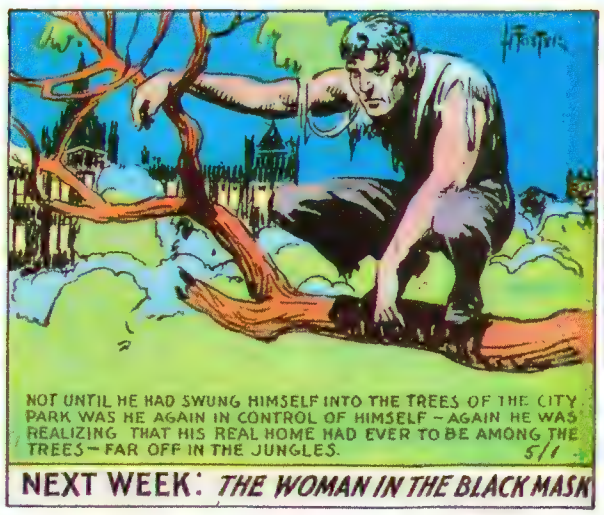












NEXT WEEK: *THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK MASK*

Tarzan

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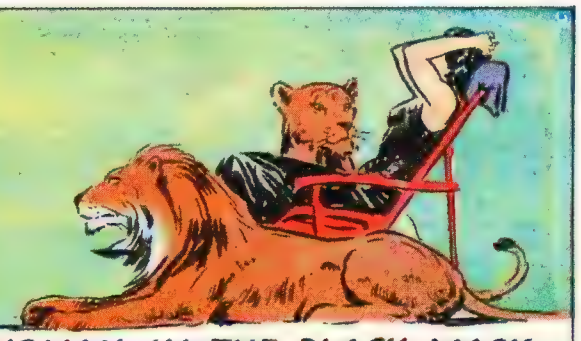
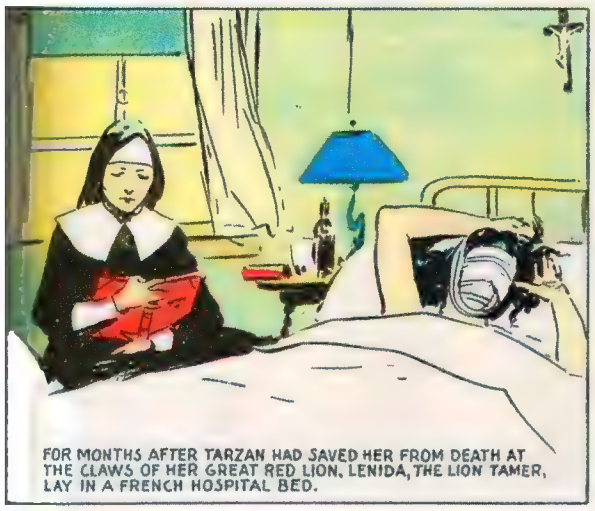


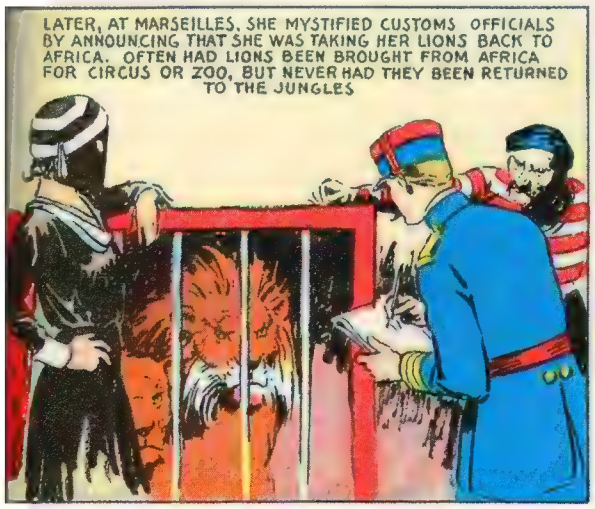
THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK MASK



FOR MONTHS AFTER TARZAN HAD SAVED HER FROM DEATH AT THE CLAWS OF HER GREAT RED LION, LENIDA, THE LION TAMER, LAY IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL BED.

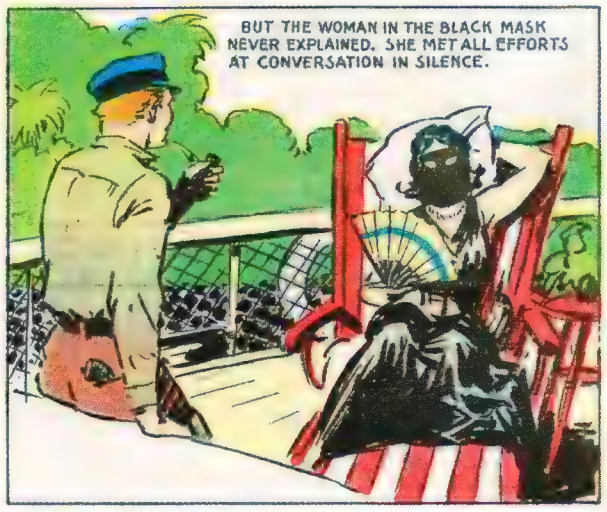
WHEN THE BANDAGES WERE REMOVED, LENIDA CALLED FOR A MIRROR, BUT WHEN SHE SAW THE GHASTLY DAMAGE THAT THE LION'S CLAWS HAD DONE, SHE PUT HER HANDS BEFORE HER FACE TO SHUT OUT THE SIGHT.

THEN DID SHE RESOLVE NEVER TO LET ANYONE SEE HER FACE AGAIN. WHEN SHE LEFT THE HOSPITAL, SHE WORE A BLACK MASK.



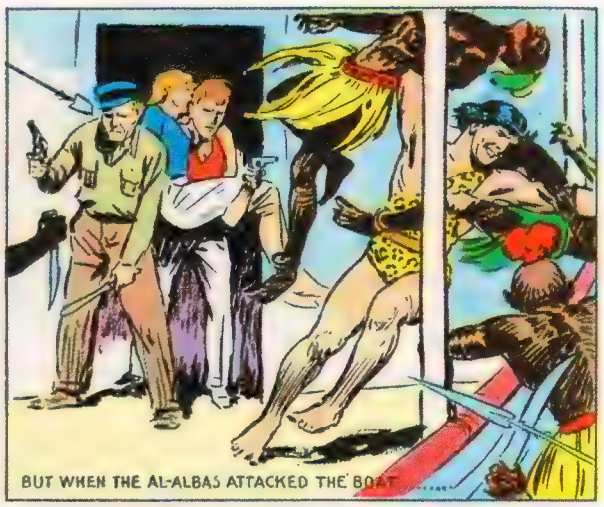
LATER, AT MARSEILLES, SHE MYSTIFIED CUSTOMS OFFICIALS BY ANNOUNCING THAT SHE WAS TAKING HER LIONS BACK TO AFRICA. OFTEN HAD LIONS BEEN BROUGHT FROM AFRICA FOR CIRCUS OR ZOO, BUT NEVER HAD THEY BEEN RETURNED TO THE JUNGLES

WHEN HER LIONS WERE PUT ABOARD HIS TRADING STEAMER TO BE TRANSPORTED TO THE LAST OUTPOST ON THE GUMWI RIVER, CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY WAS AS MUCH MYSTIFIED AS THE FRENCH OFFICIALS.



BUT THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK MASK NEVER EXPLAINED. SHE MET ALL EFFORTS AT CONVERSATION IN SILENCE.

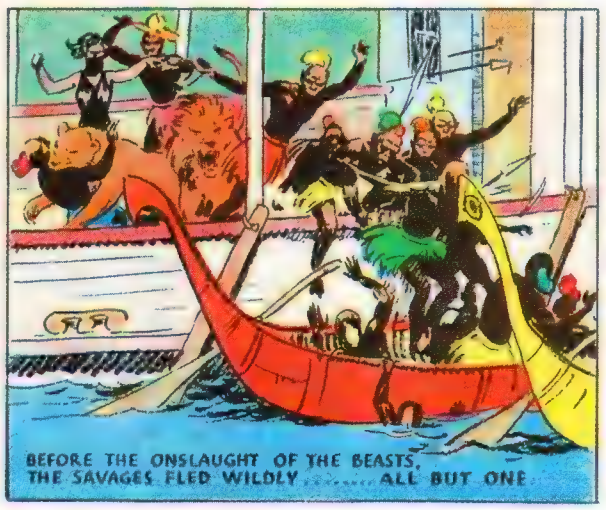
HER ONLY TALK WAS FOR HER LIONS, AND SHE SPENT MUCH TIME WITH THEM IN THE CAGE BELOW DECKS.



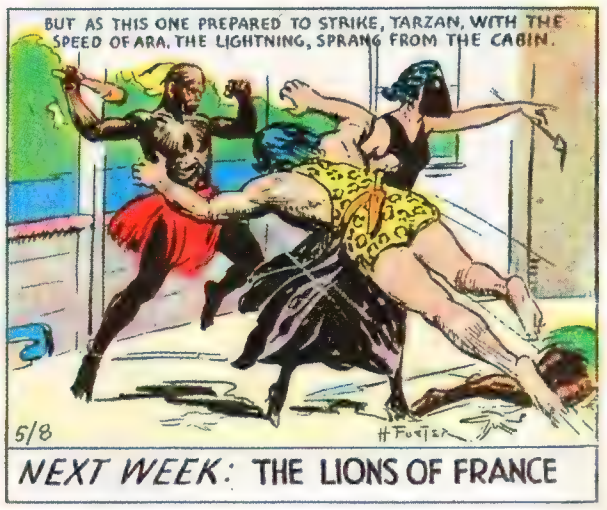
BUT WHEN THE AL-ALBAS ATTACKED THE BOAT.....

.....TARZAN LED HIS COMRADES TO THE PROTECTION OF THE SHIP'S SALOON. LOCKED IN, THEY PREPARED TO DEFEND WITH THEIR LIVES THE GIRL WHO HAD BEEN THE WHITE PRIESTESS OF THE SAVAGE TRIBE.

THEN, UNLEASHING HER LIONS, LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK MASK SWEPT TO THE ATTACK.



BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE BEASTS, THE SAVAGES FLED WILDLY..... ALL BUT ONE



BUT AS THIS ONE PREPARED TO STRIKE, TARZAN, WITH THE SPEED OF ARA, THE LIGHTNING, SPRANG FROM THE CABIN.

5/8

H. FOSTER

NEXT WEEK: THE LIONS OF FRANCE

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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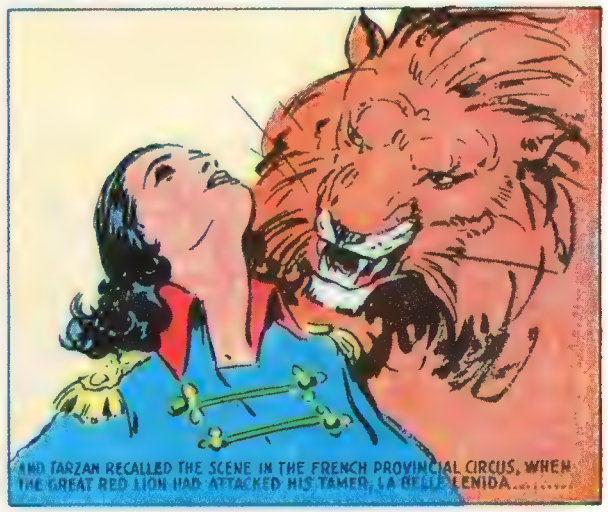
THE LIONS OF FRANCE

SWIFTLY DID TARZAN STRIKE.

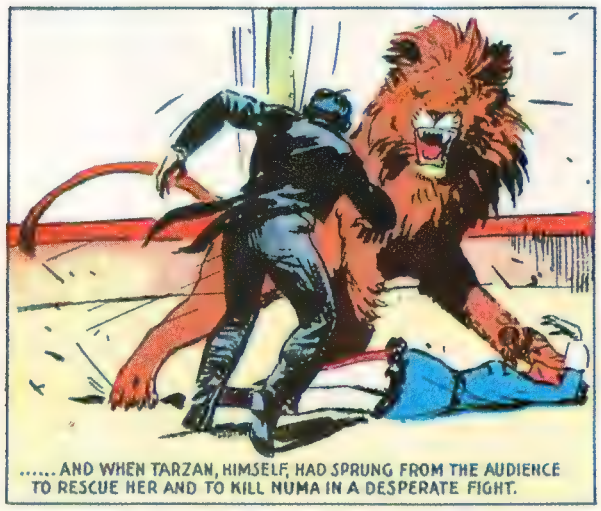
THEN HE HURLED THE BLACK WARRIOR TO HIS COMRADES IN THE CANOE BELOW.

THE AL-ALBA TRIBESMEN FLED IN TERROR OF THE APE-MAN AND OF THE FEROCIOUS LIONS THAT THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK MASK HAD UNLEASHED UPON THEM.

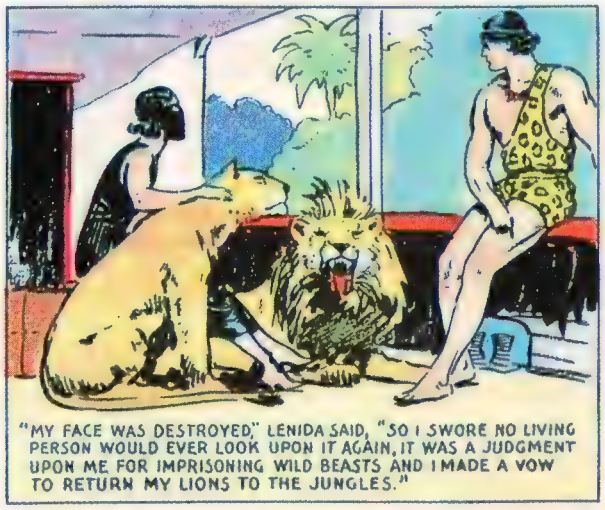
THEN SHE CALLED THE TWO BEASTS TO HER AND THEY OBEYED LIKE WELL-TRAINED DOGS.



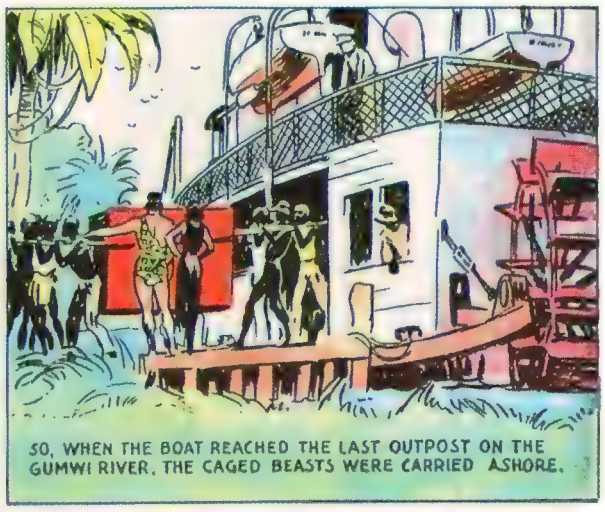
AND TARZAN RECALLED THE SCENE IN THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL CIRCUS, WHEN THE GREAT RED LION HAD ATTACKED HIS TAMER, LA BELLE LENIDA.....



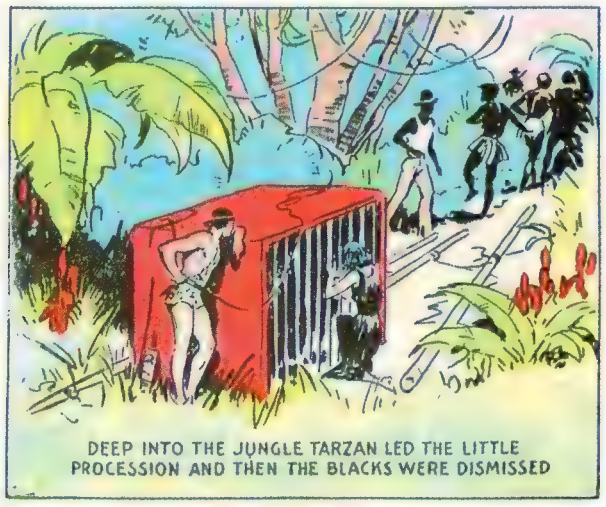
..... AND WHEN TARZAN, HIMSELF, HAD SPRUNG FROM THE AUDIENCE TO RESCUE HER AND TO KILL NUMA IN A DESPERATE FIGHT.



"MY FACE WAS DESTROYED," LENIDA SAID, "SO I SWORE NO LIVING PERSON WOULD EVER LOOK UPON IT AGAIN, IT WAS A JUDGMENT UPON ME FOR IMPRISONING WILD BEASTS AND I MADE A VOW TO RETURN MY LIONS TO THE JUNGLES."



SO, WHEN THE BOAT REACHED THE LAST OUTPOST ON THE GUMWI RIVER, THE CAGED BEASTS WERE CARRIED ASHORE.



DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE TARZAN LED THE LITTLE PROCESSION AND THEN THE BLACKS WERE DISMISSED

BUT AS THE LIONS WANDERED FORTH, TARZAN SWUNG INTO THE TREES TO TRAIL THEM. HE WANTED TO SEE HOW THESE BEASTS, RAISED IN CAPTIVITY, WOULD FACE THE UNKNOWN PERILS OF THEIR NATIVE WILDS.

NEXT WEEK: A *CRY IN THE WILDS*.. 5-15

Tarzan

A CRY IN THE WILDS

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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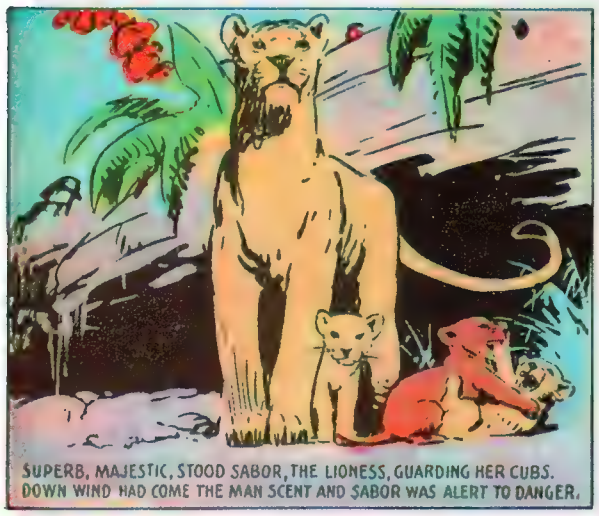
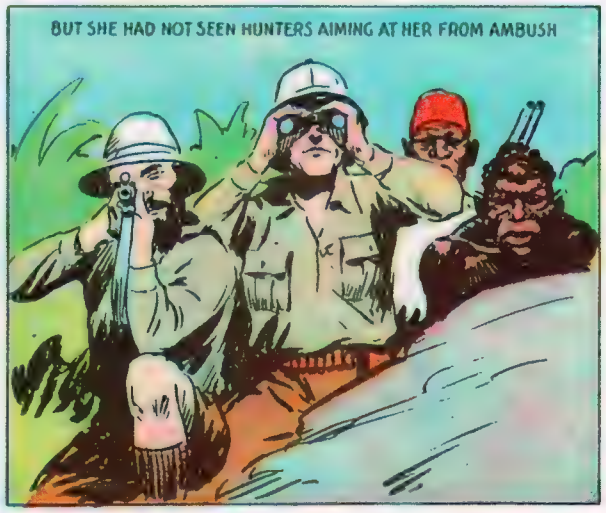
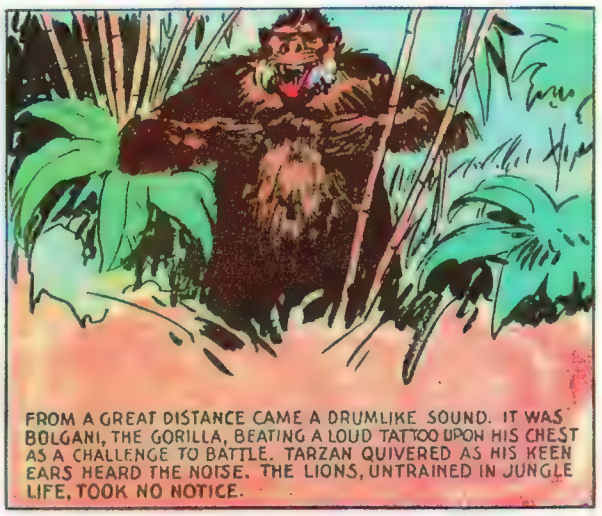


SUPERB, MAJESTIC, STOOD SABOR, THE LIONESS, GUARDING HER CUBS. DOWN WIND HAD COME THE MAN SCENT AND SABOR WAS ALERT TO DANGER.



SHE WAS NEVER TO SEE THEM. THEIR EXPERT SHOTS ENDED HER LIFE. WHAT THE HUNTSMEN WANTED WERE HER CUBS.

BUT NOW LENIDA HAD GIVEN THEIR FREEDOM BACK TO THEM AND THEY VENTURED INTO THEIR NATIVE WILDS WITH TARZAN WATCHING THEM FROM THE TREES ABOVE.



FROM A GREAT DISTANCE CAME A DRUMLIKE SOUND. IT WAS BOLGANI, THE GORILLA, BEATING A LOUD TATTOO UPON HIS CHEST AS A CHALLENGE TO BATTLE. TARZAN QUIVERED AS HIS KEEN EARS HEARD THE NOISE. THE LIONS, UNTRAINED IN JUNGLE LIFE, TOOK NO NOTICE.

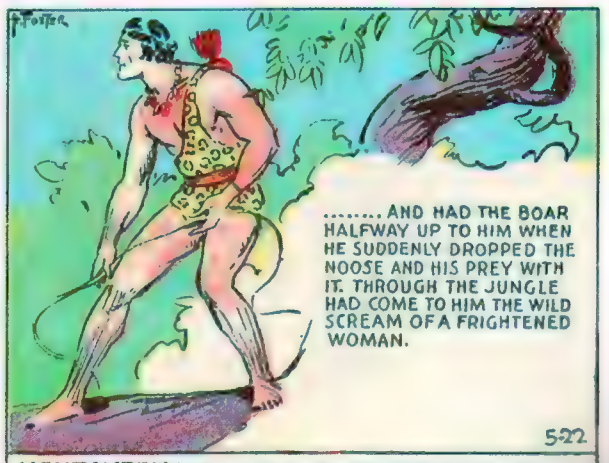
BUT WHEN BOLGANI WAS OVERCOME IN BATTLE AND TOOG, THE GREAT APE, UTTERED THE WEIRD AND TERRIBLE CHALLENGE OF HIS KIND -- THE VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE AT THE KILL.....

.....THE CIRCUS LIONS FLED, PANIC STRICKEN BY THE UNKNOWN TERROR.

THEY FLED BACK TO THE WOMAN WHO HAD OFFERED THEM FREEDOM.

BY THE TIME TARZAN ARRIVED, THE LIONS HAD SOUGHT THE SAFE COMFORT OF THEIR CAGE. "THEY'LL WANT THEIR FOOD SOON," SAID LENIDA. "THEN I WILL HUNT FOR THEM." SAID TARZAN.

SWINGING THROUGH THE TREES, TARZAN TRAILED HORTA, THE BOAR. HE HAD HURLED HIS UNERRING NOOSE.....



.....AND HAD THE BOAR HALFWAY UP TO HIM WHEN HE SUDDENLY DROPPED THE NOOSE AND HIS PREY WITH IT. THROUGH THE JUNGLE HAD COME TO HIM THE WILD SCREAM OF A FRIGHTENED WOMAN.

5-22

NEXT WEEK: *BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC.*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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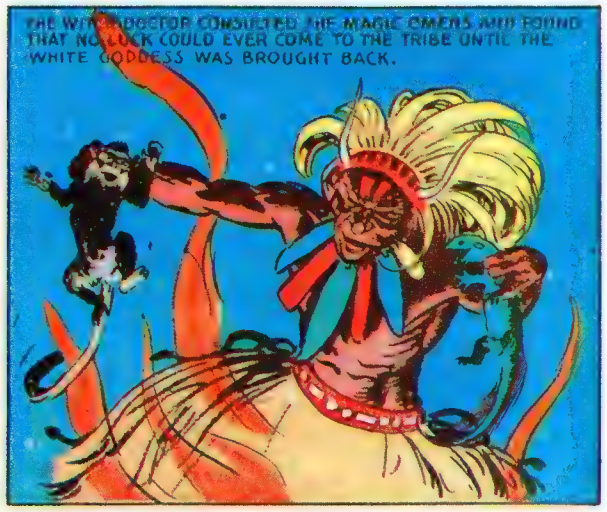
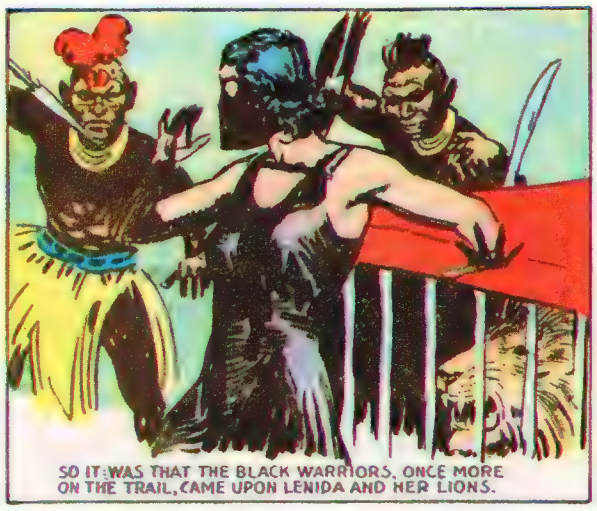
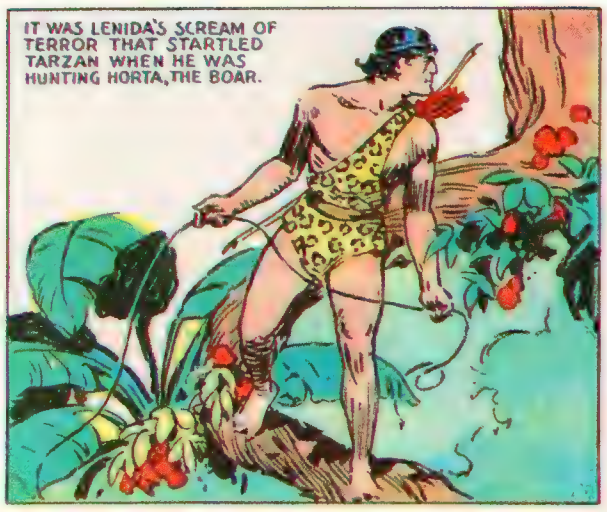
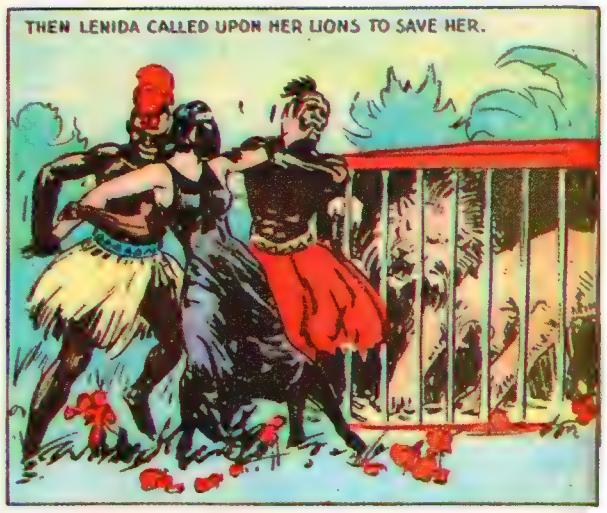
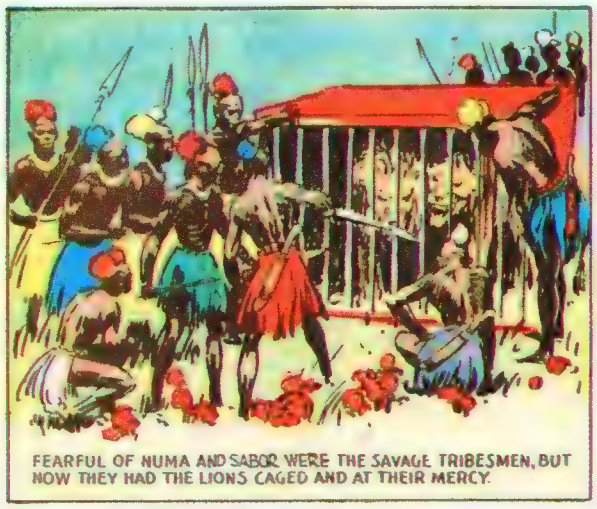
BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC

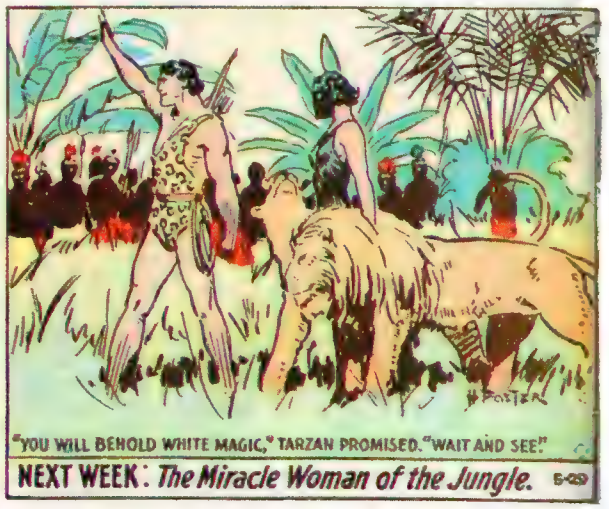












NEXT WEEK: *The Miracle Woman of the Jungle.* 5-29

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Miracle Woman of the Jungle —

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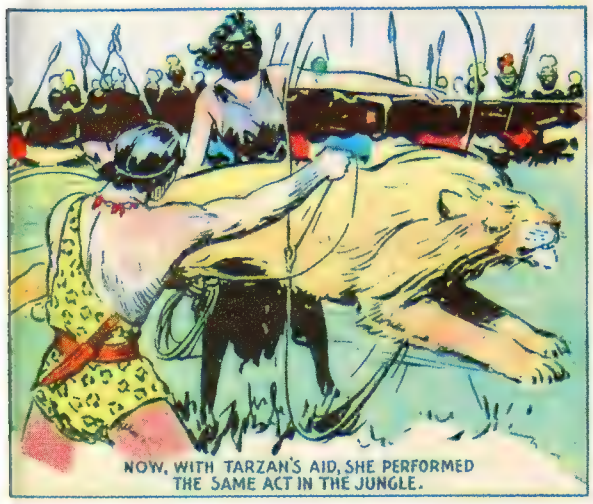
SINCE THEY WERE CUBS, NEW TO CAPTIVITY, LA BELLE LENIDA HAD TRAINED HER LIONS.

NOW SHE WAS CALLED UPON TO SAVE HER OWN LIFE BY DEMONSTRATING HER MAGIC CONTROL OVER THESE BEASTS THAT SHE HAD BROUGHT BACK TO THE JUNGLE.

AS THE SAVAGES GATHERED IN A CIRCLE TO WATCH HER, TARZAN RECALLED THE FIRST NIGHT HE HAD SEEN HER WITH HER TRAINED LIONS IN A FRENCH PROVINCIAL CIRCUS.



NOW, WITH TARZAN'S AID, SHE PERFORMED THE SAME ACT IN THE JUNGLE.

"NEXT YOU WILL SEE HER PUT HER HEAD INTO NUMA'S MOUTH," SAID TARZAN.

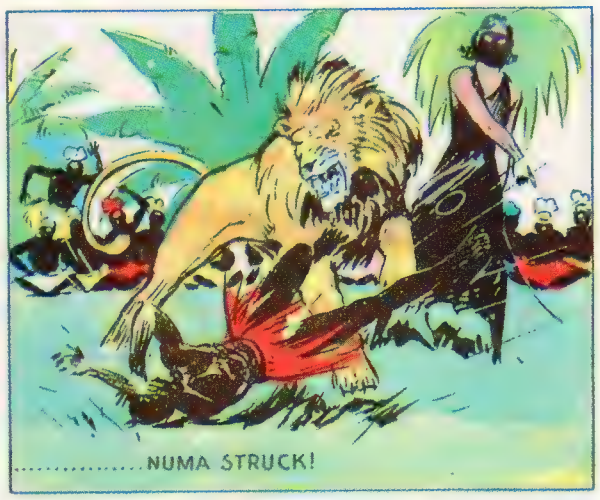
A SHUDDER WENT THROUGH THE LION TAMER AS SHE WAS CALLED UPON TO PERFORM THIS ACTION, FOR IT WAS WHEN SHE HAD PUT HER HEAD IN THE RED LION'S MOUTH AT THE CIRCUS THAT THE GREAT BEAST HAD STRUCK.

BUT NOW NUMA WAS AS GENTLE WITH HER AS A PUPPY.

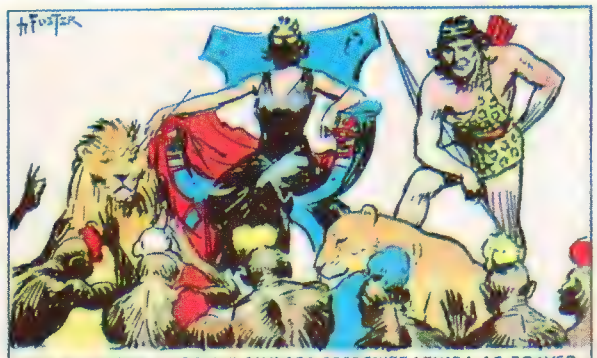
"YOU SAY THIS WOMAN IS NOT BRAVE!" TARZAN EXCLAIMED. "IS THERE ONE OF YOU WHO DARES LIKE HER TO PUT HIS HEAD BETWEEN NUMA'S GAPING JAWS?"

"I AM BRAVE, BRAVER THAN ALL WOMEN!" CRIED THE WARRIOR MUMKIVRO. "I WILL DARE WHAT SHE WILL DARE."

BUT AS THE FEARLESS WARRIOR KNELT.....



.....NUMA STRUCK!



AND SO TARZAN MADE THE SAVAGES RECOGNIZE LENIDA AS BRAVER THAN THEIR BRAVEST. THEY HAD SEEN THE POWER OF HER MAGIC AS SHE SAVED THE GREAT WARRIOR MUMKIVRO FROM THE LION'S JAWS. THEY HAD SEEN HER MAKE NUMA AND SABOR OBEY LIKE CHILDREN. AND NOW THEY HAILED HER AS A NEW GODDESS AND KNELT BEFORE HER TO PAY HER HOMAGE. 6-5

NEXT WEEK: ROBBERY IN THE JUNGLE.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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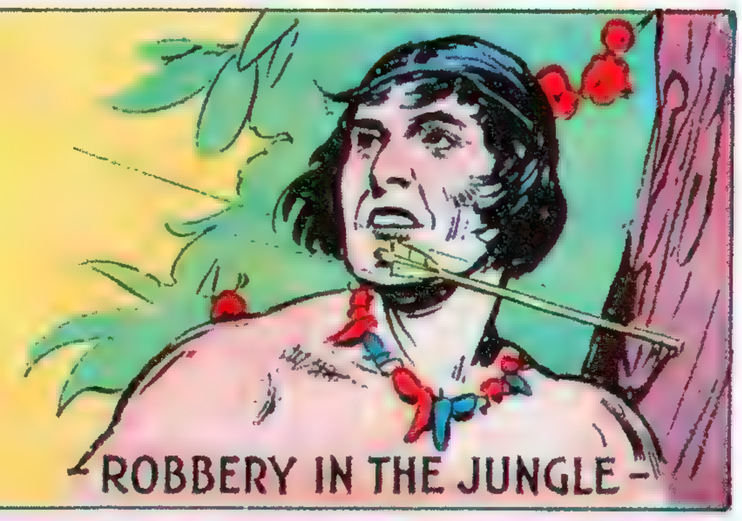

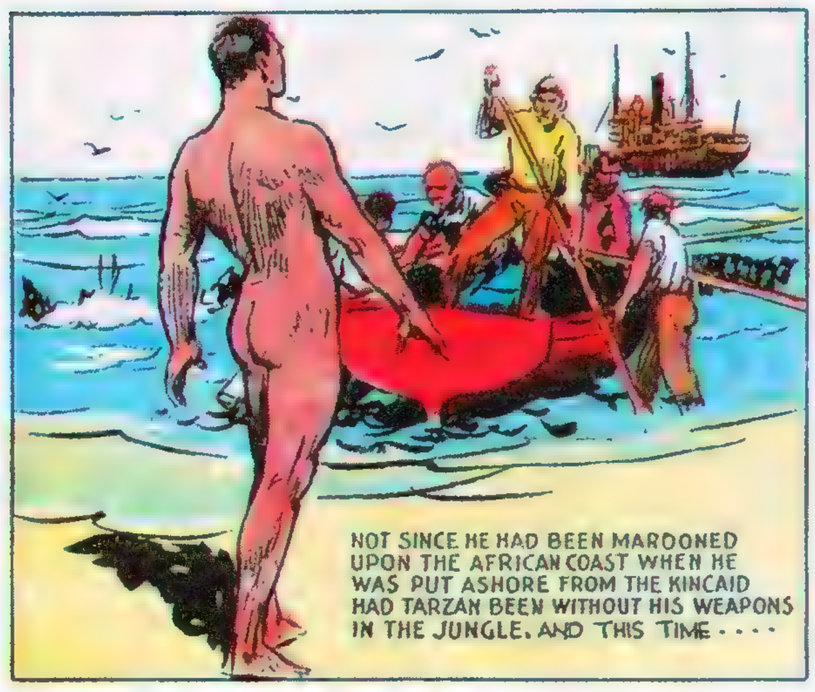

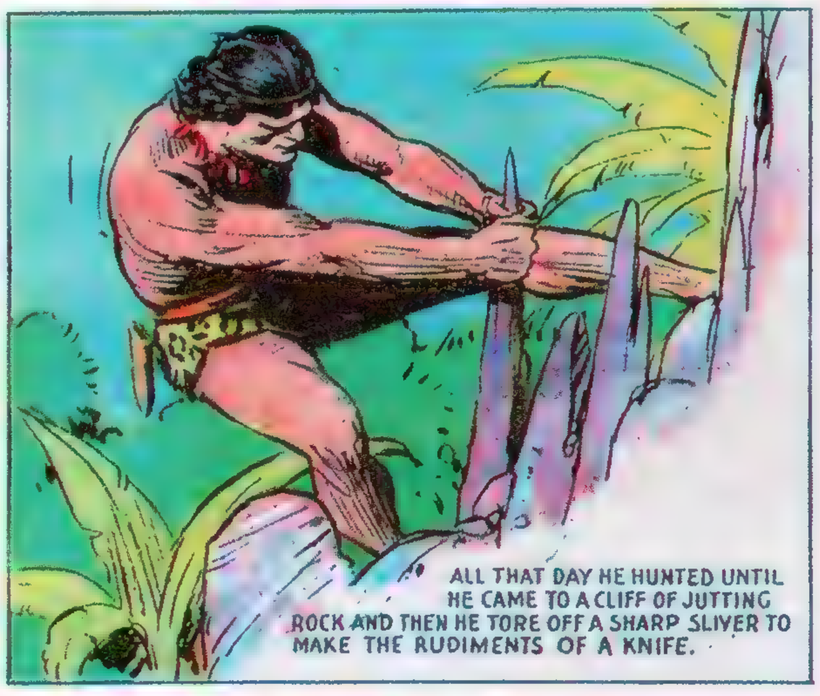

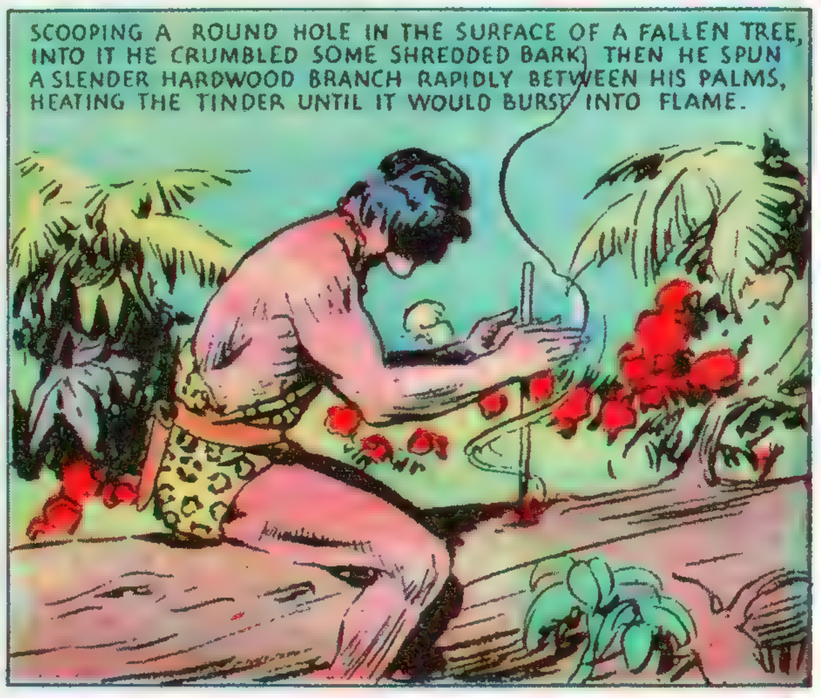

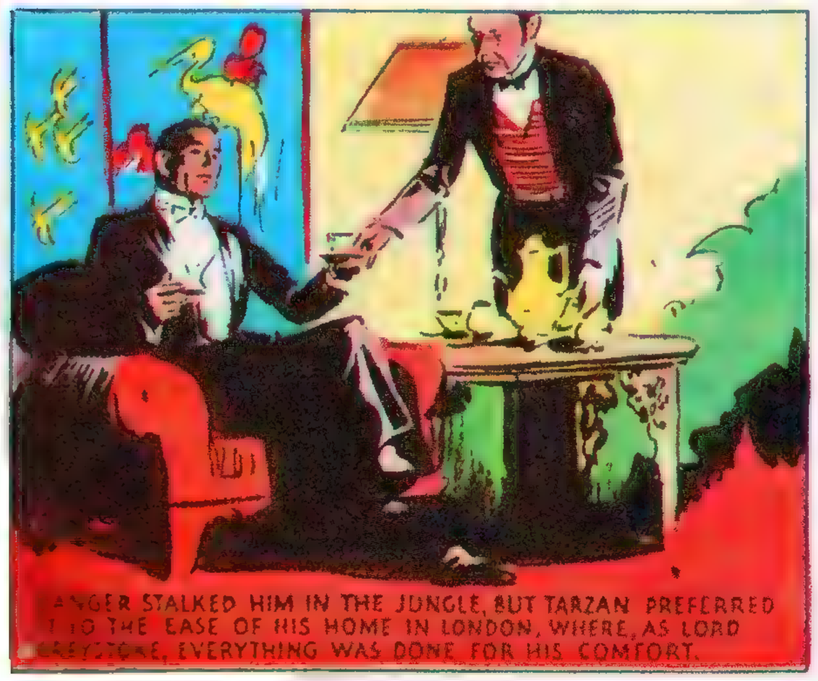

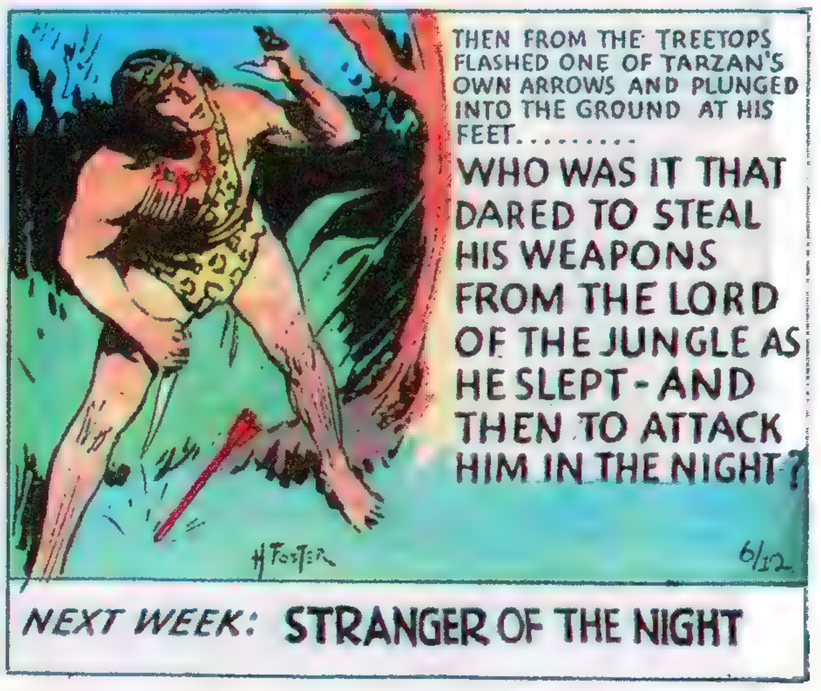

NEXT WEEK: STRANGER OF THE NIGHT

Tarzan

A STRANGER OF THE NIGHT—

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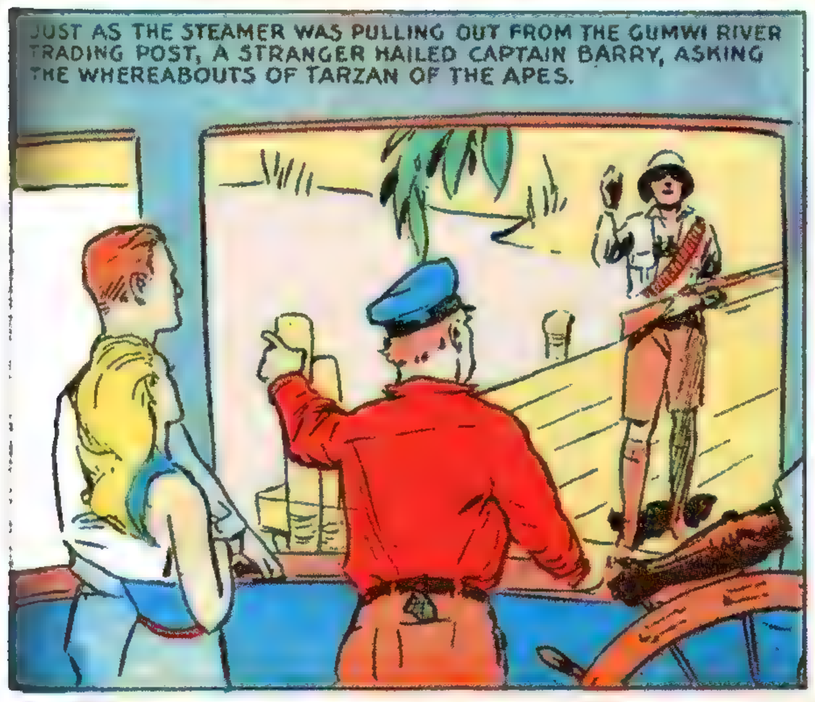

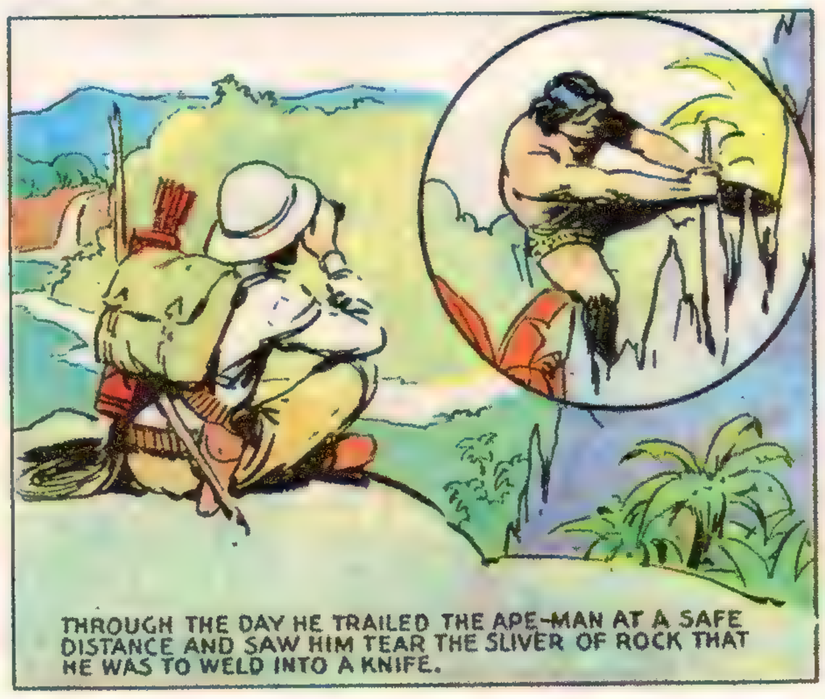

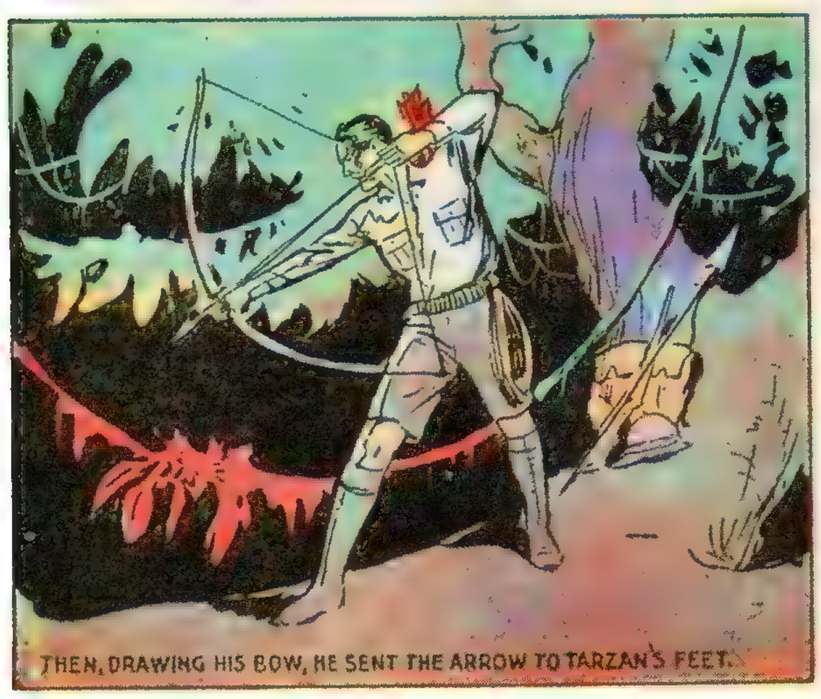

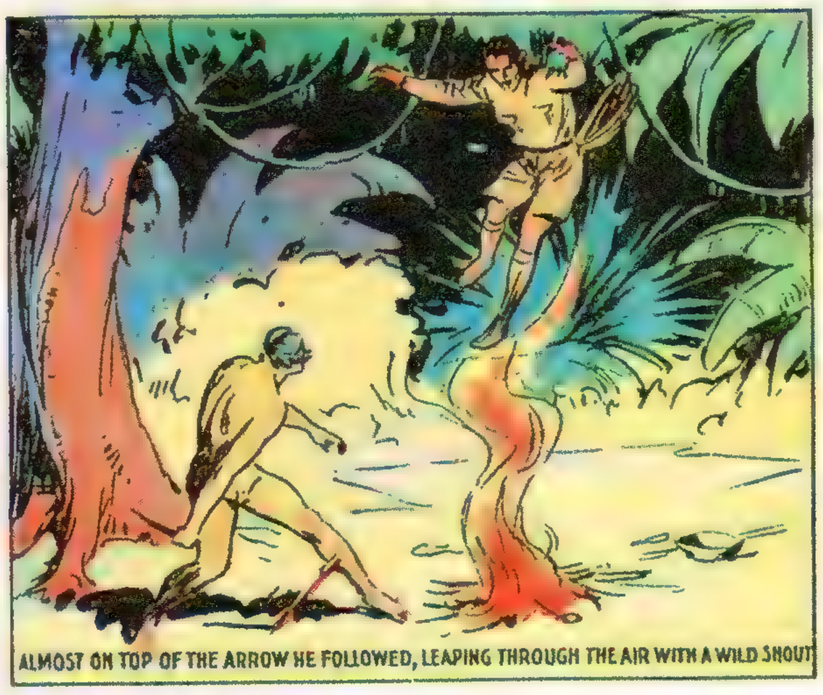

NEXT WEEK: THE KILLER AND THE KING.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE KILLER AND THE KING –

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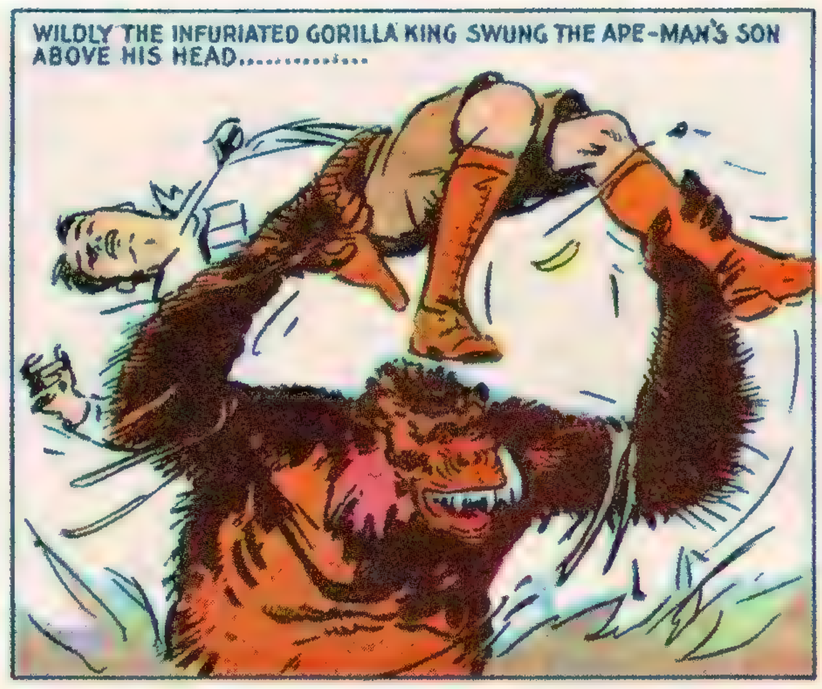

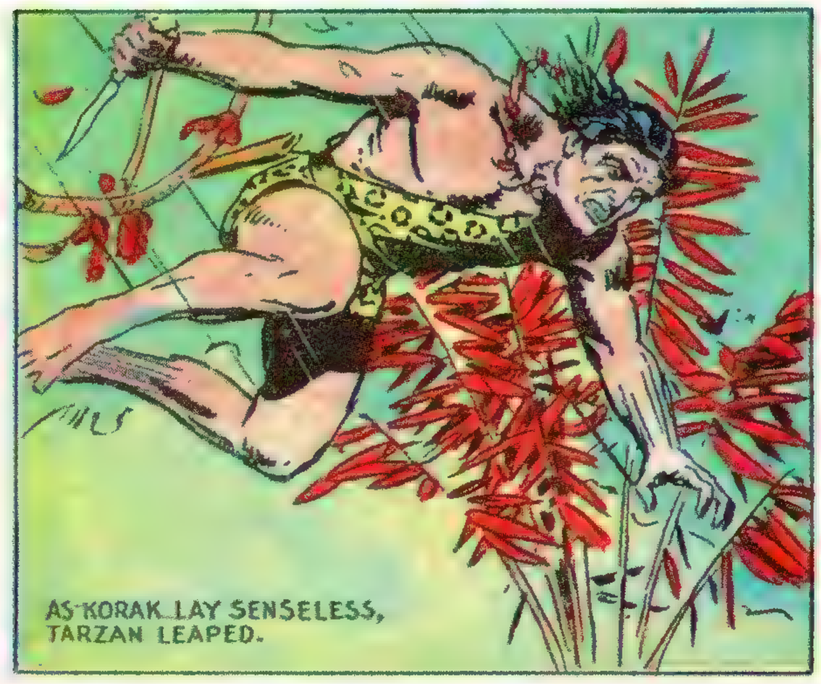

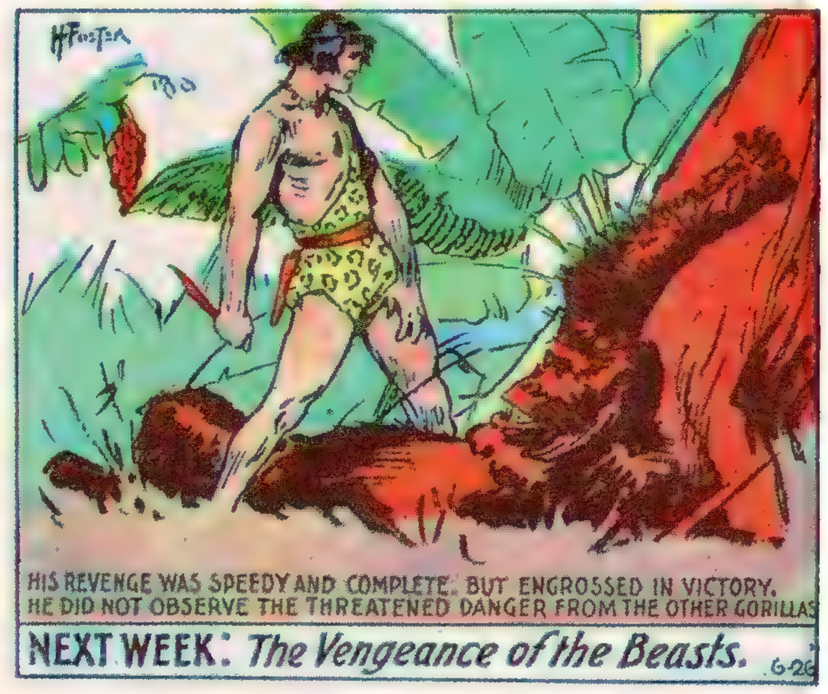

NEXT WEEK: *The Vengeance of the Beasts.*

Tarzan

THE VENGEANCE OF THE BEASTS

NEXT WEEK THROUGH THE TOP OF THE JUNGLE

Tarzan

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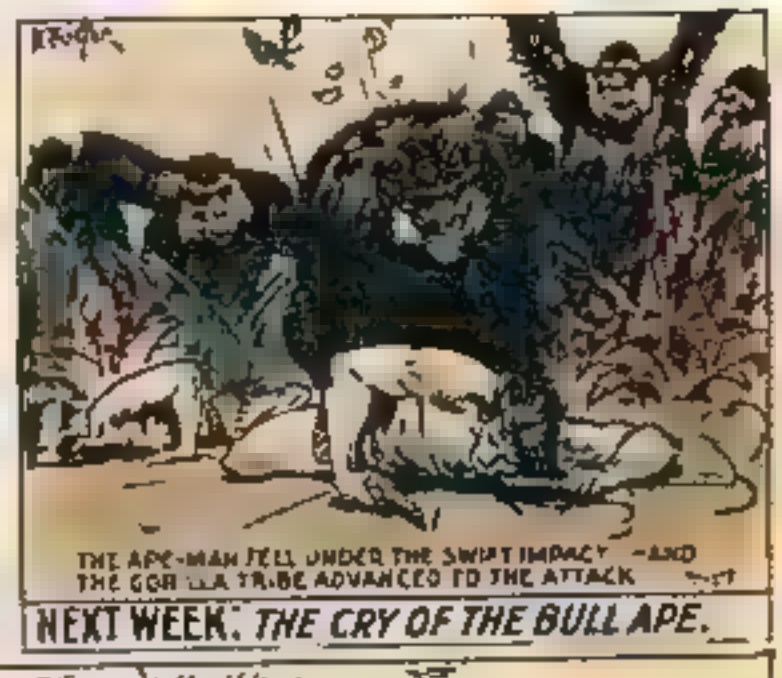
THE BROKEN VINE



NEXT WEEK: *THE CRY OF THE BULL APE.*

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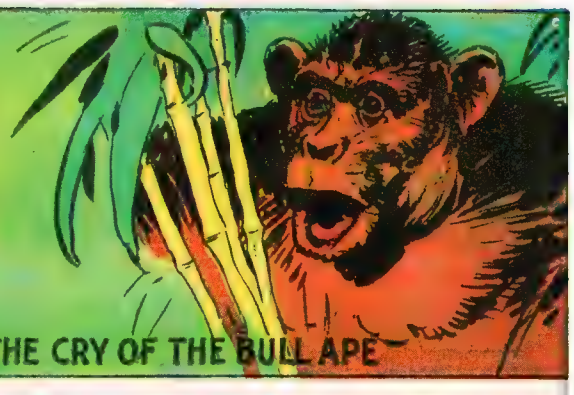
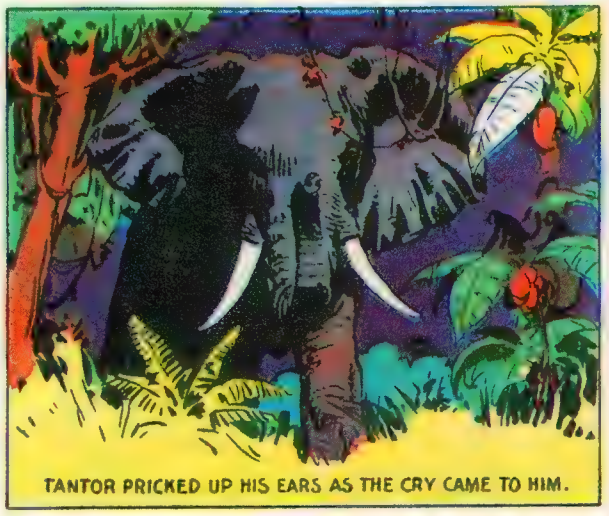
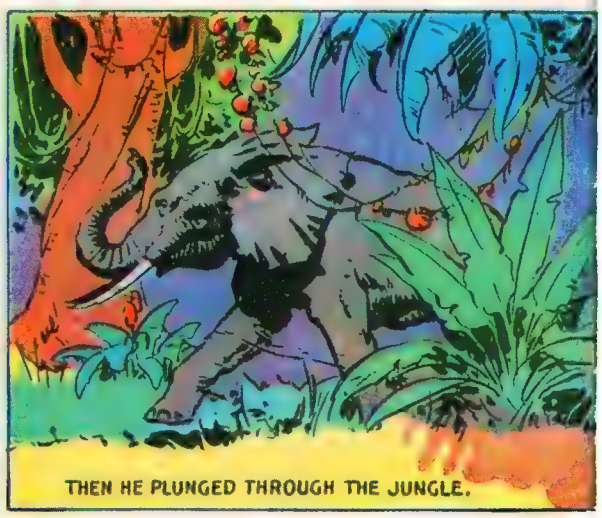


THE CRY OF THE BULL APE

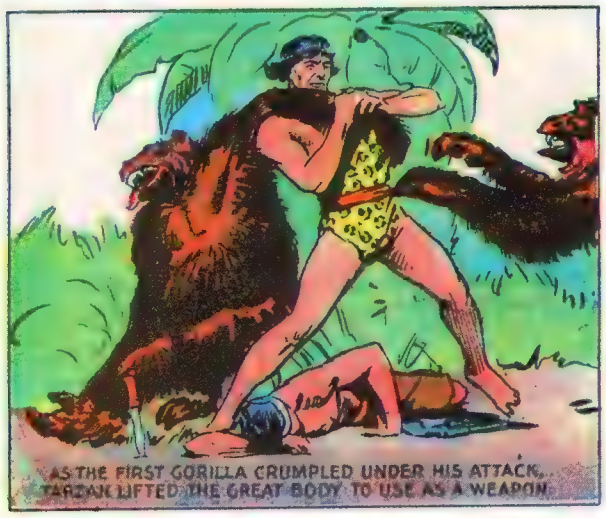
LONG HAD IT BEEN SINCE TARZAN HAD CALLED FOR HELP, BUT AS THE BOLGANI CLOSED IN UPON HIM, HE UTTERED THE BLOOD-CHILLING CRY OF THE GREAT APES.



TANTOR PRICKED UP HIS EARS AS THE CRY CAME TO HIM.



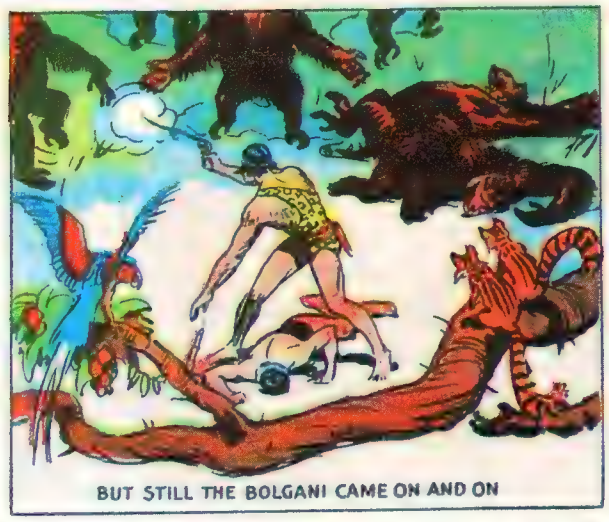
THEN HE PLUNGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



AS THE FIRST GORILLA CRUMPLED UNDER HIS ATTACK, TARZAN LIFTED THE GREAT BODY TO USE AS A WEAPON.

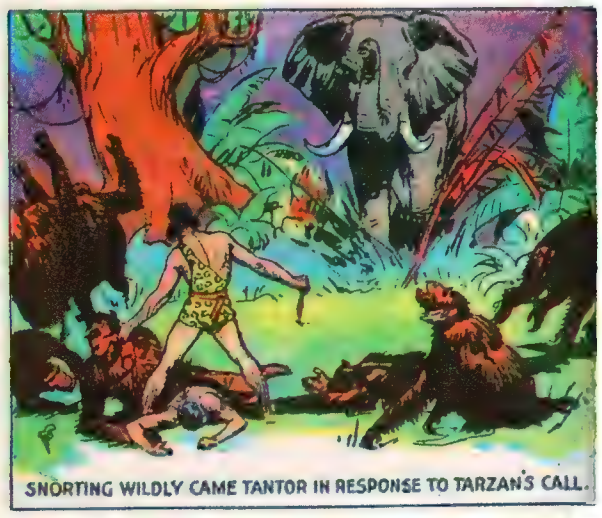
THE NEXT GORILLA FELL BACK AS TARZAN HURLED THE MIGHTY MASS OF SHAGGY BODY.

A THIRD WAS MET BY A SHOT STRAIGHT TO THE HEART.

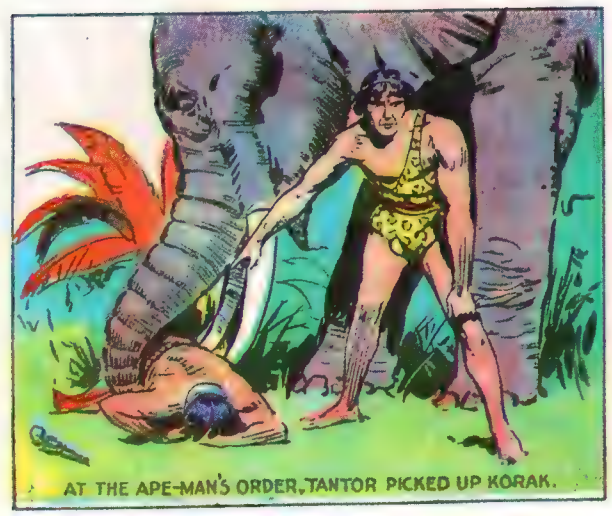


BUT STILL THE BOLGANI CAME ON AND ON

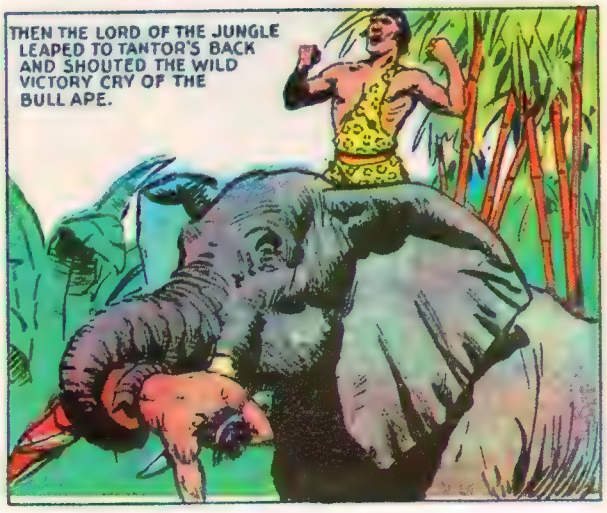
DESPERATELY THE APE-MAN FOUGHT.



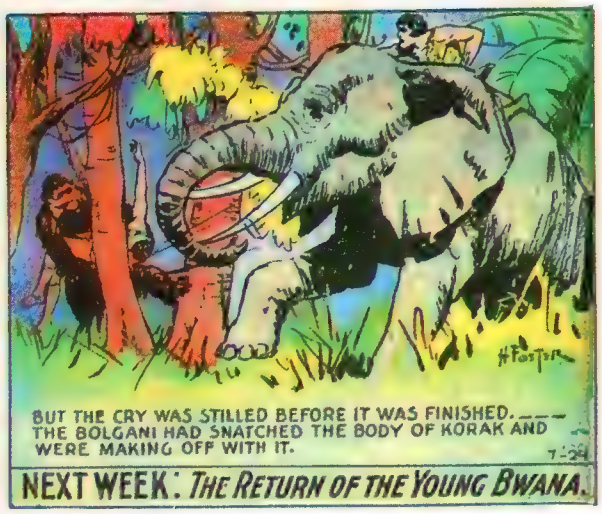
SNORTING WILDLY CAME TANTOR IN RESPONSE TO TARZAN'S CALL.



AT THE APE-MAN'S ORDER, TANTOR PICKED UP KORAK.



THEN THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE LEAPED TO TANTOR'S BACK AND SHOUTED THE WILD VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE.



BUT THE CRY WAS STILLED BEFORE IT WAS FINISHED.— THE BOLGANI HAD SNATCHED THE BODY OF KORAK AND WERE MAKING OFF WITH IT.

7-24

NEXT WEEK: *THE RETURN OF THE YOUNG BWANA.*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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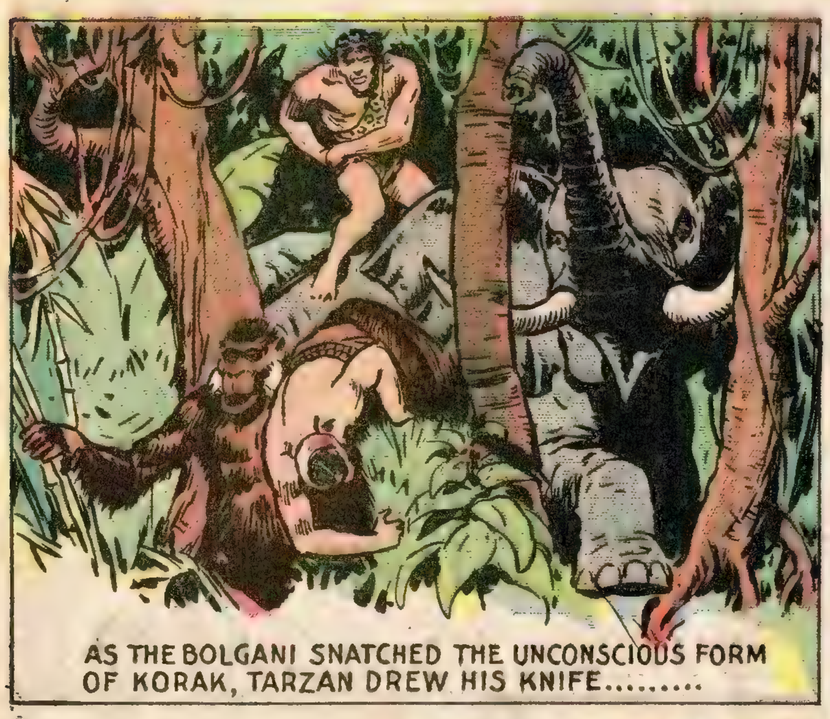
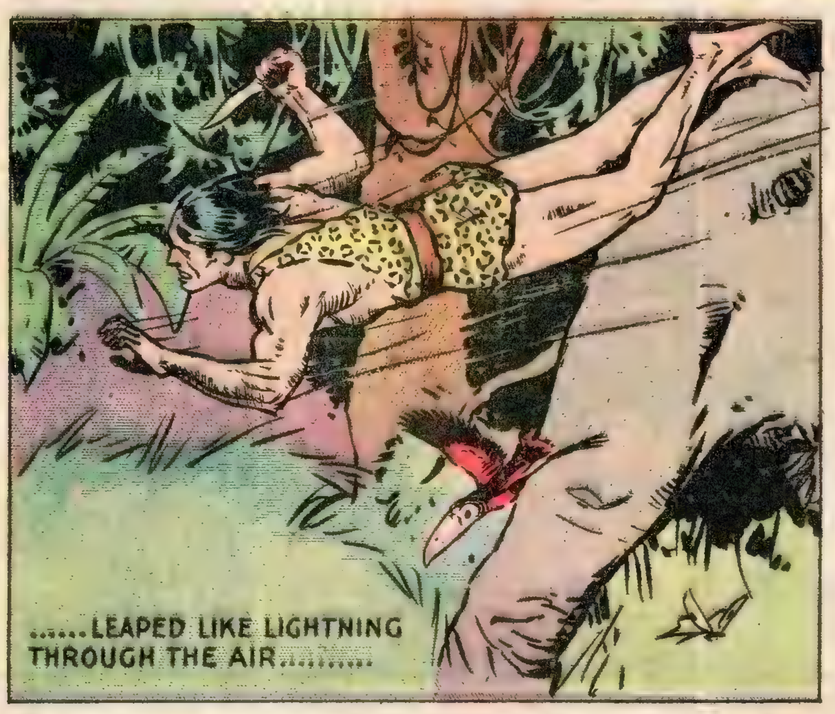
THE RETURN OF THE YOUNG BWANA



AS THE BOLGANI SNATCHED THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF KORAK, TARZAN DREW HIS KNIFE.....

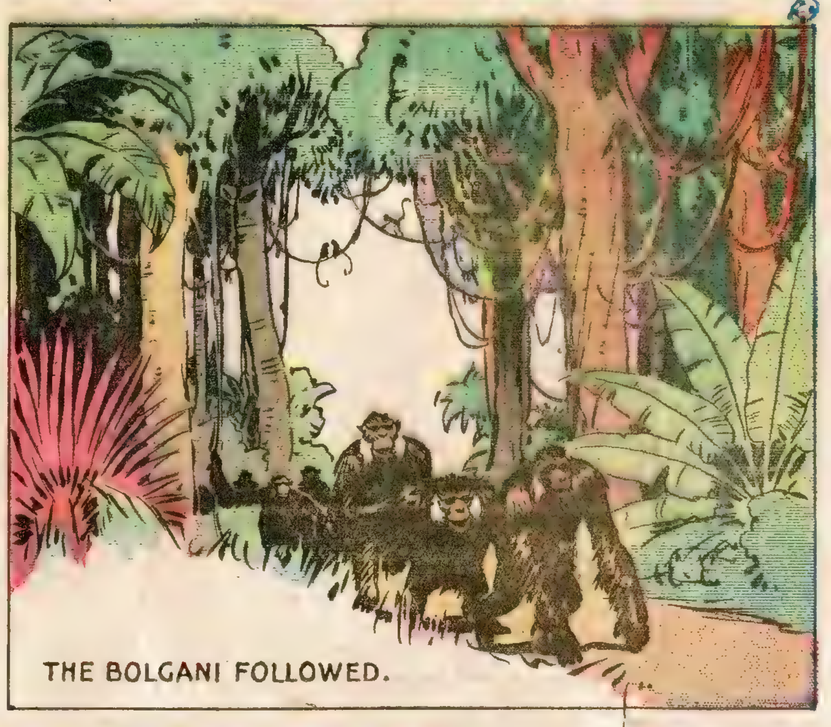


.....LEAPED LIKE LIGHTNING THROUGH THE AIR.....

.....AND LANDED FULL UPON THE GORILLA'S BACK.

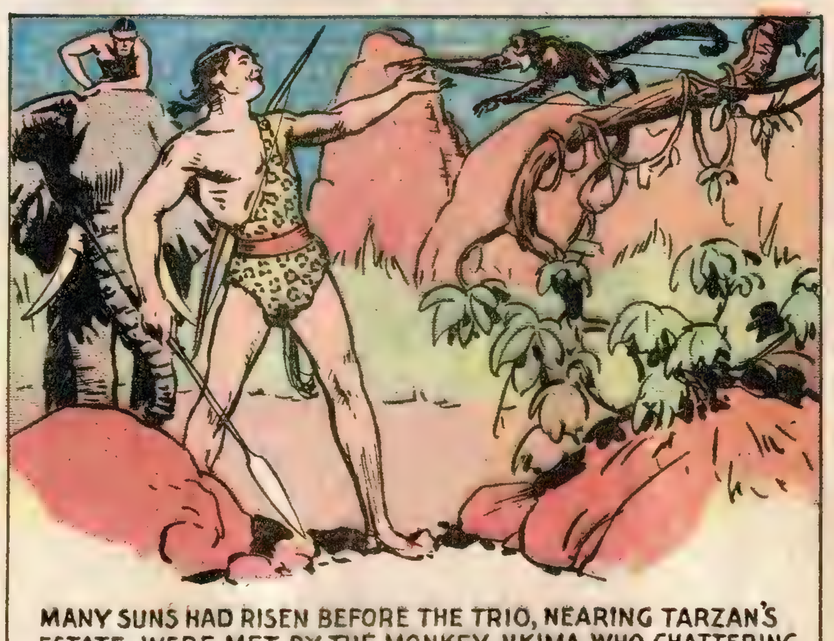
THE APE-MAN MADE SHORT WORK OF THE BOLGANI.....

.....AND THEN, CARRYING KORAK IN HIS ARMS, WENT THROUGH THE JUNGLE ON THE BACK OF TANTOR.

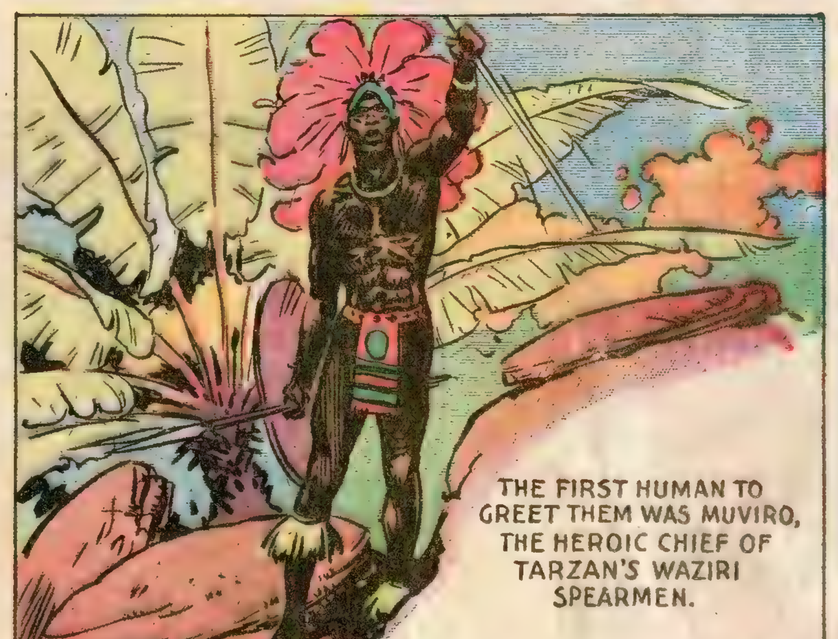


THE BOLGANI FOLLOWED.

WHILE KORAK EASED HIS FEVERISH THIRST AT THE WATER POOL, TARZAN AND TANTOR WERE ON GUARD.



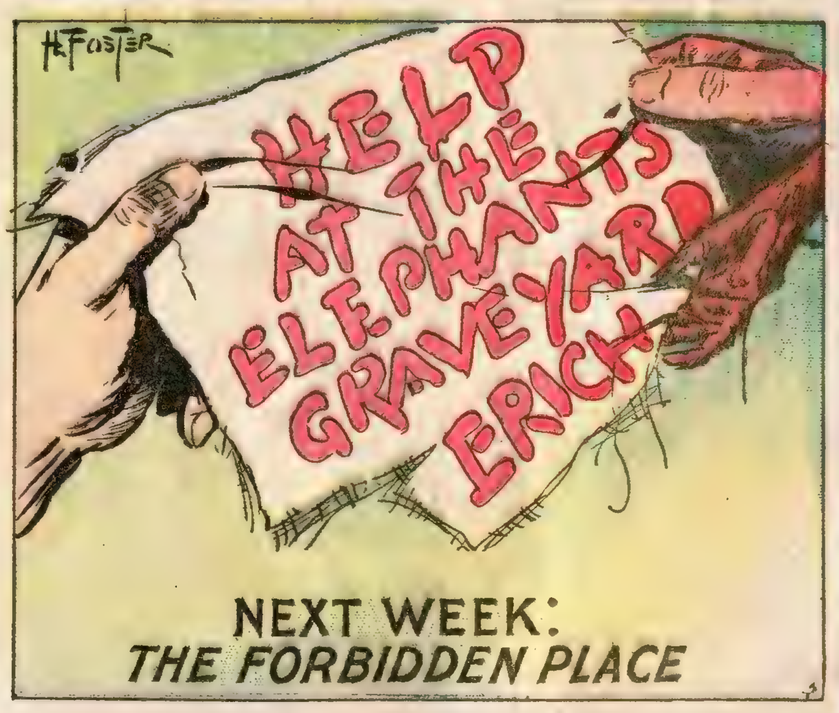
MANY SUNS HAD RISEN BEFORE THE TRIO, NEARING TARZAN'S ESTATE, WERE MET BY THE MONKEY, NKIMA, WHO CHATTERING FURIOUSLY, LEAPED UPON THE APE-MAN'S SHOULDER.



THE FIRST HUMAN TO GREET THEM WAS MUVIRO, THE HEROIC CHIEF OF TARZAN'S WAZIRI SPEARMEN.

.....MUVIRO HANDED THE APE-MAN A NOTE, WRITTEN IN BLOOD ON A TORN PIECE OF SHIRT. IT SAID.....

WHILE THE WAZIRI HAILED THE RETURN OF THE YOUNG BWANA, WHO HAD GONE OFF TO SEEK JUNGLE ADVENTURE.....



NEXT WEEK:
THE FORBIDDEN PLACE

Tarzan

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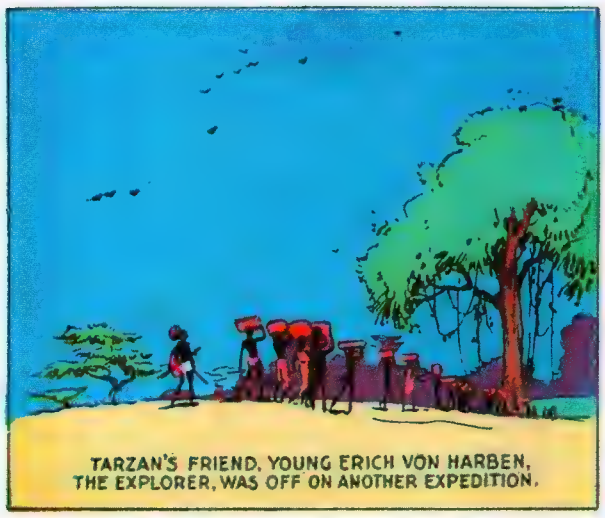
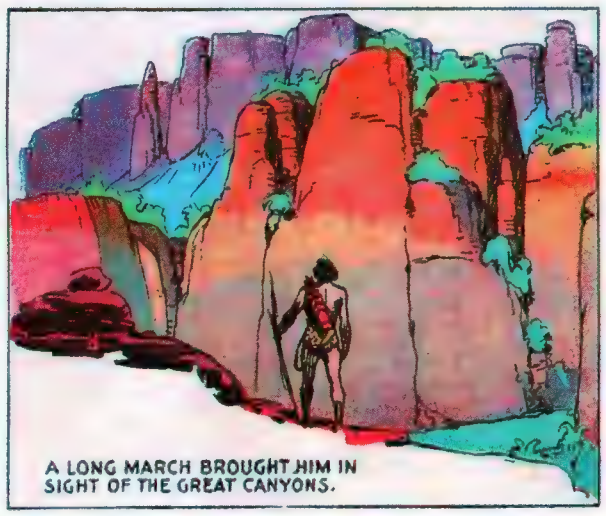
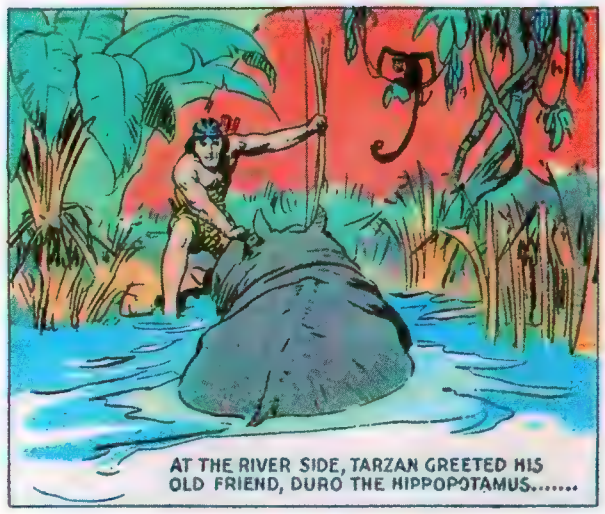
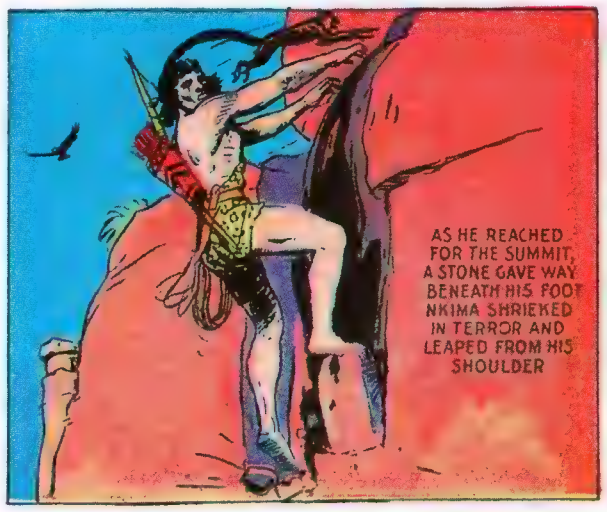
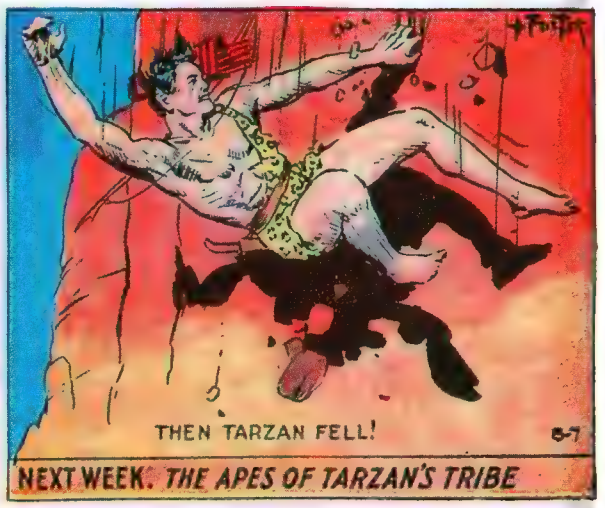
THE FORBIDDEN PLACE











NEXT WEEK. *THE APES OF TARZAN'S TRIBE*

Tarzan

THE APES OF TARZAN'S TRIBE

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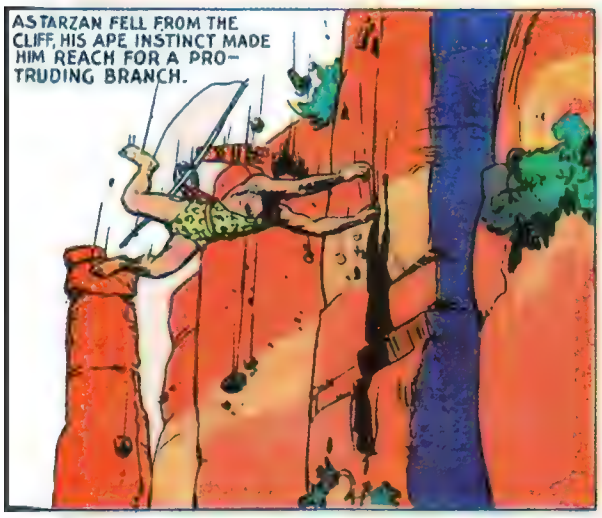

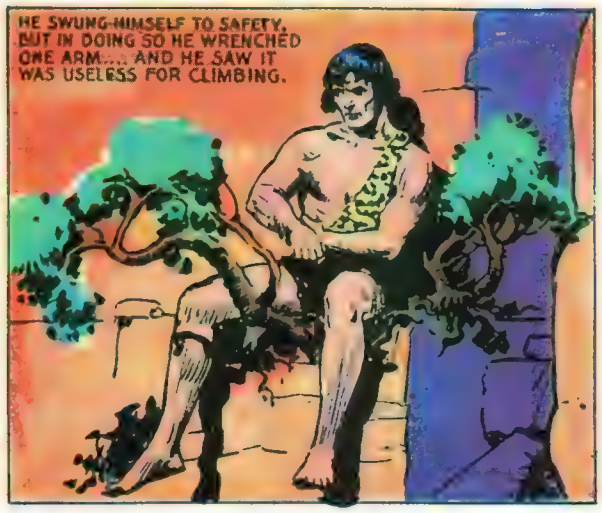

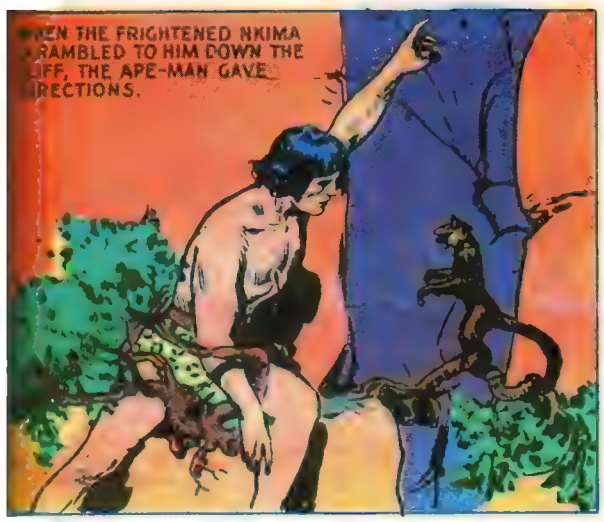

NEXT WEEK: *AT THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ELEPHANTS.*

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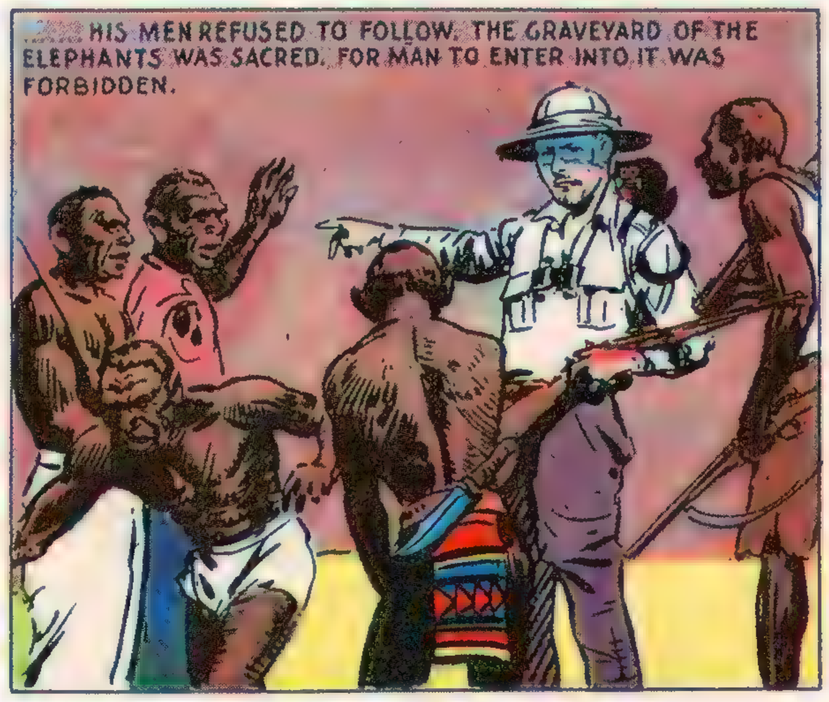
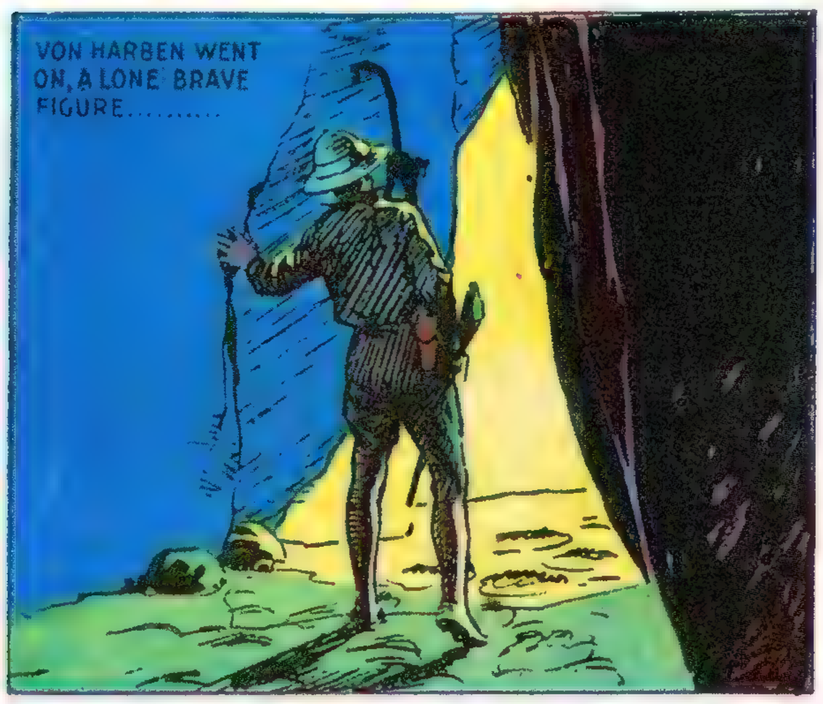
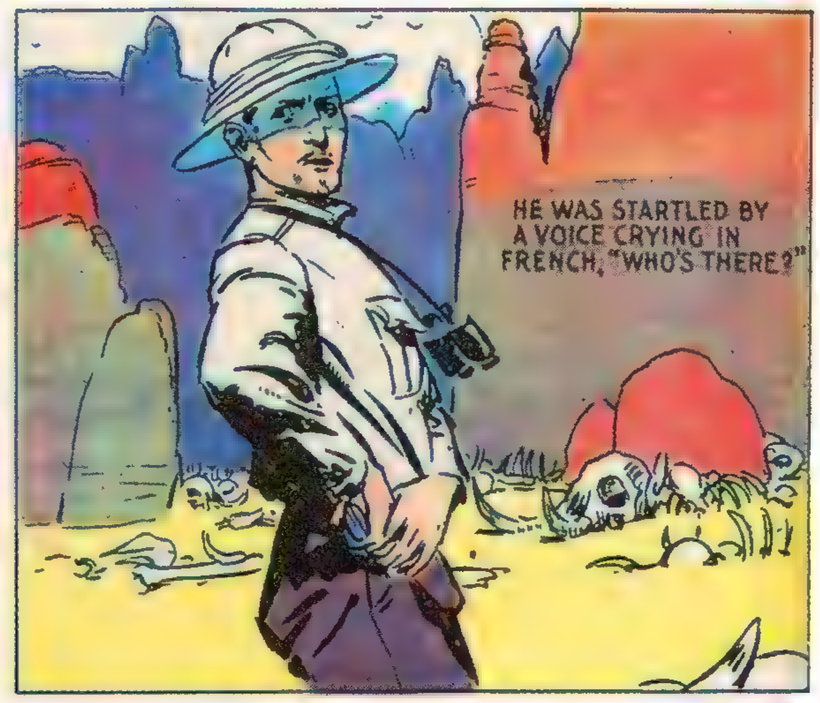
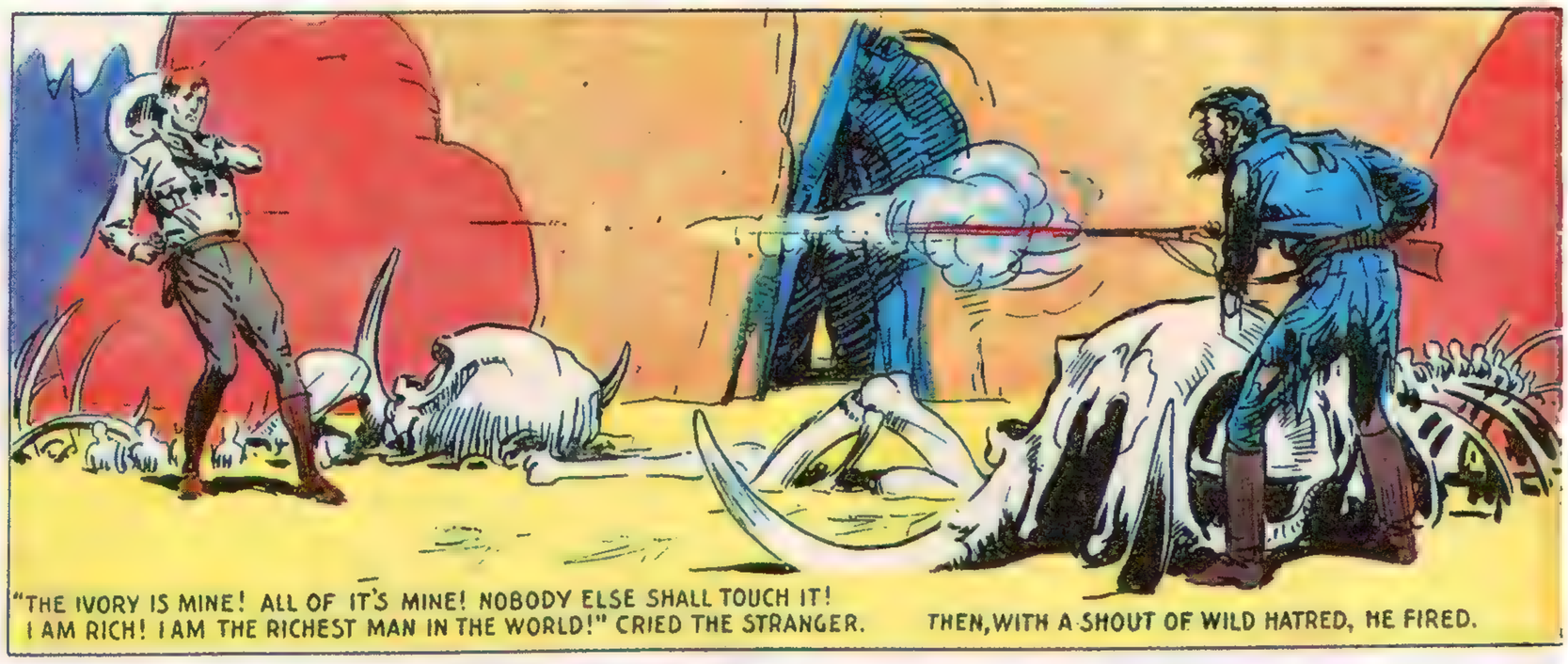
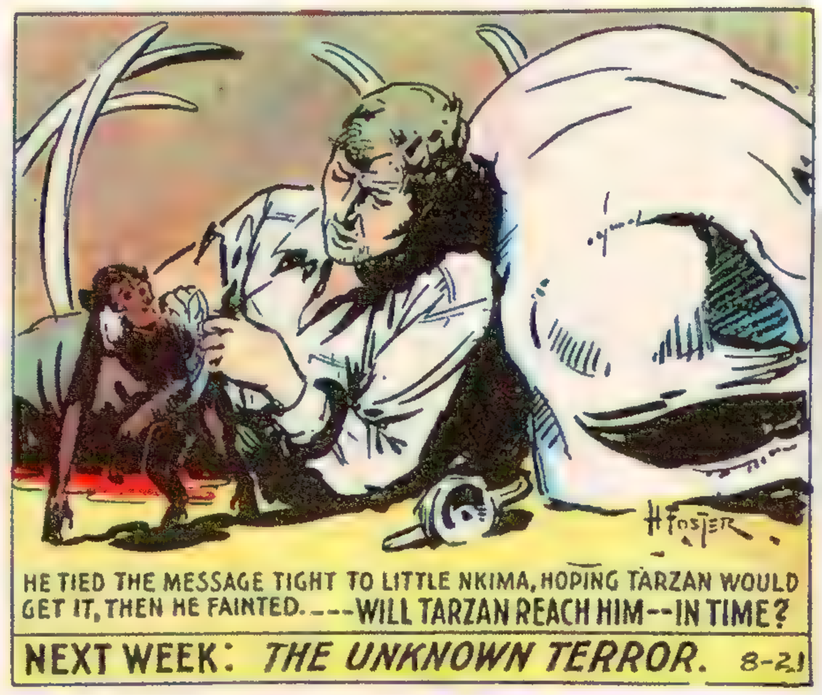
AT THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ELEPHANTS











NEXT WEEK: *THE UNKNOWN TERROR.* 8-21

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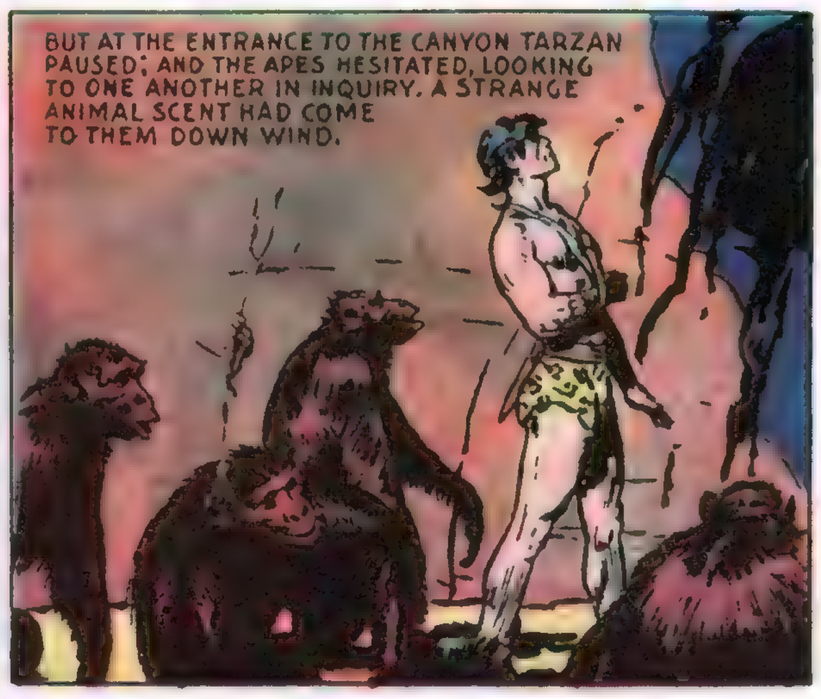
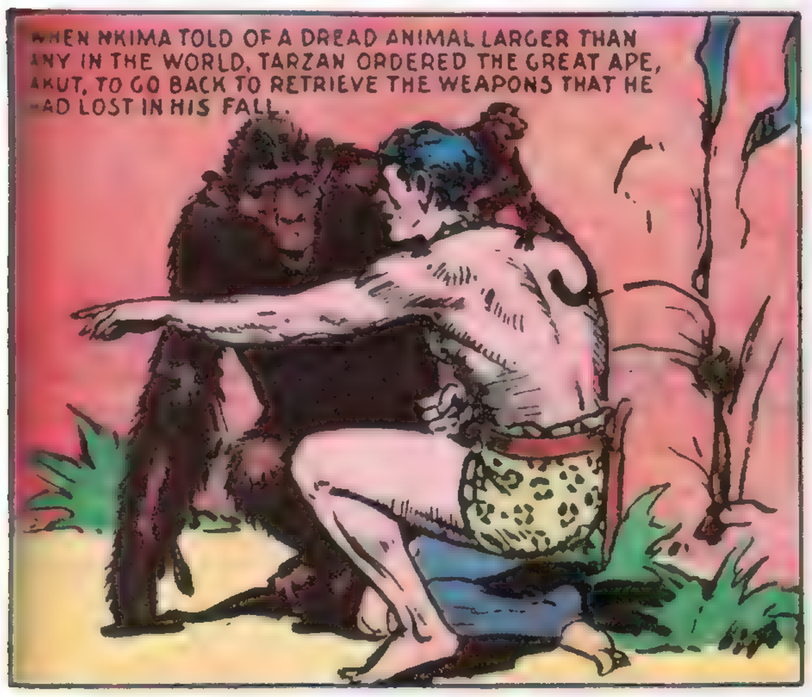
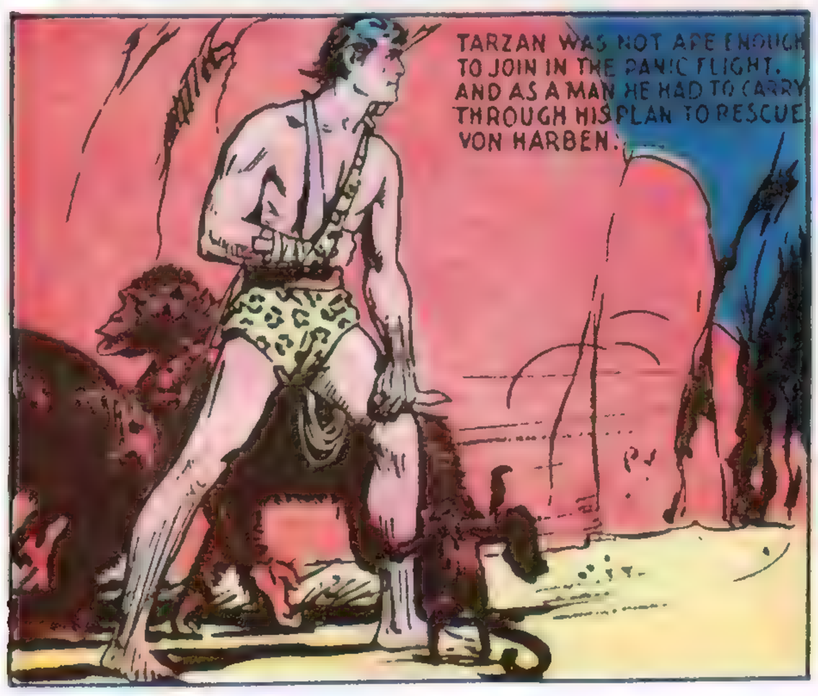
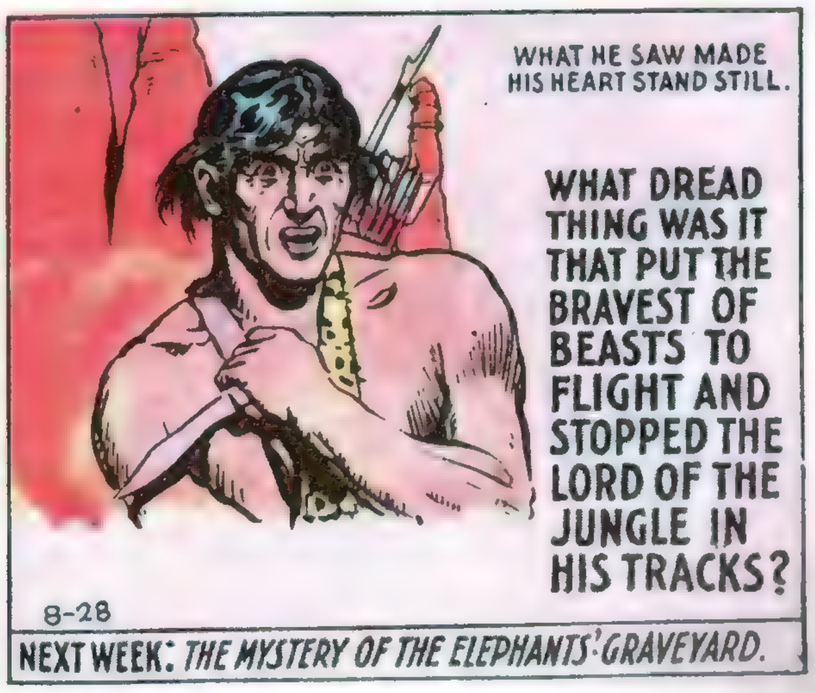
THE UNKNOWN TERROR









NEXT WEEK: *THE MYSTERY OF THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.*

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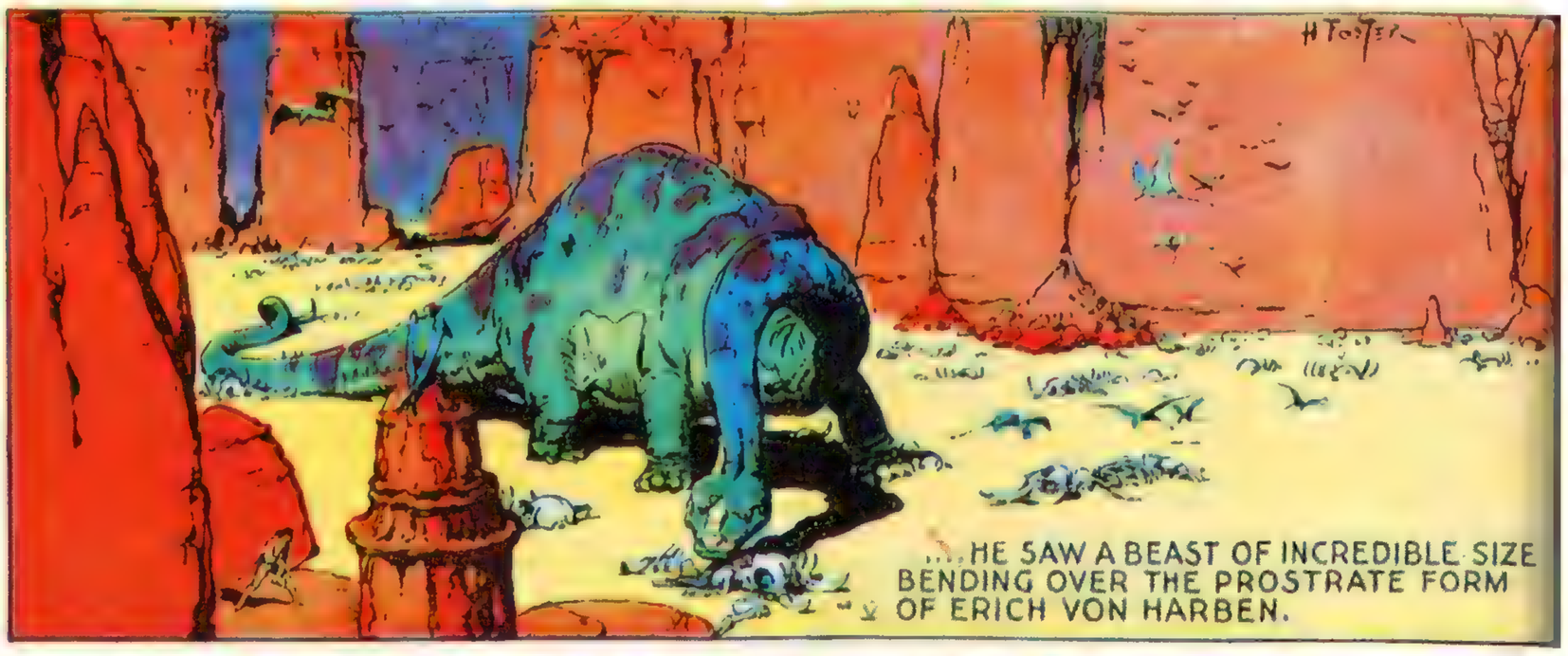
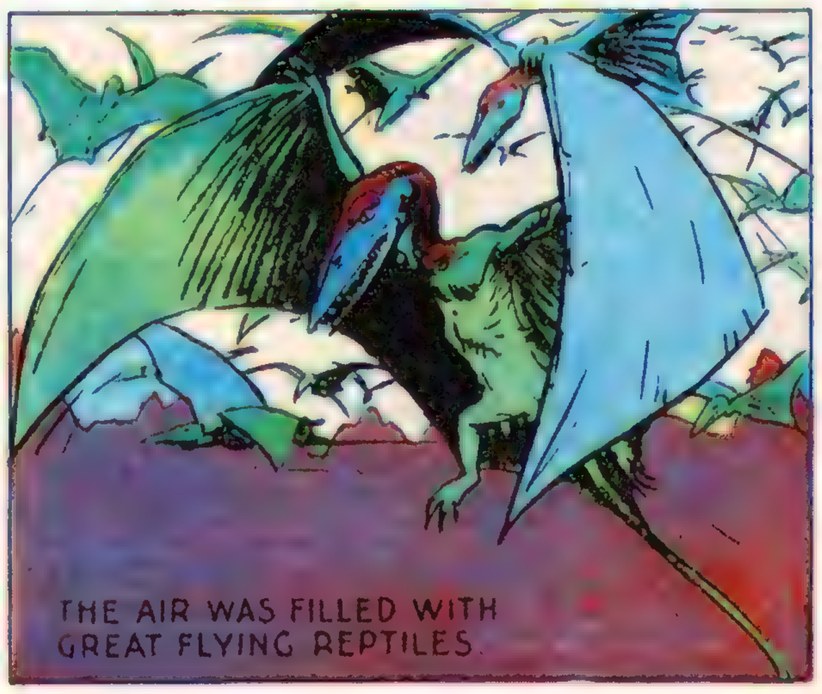
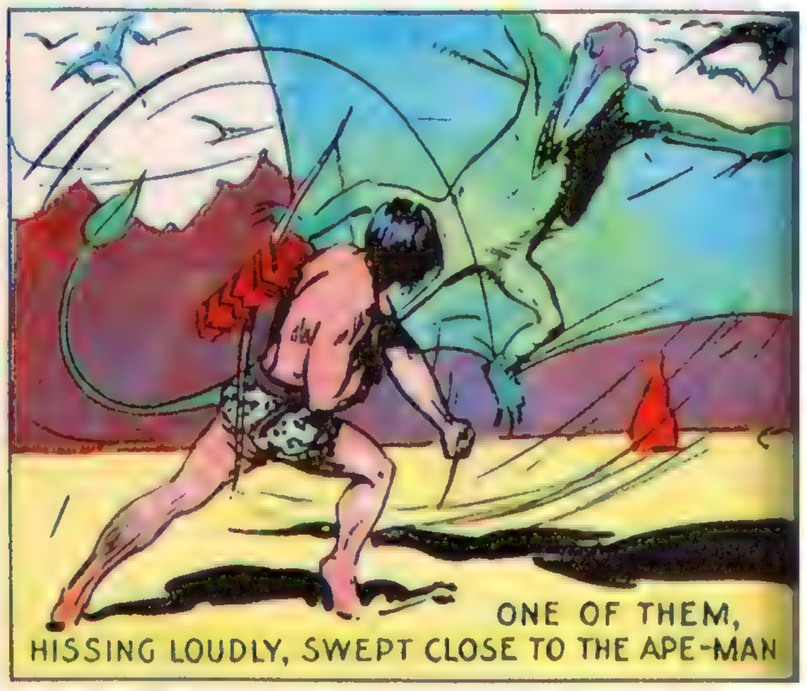
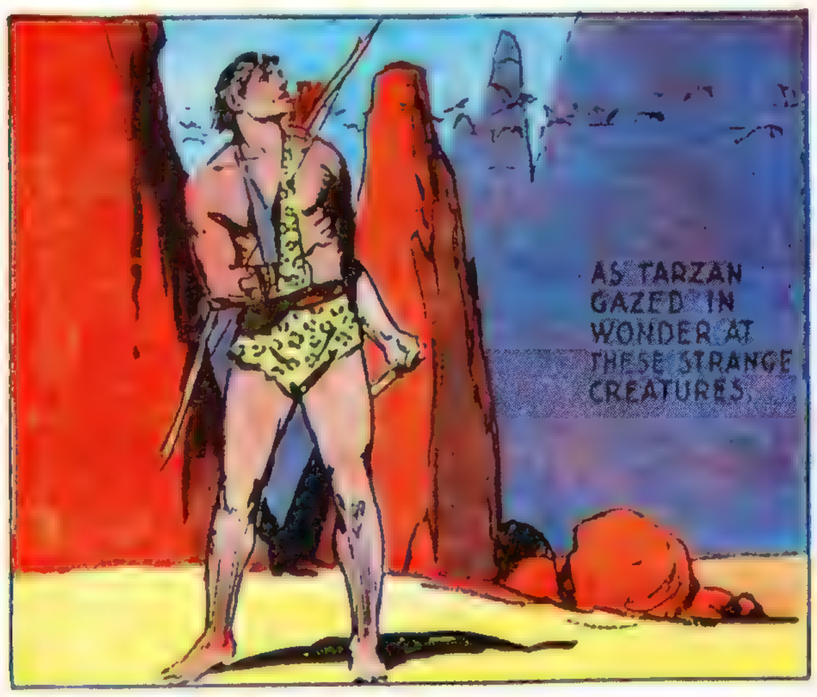
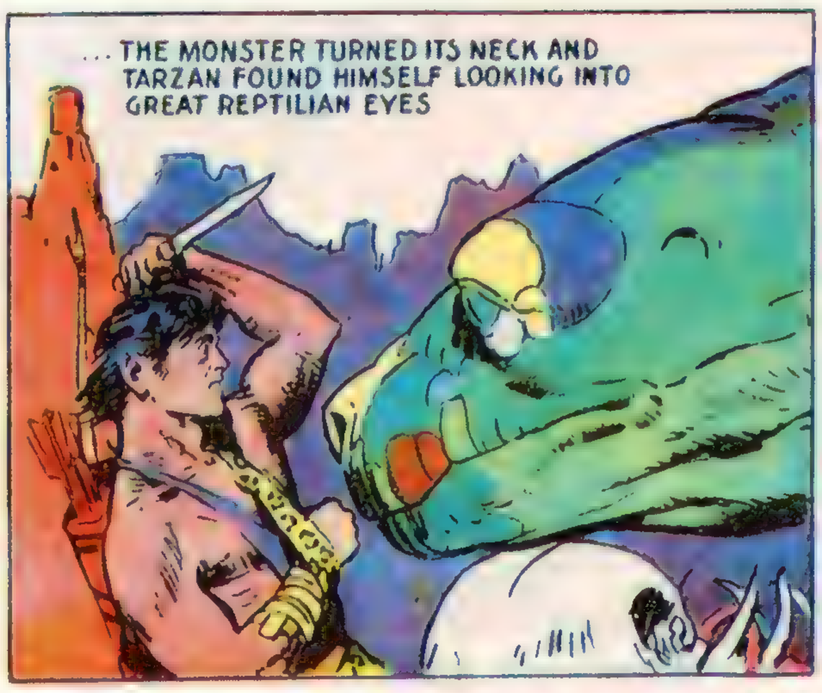
THE MYSTERY OF THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.

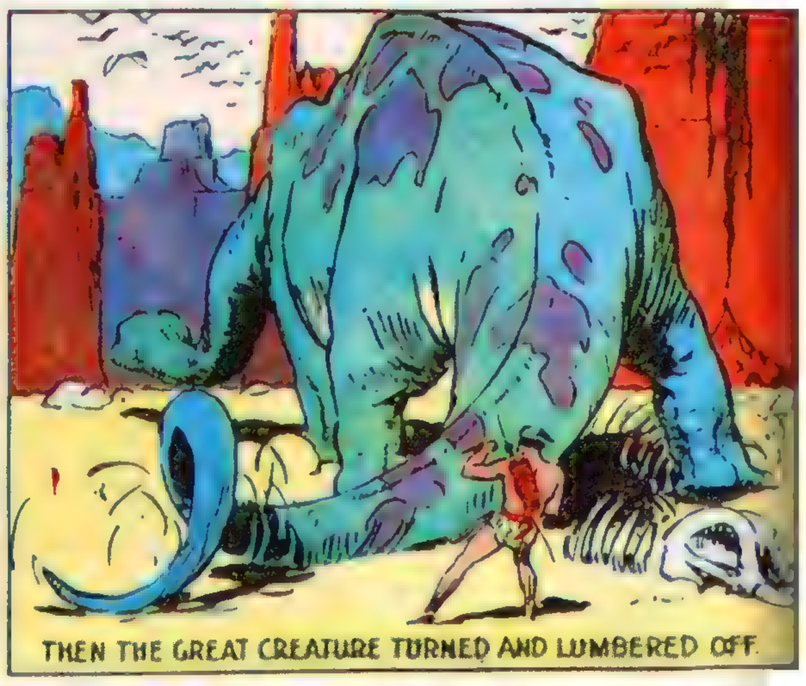


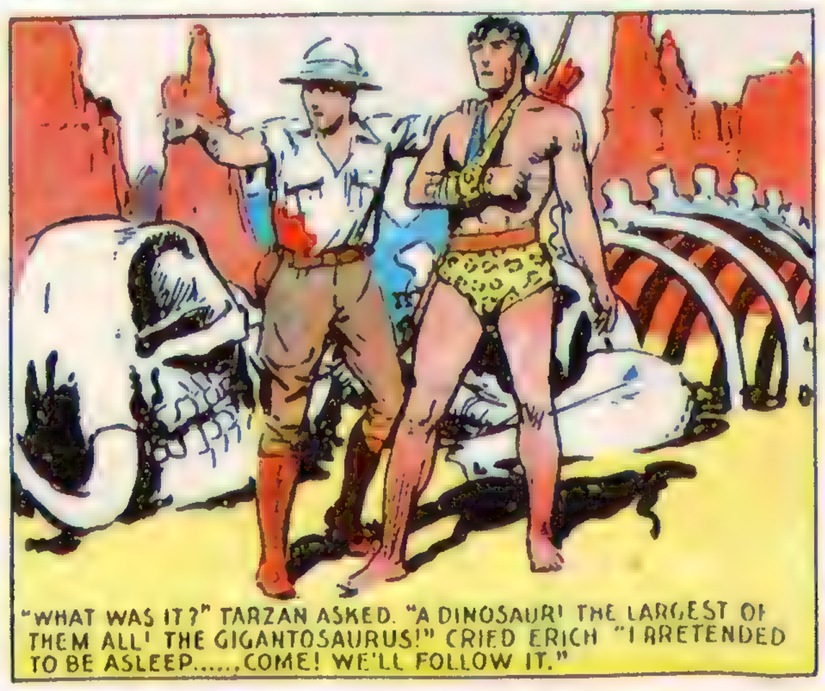


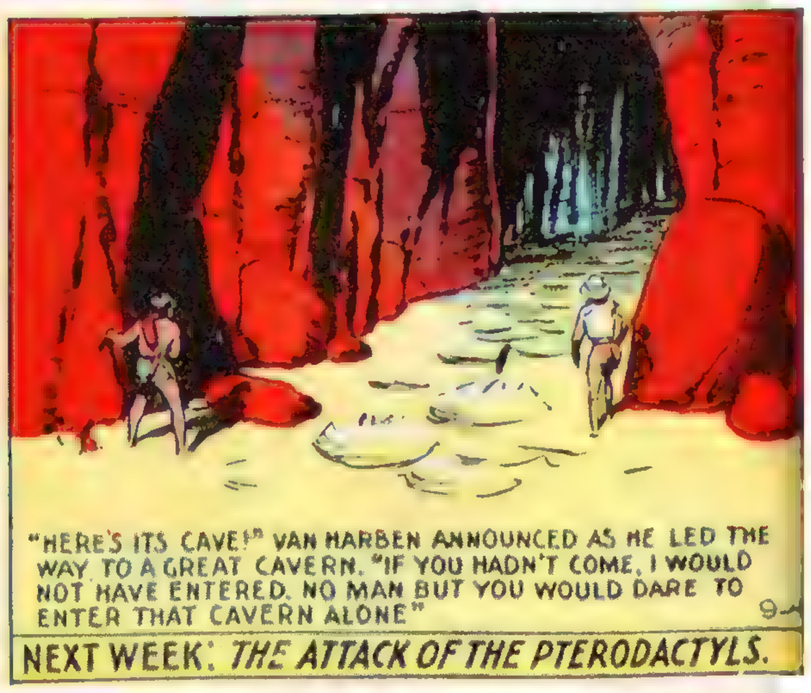












NEXT WEEK: *THE ATTACK OF THE PTERODACTYLS.*

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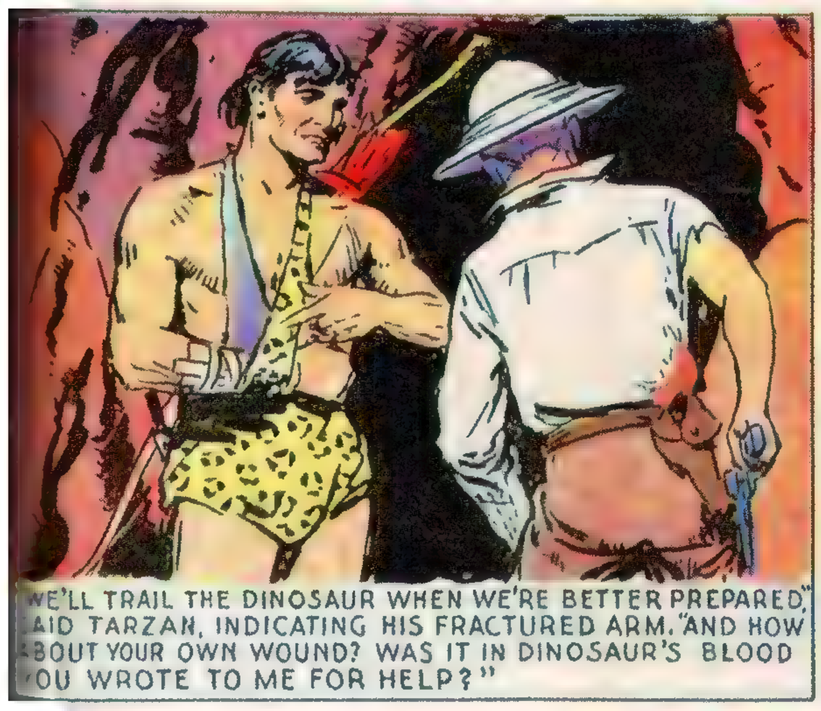
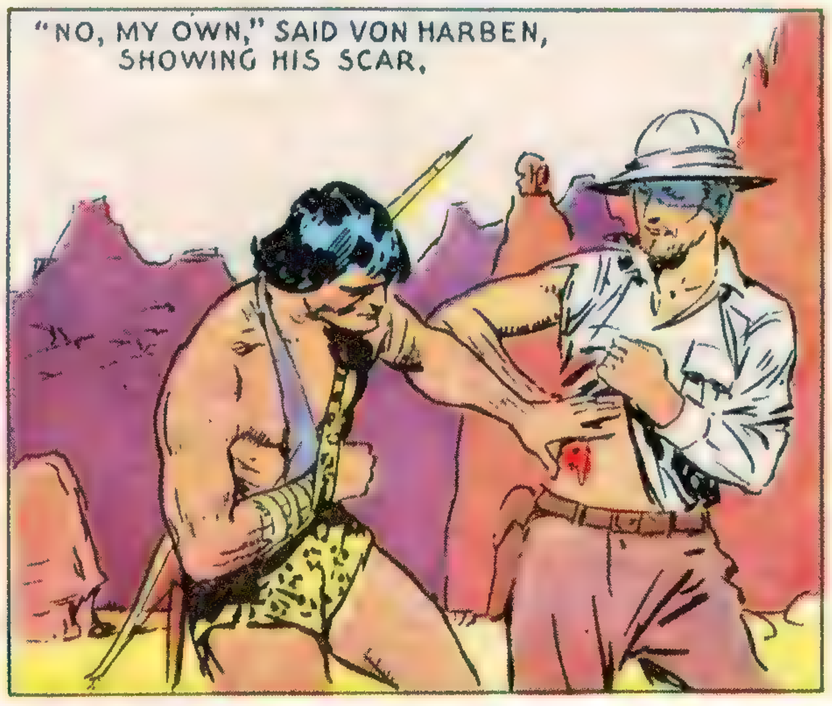
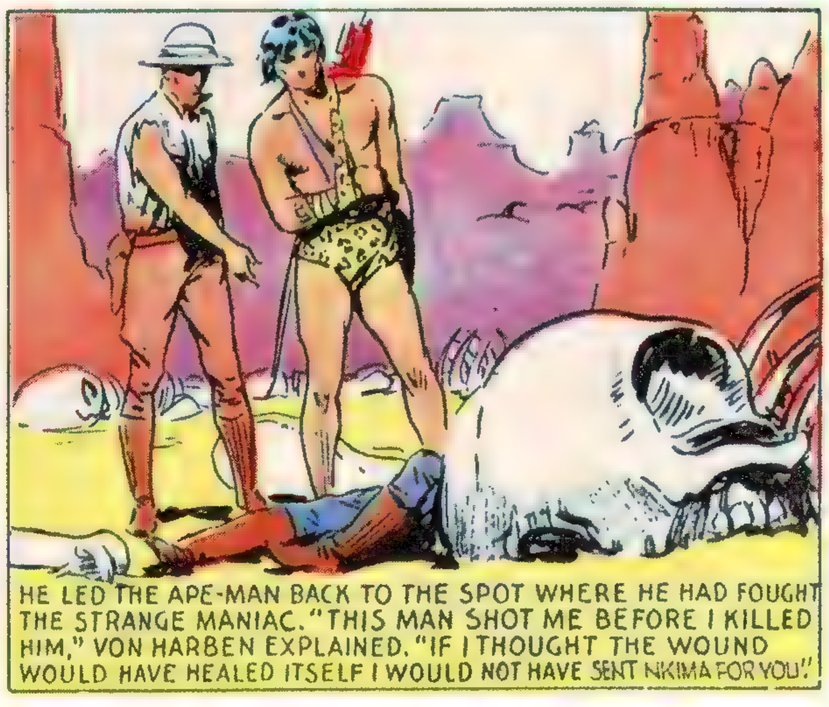
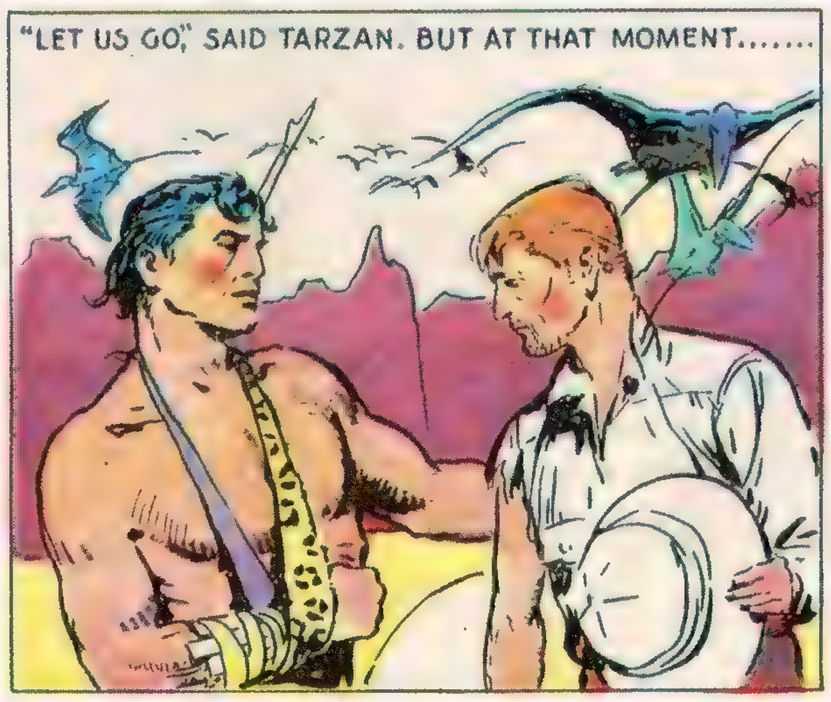
FOSTER

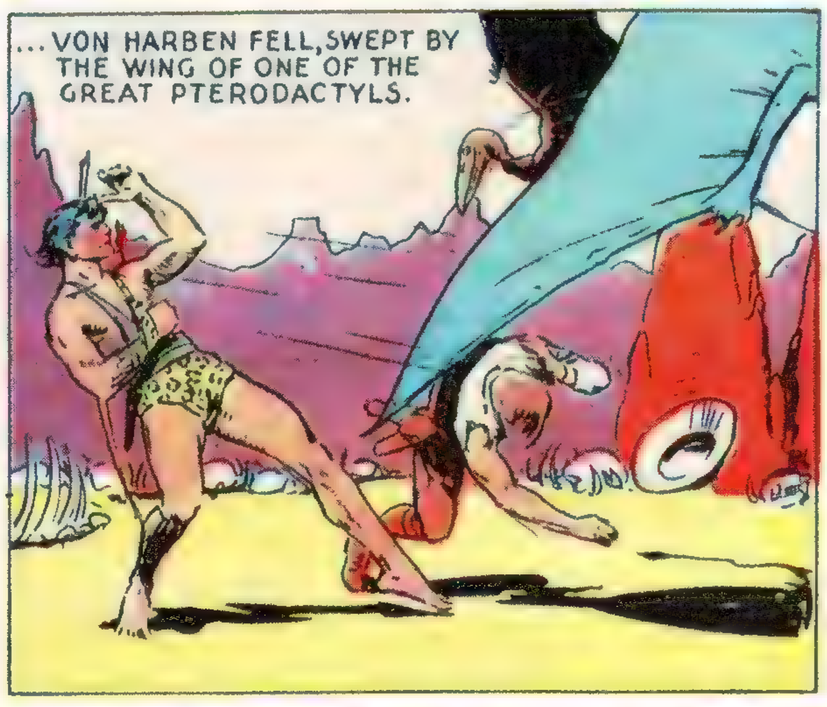
THE ATTACK OF THE PTERODACTYLS

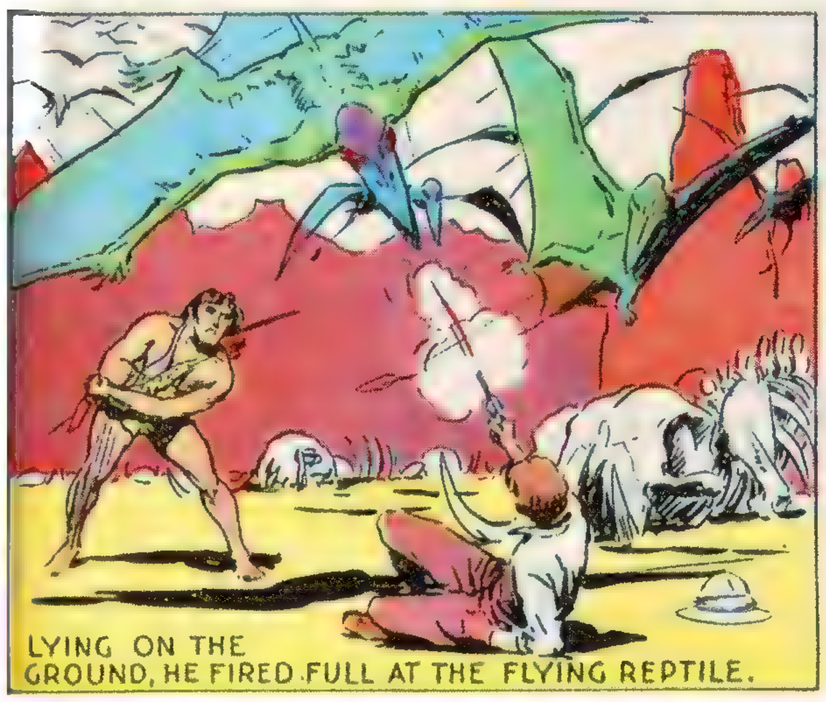


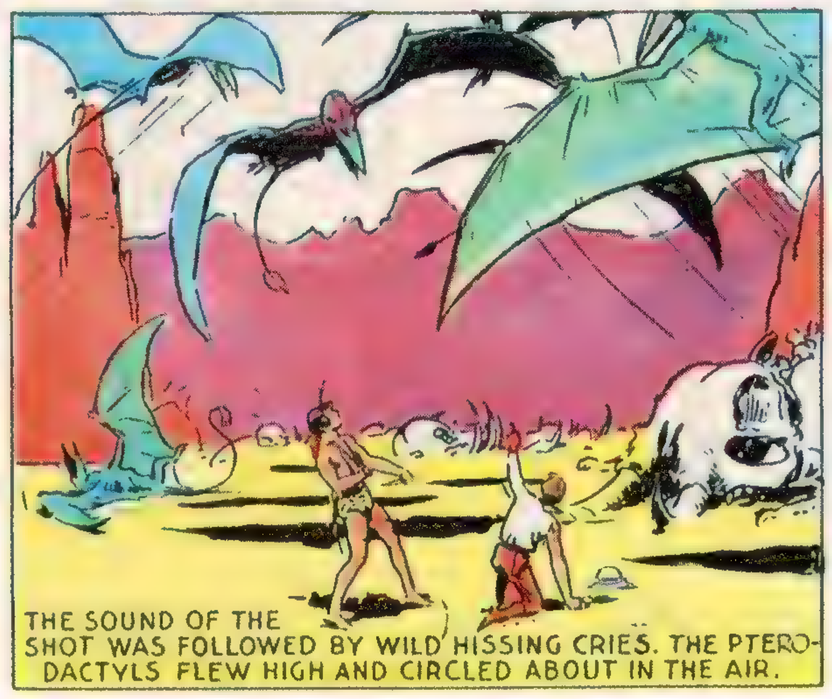


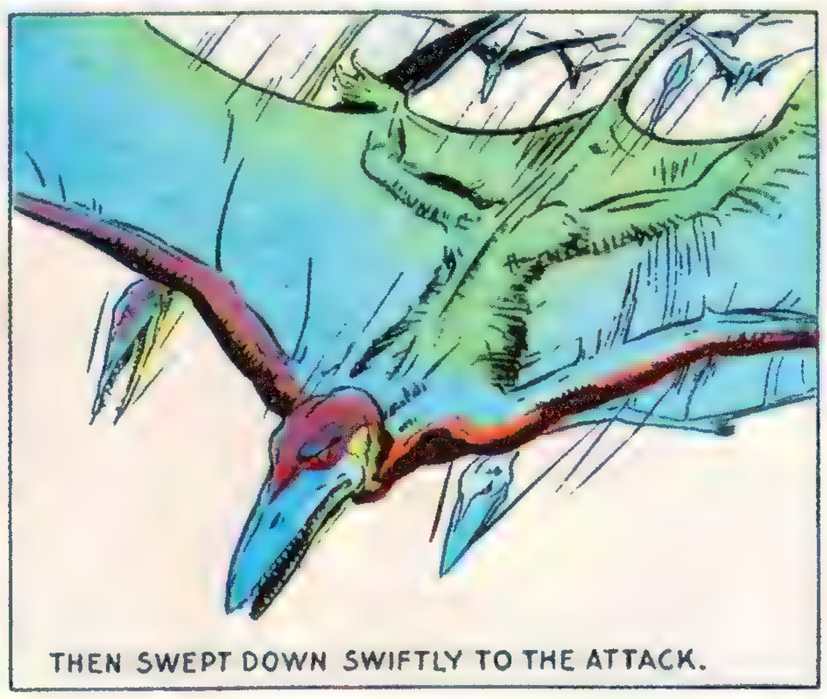


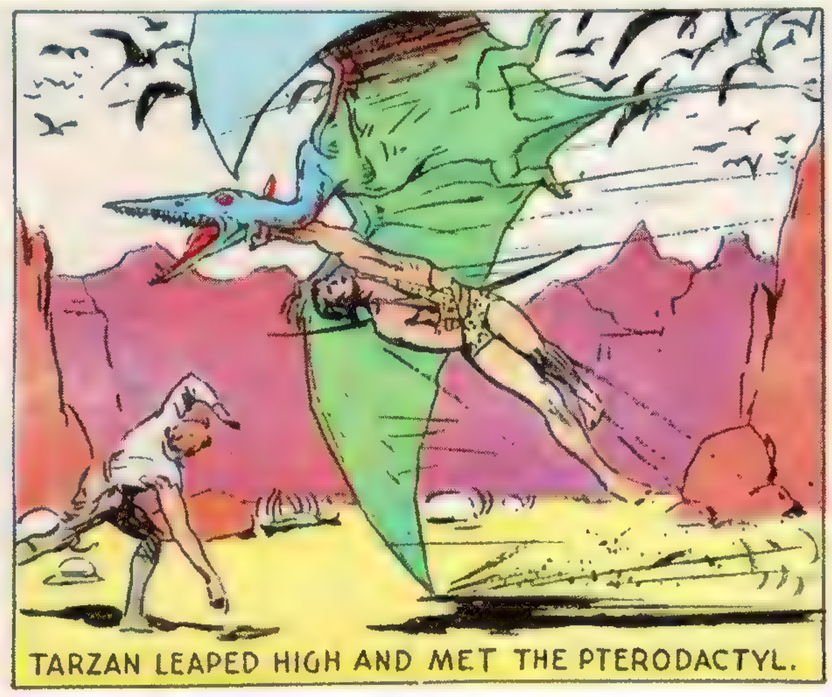


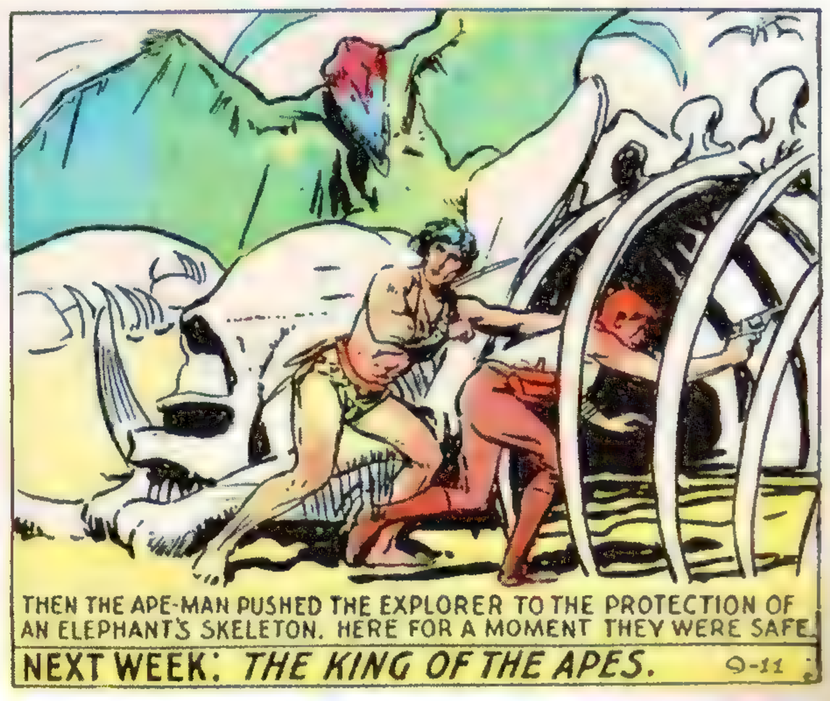












NEXT WEEK: *THE KING OF THE APES.* Q-11

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H FOSTER

Tarzan

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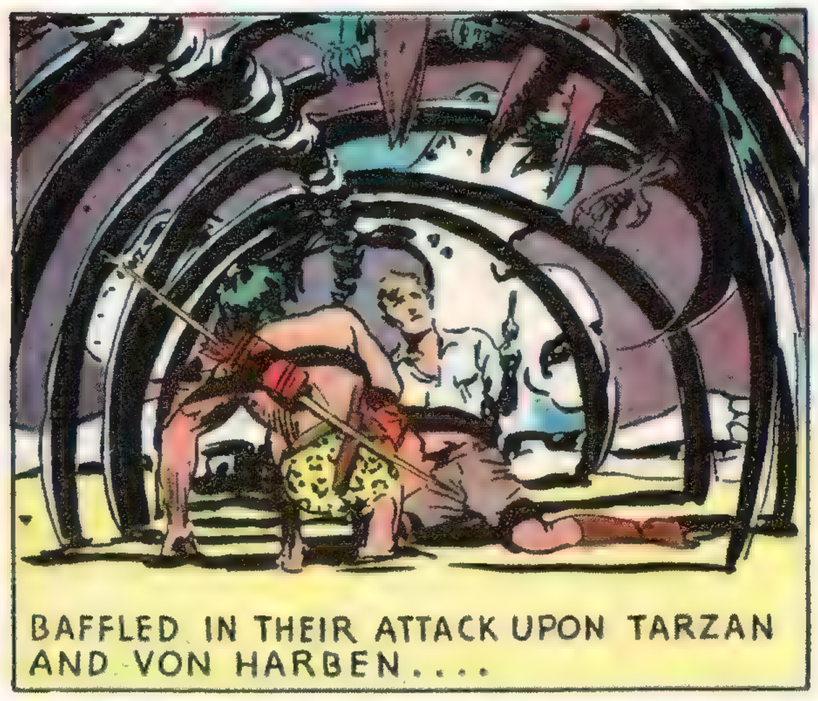
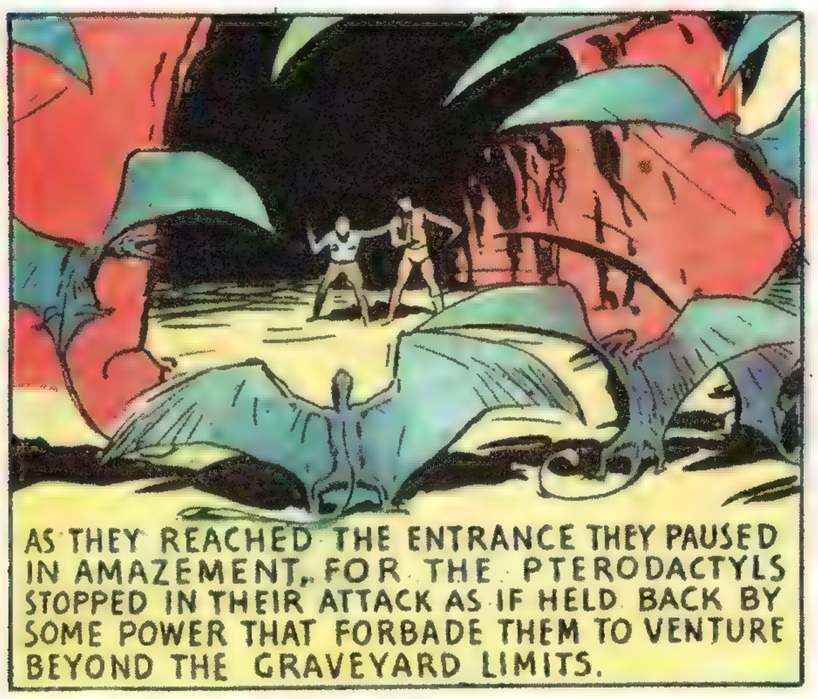
THE KING OF THE APES —



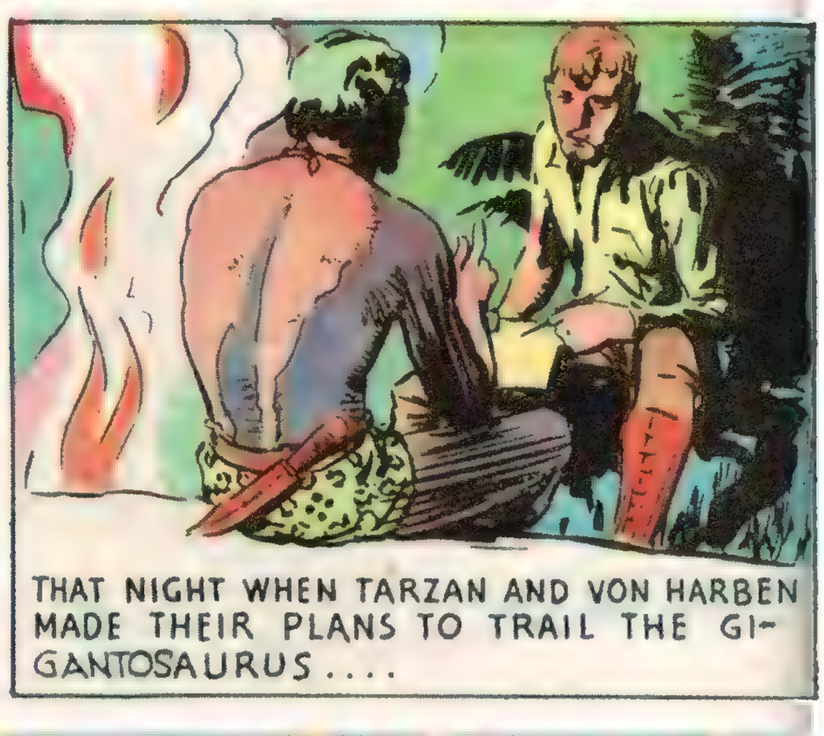
BAFFLED IN THEIR ATTACK UPON TARZAN AND VON HARBEN....

THEN THE APE-MAN AND THE EXPLORER MADE A DASH FOR THE ENTRANCE TO THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.



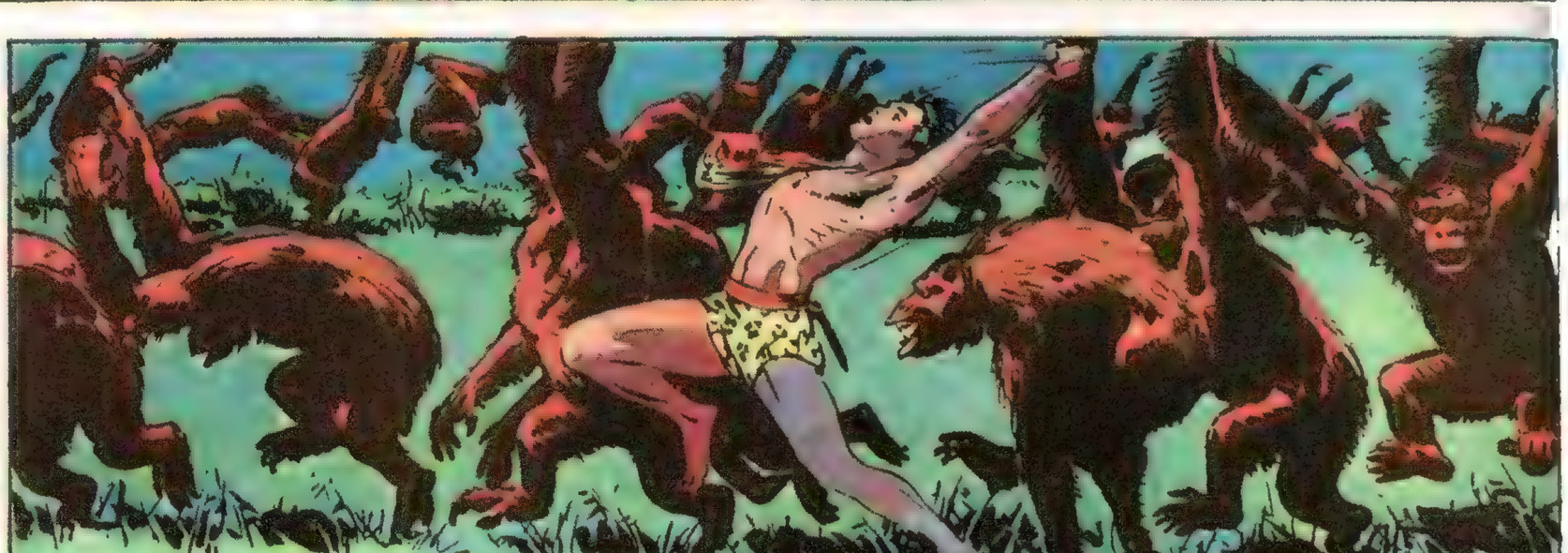
AS THEY REACHED THE ENTRANCE THEY PAUSED IN AMAZEMENT, FOR THE PTERODACTYLS STOPPED IN THEIR ATTACK AS IF HELD BACK BY SOME POWER THAT FORBADE THEM TO VENTURE BEYOND THE GRAVEYARD LIMITS.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE PASSAGEWAY, LITTLE NKIMA GREETED THEM WITH SHRIEKS OF DELIGHT.



THAT NIGHT WHEN TARZAN AND VON HARBEN MADE THEIR PLANS TO TRAIL THE GIGANTOSAURUS....

...THE BEATING OF A TATTOO UPON THE GREAT EARTH DRUM SUMMONED THE WHOLE TRIBE TO A VICTORY DANCE TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE KING OF THE APES.



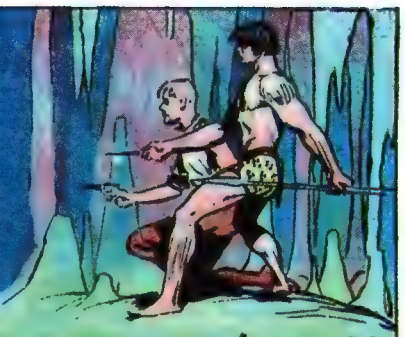
AND TARZAN, FLINGING OFF THE LAST REMNANT OF CIVILIZATION, WAS AGAIN ONE OF THE LEAPING HORDE IN THE MAD DANCE OF THE DUM-DUM.

NEXT WEEK: THROUGH THE CAVERN'S MOUTH

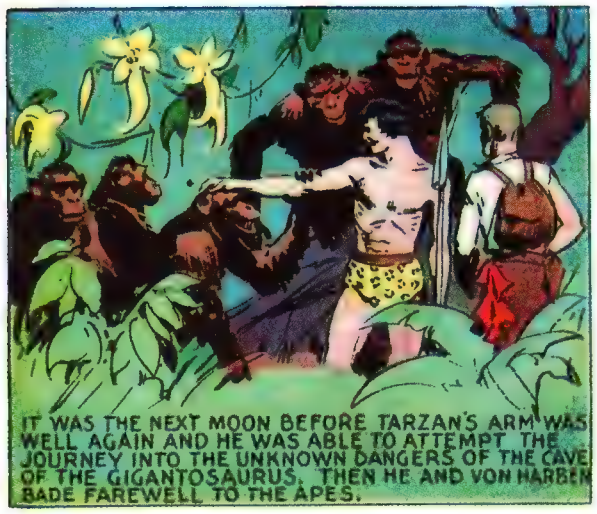
9-18

Tarzan

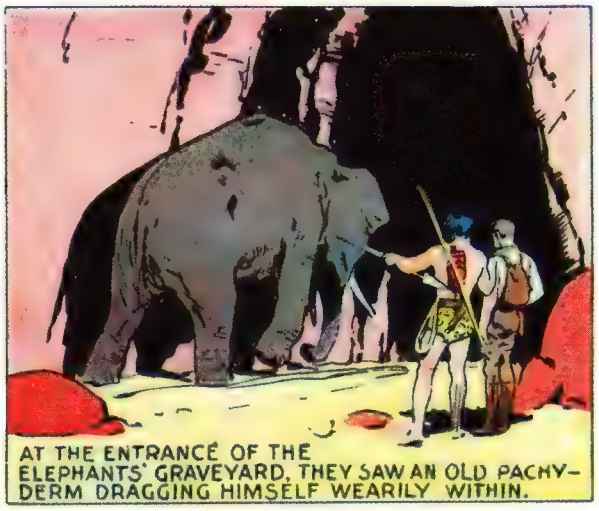
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



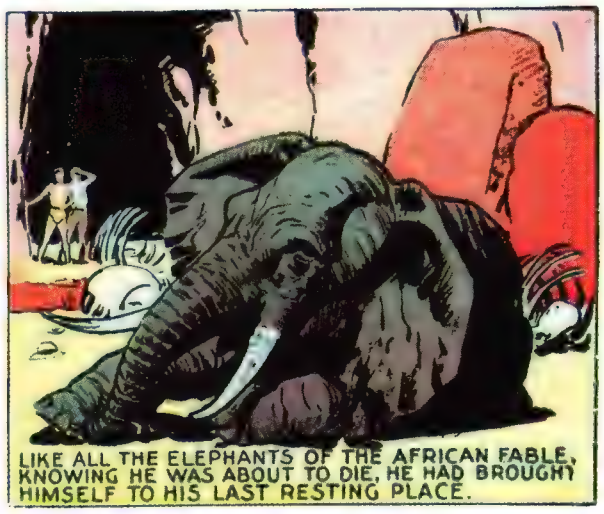
THROUGH THE CAVERN'S MOUTH.



IT WAS THE NEXT MOON BEFORE TARZAN'S ARM WAS WELL AGAIN AND HE WAS ABLE TO ATTEMPT THE JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN DANGERS OF THE CAVE OF THE GIGANTOSAURUS. THEN HE AND VON HARBEN BADE FAREWELL TO THE APES.

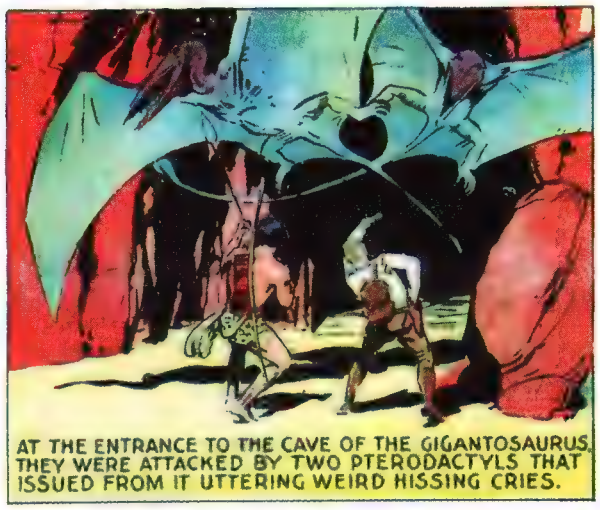


AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD, THEY SAW AN OLD PACHYDERM DRAGGING HIMSELF WEARILY WITHIN.

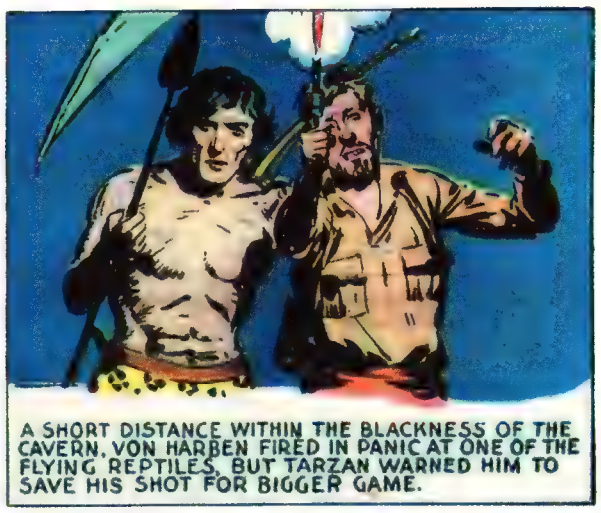


LIKE ALL THE ELEPHANTS OF THE AFRICAN FABLE, KNOWING HE WAS ABOUT TO DIE, HE HAD BROUGHT HIMSELF TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.

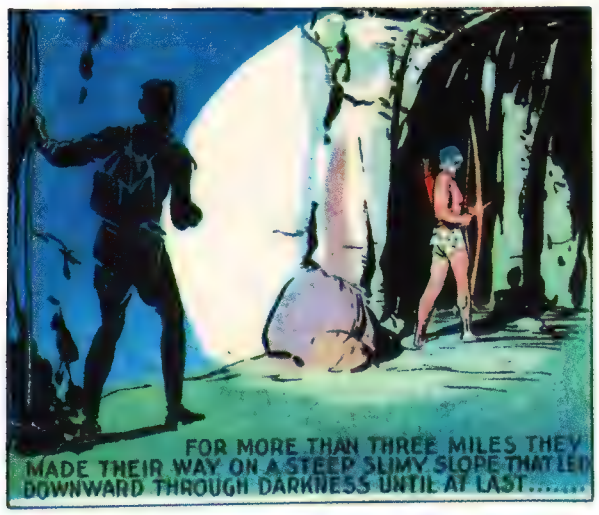
"THIS LOOKS LIKE A BAD OMEN," SAID VON HARBEN "BUT WE SHALL GO ON!" SAID TARZAN.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE GIGANTOSAURUS, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY TWO PTERODACTYLS THAT ISSUED FROM IT UTTERING WEIRD HISSING CRIES.



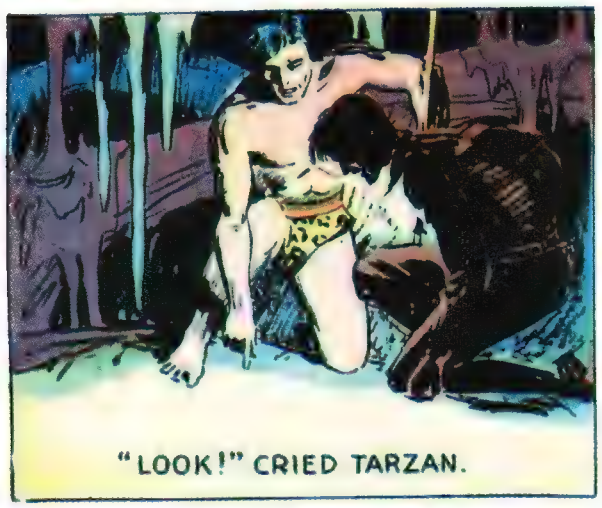
A SHORT DISTANCE WITHIN THE BLACKNESS OF THE CAVERN, VON HARBEN FIRED IN PANIC AT ONE OF THE FLYING REPTILES, BUT TARZAN WARNED HIM TO SAVE HIS SHOT FOR BIGGER GAME.



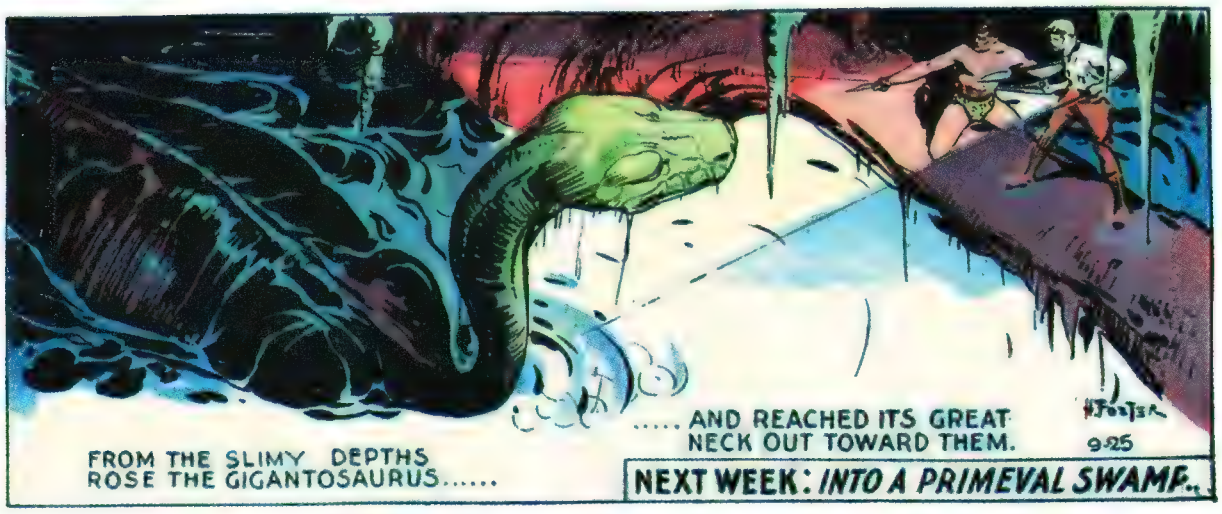
FOR MORE THAN THREE MILES THEY MADE THEIR WAY ON A STEEP SLIMY SLOPE THAT LED DOWNWARD THROUGH DARKNESS UNTIL AT LAST.....

..THEY REACHED A SUBTERRANEAN GROTTO OF BREATHLESS BEAUTY.

OVER THE JAGGED ARCHES OF ROCK THEY CLAMBERED.



"LOOK!" CRIED TARZAN.



FROM THE SLIMY DEPTHS ROSE THE GIGANTOSAURUS.....

..... AND REACHED ITS GREAT NECK OUT TOWARD THEM.

9-25

NEXT WEEK: *INTO A PRIMEVAL SWAMP..*

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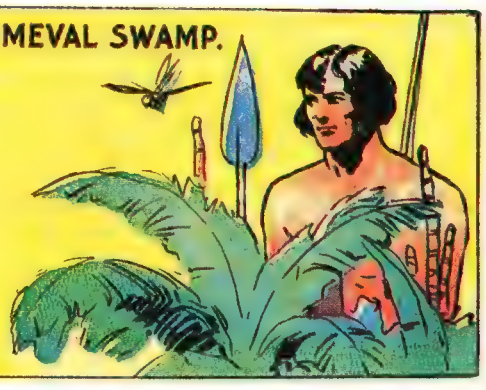
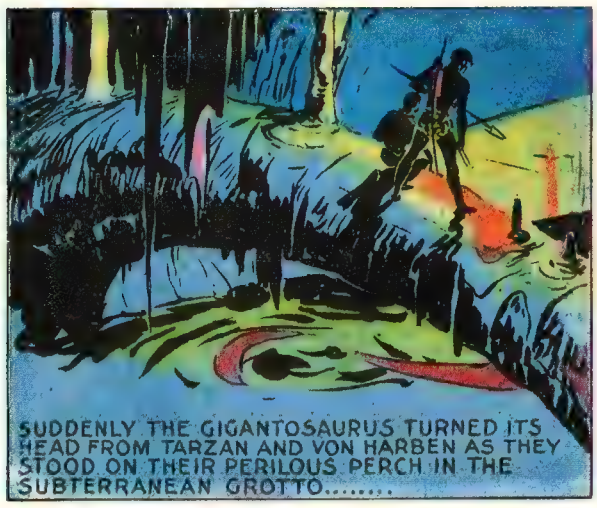
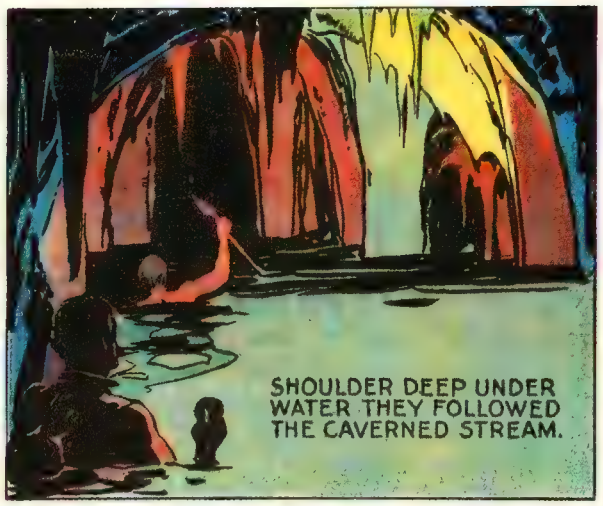
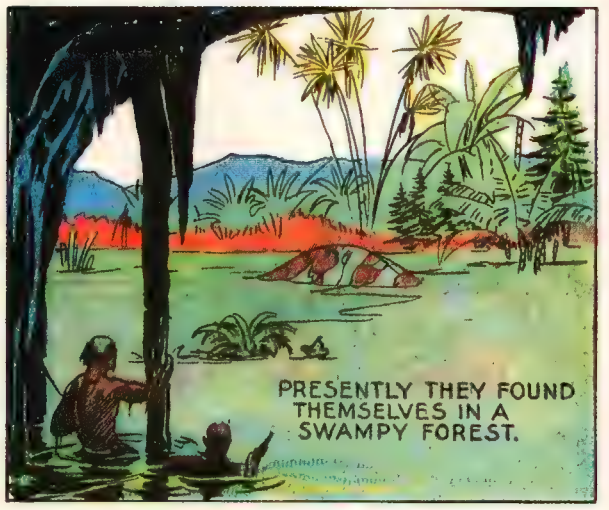
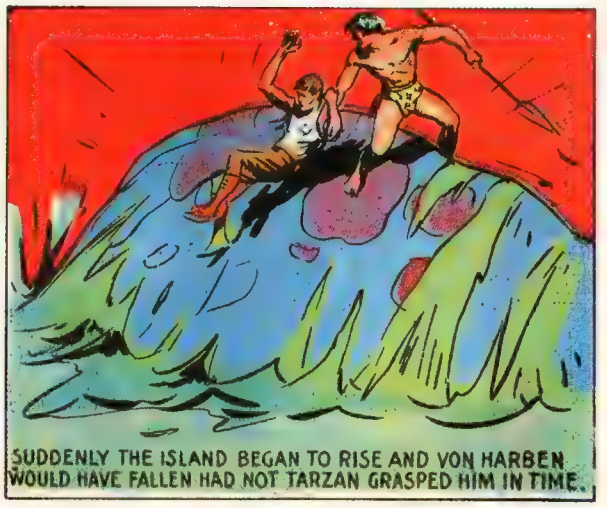
INTO A PRIMEVAL SWAMP.

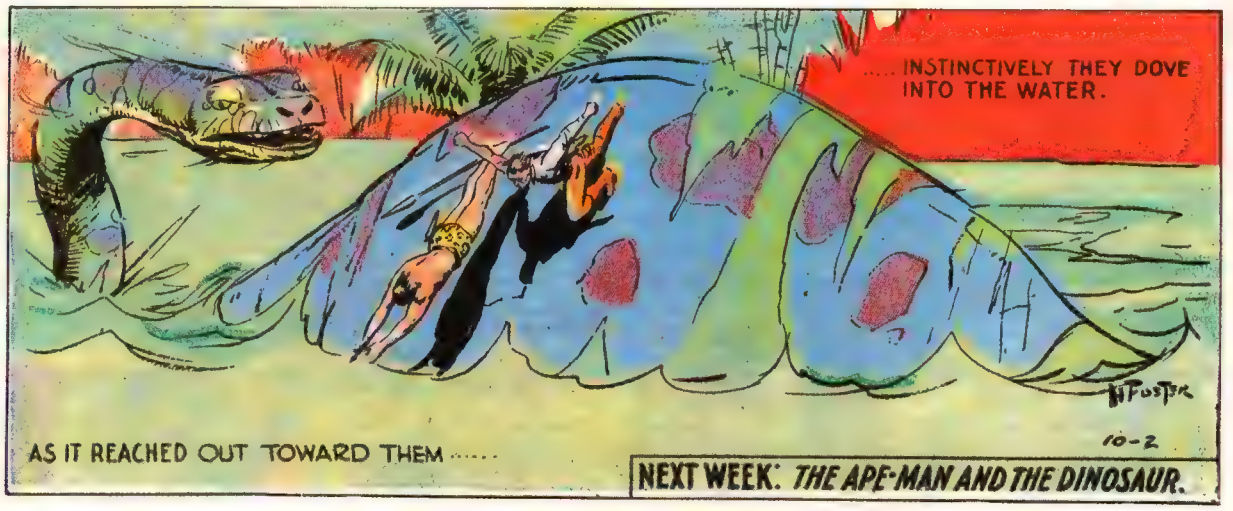




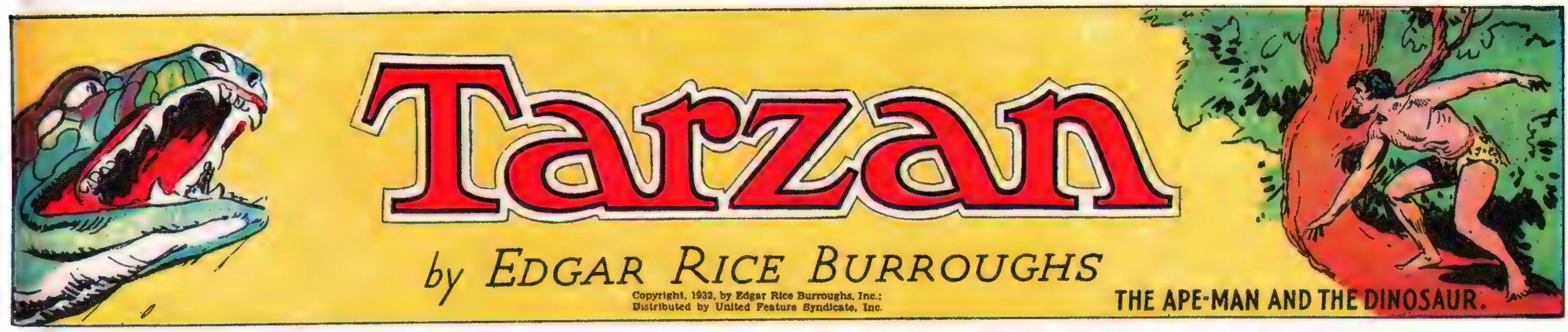








NEXT WEEK: *THE APE-MAN AND THE DINOSAUR.*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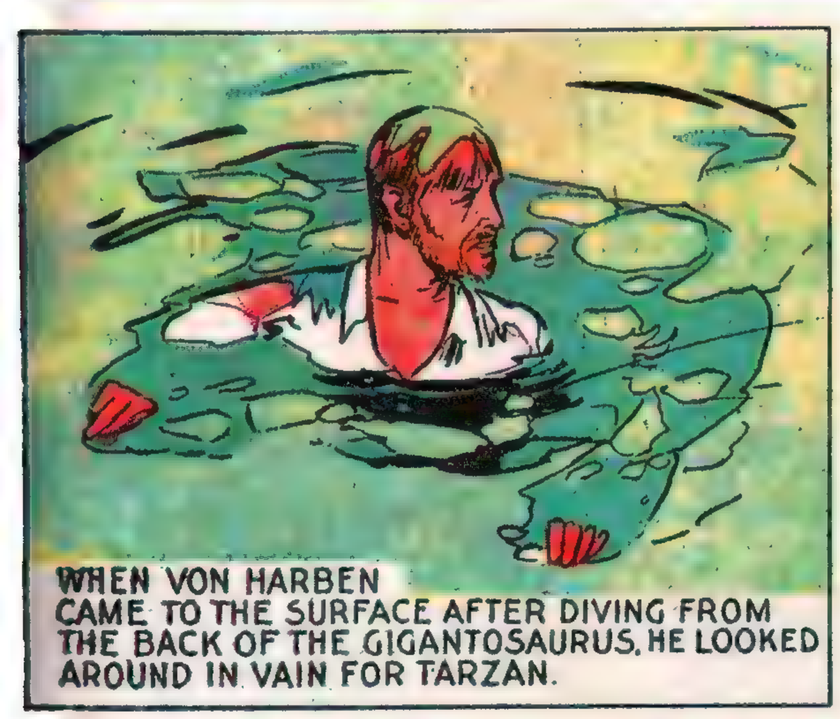
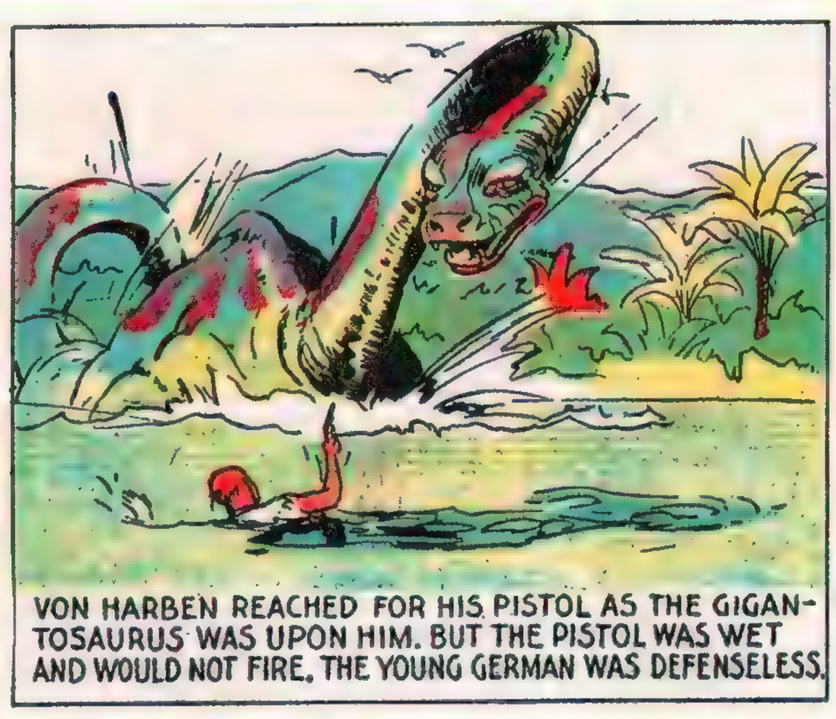
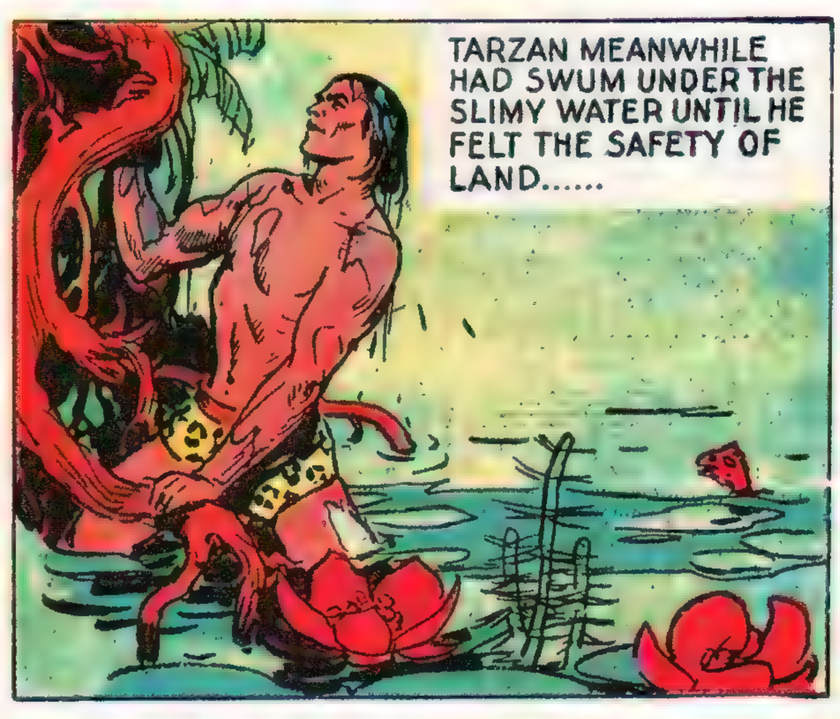
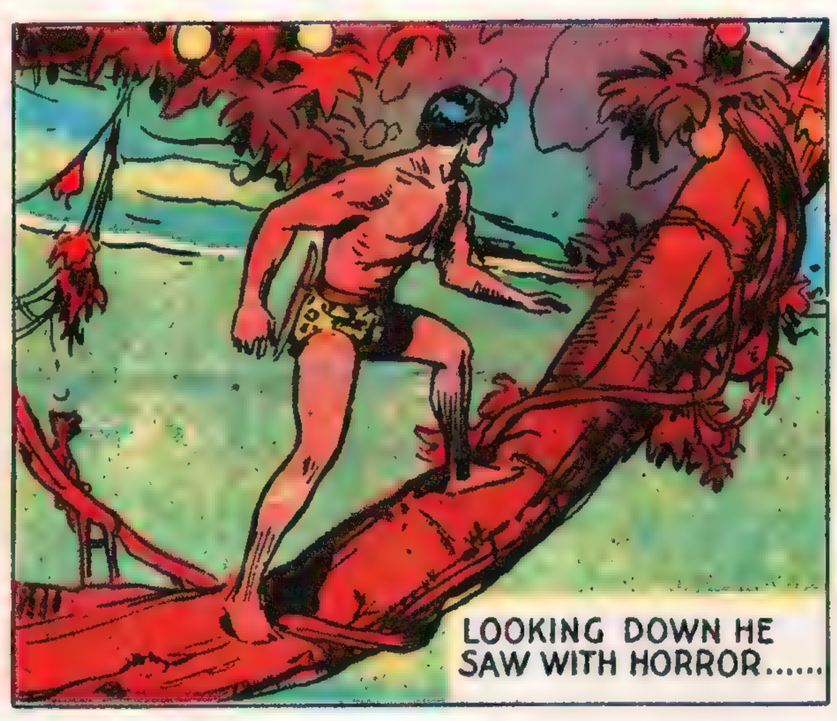
THE APE-MAN AND THE DINOSAUR.

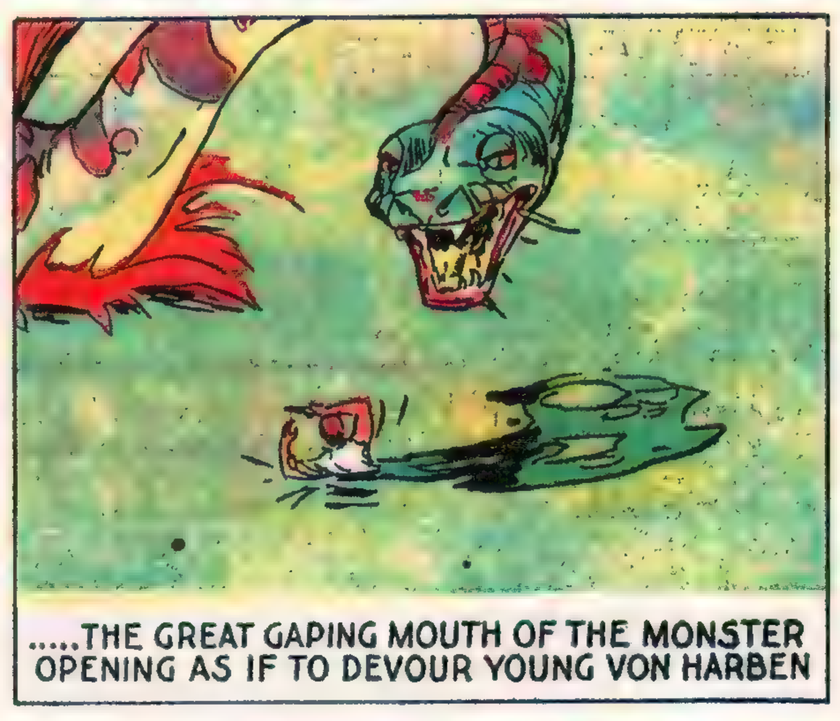

WHEN VON HARBEN CAME TO THE SURFACE AFTER DIVING FROM THE BACK OF THE GIGANTOSAURUS, HE LOOKED AROUND IN VAIN FOR TARZAN.


VON HARBEN REACHED FOR HIS PISTOL AS THE GIGANTOSAURUS WAS UPON HIM. BUT THE PISTOL WAS WET AND WOULD NOT FIRE. THE YOUNG GERMAN WAS DEFENSELESS.


TARZAN MEANWHILE HAD SWUM UNDER THE SLIMY WATER UNTIL HE FELT THE SAFETY OF LAND.....

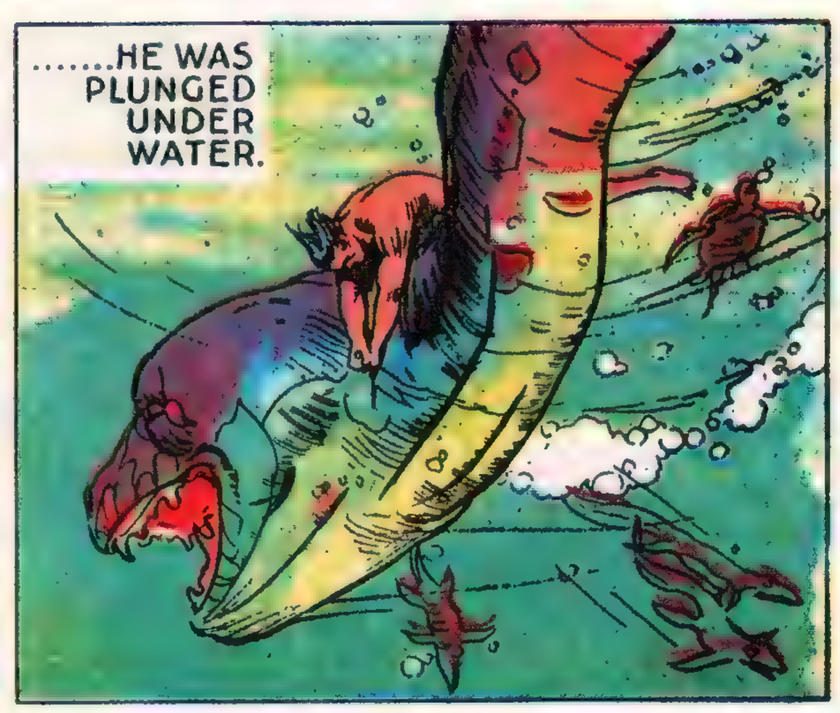
THEN INSTINCTIVELY HE MADE FOR THE TREES.

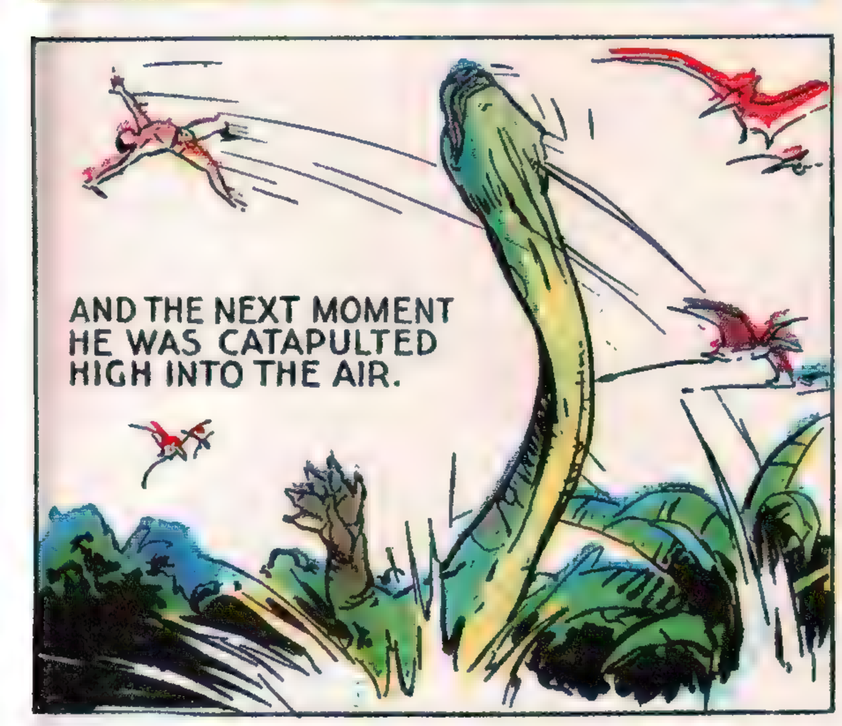

LOOKING DOWN HE SAW WITH HORROR.....

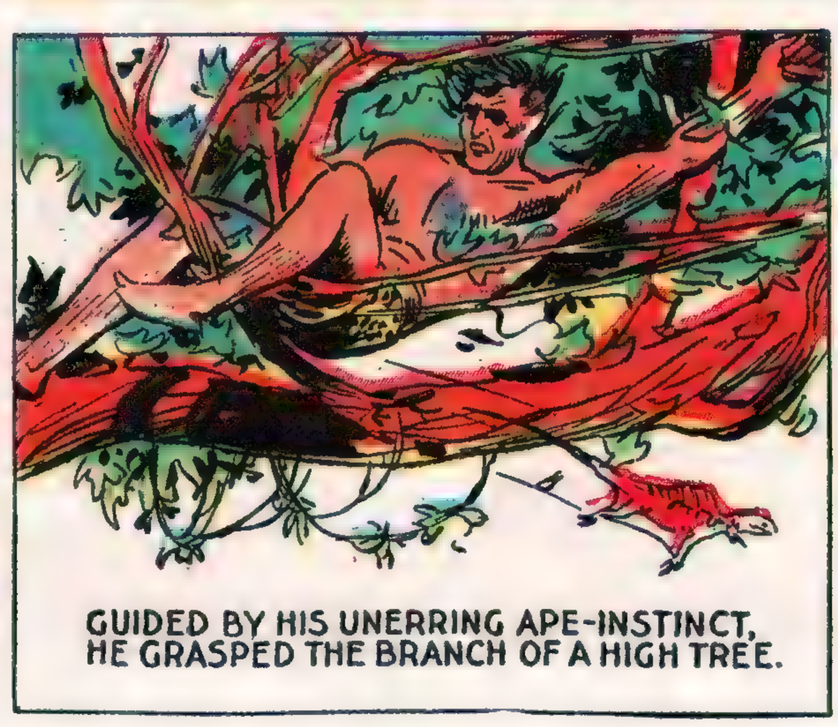

.....THE GREAT GAPING MOUTH OF THE MONSTER OPENING AS IF TO DEVOUR YOUNG VON HARBEN

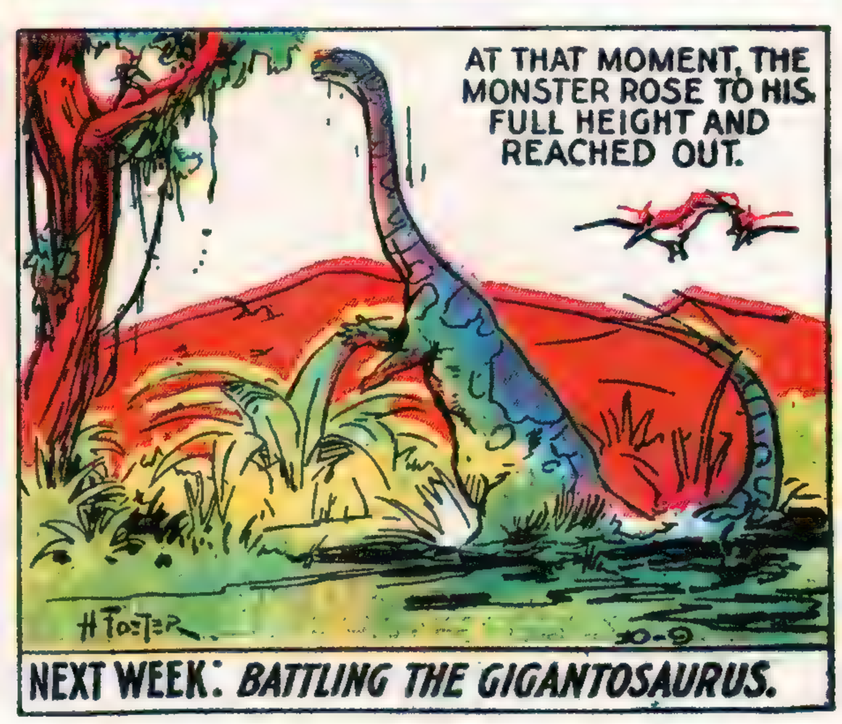
THEN, KNIFE IN HAND, TARZAN LEAPED.

AS HE LANDED ON THE NECK OF THE GREAT MONSTER.....


.....HE WAS PLUNGED UNDER WATER.


AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS CATAPULTED HIGH INTO THE AIR.


GUIDED BY HIS UNERRING APE-INSTINCT, HE GRASPED THE BRANCH OF A HIGH TREE.


AT THAT MOMENT, THE MONSTER ROSE TO HIS FULL HEIGHT AND REACHED OUT.
H TOSTER
NEXT WEEK: BATTLING THE GIGANTOSAURUS.

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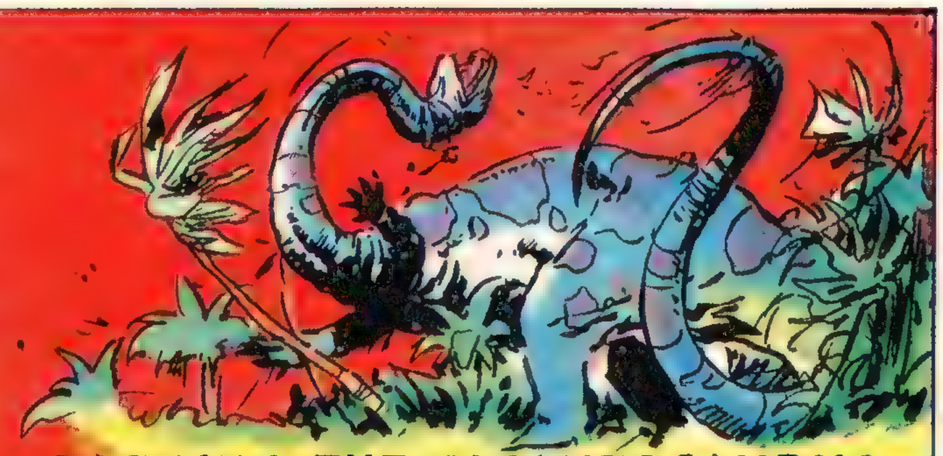
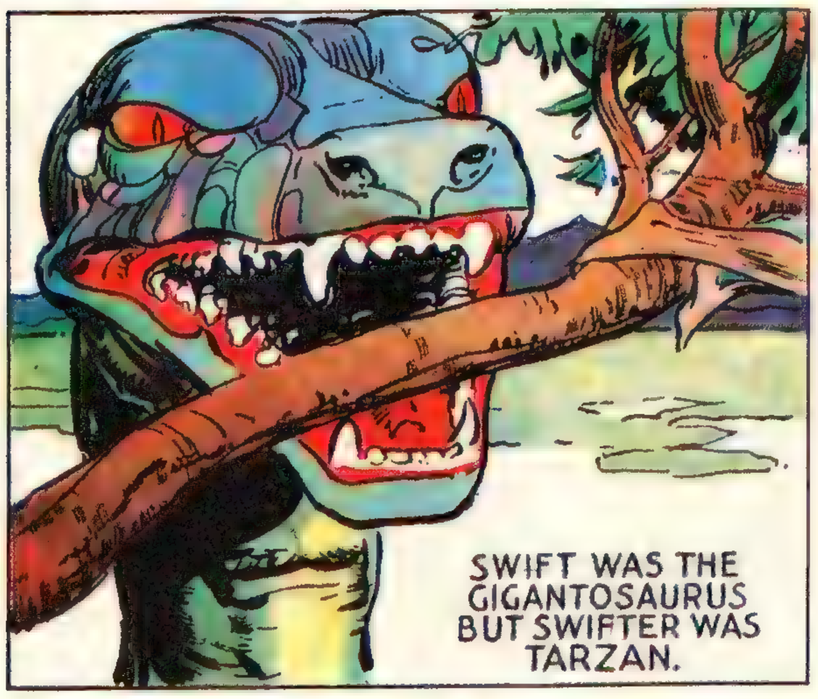
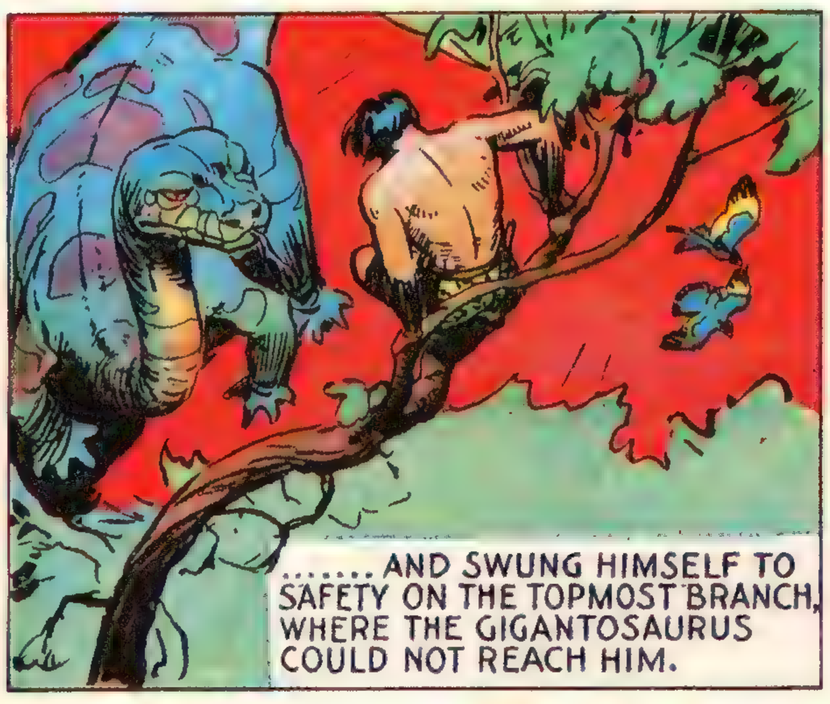
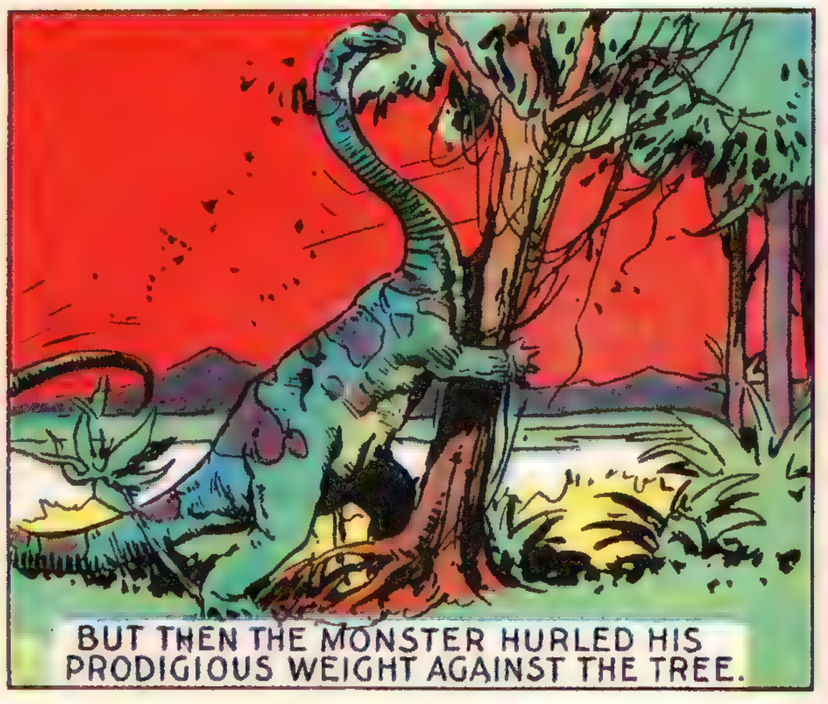
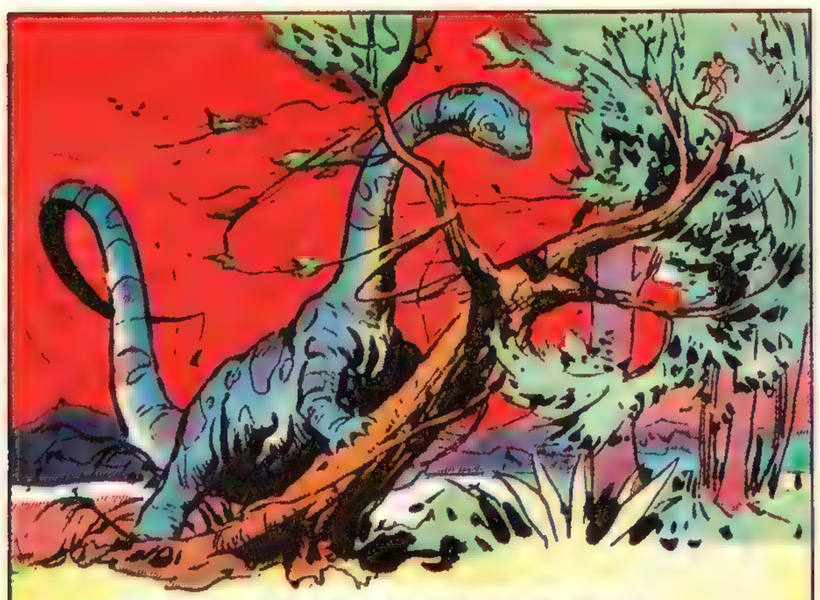


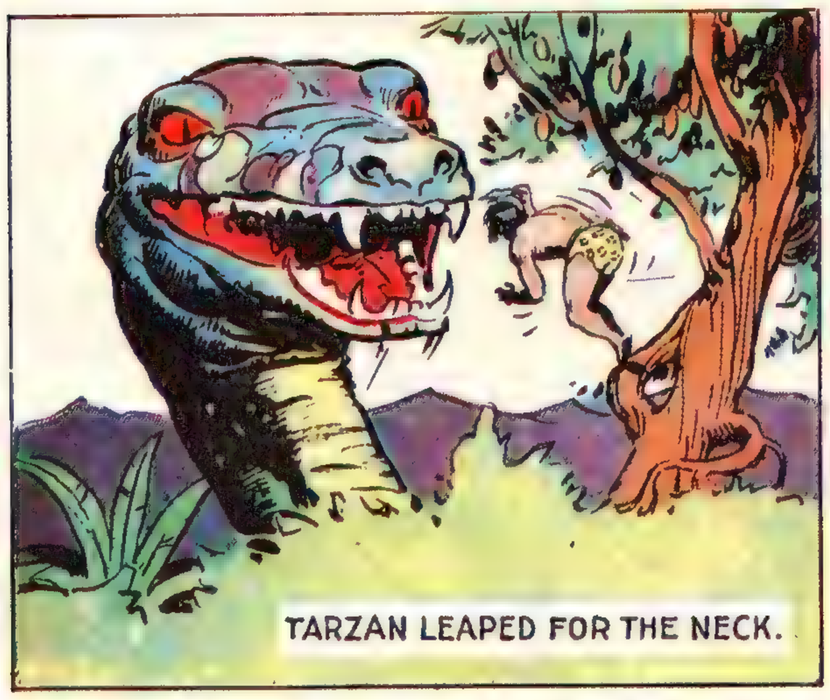
BATTLING THE GIGANTOSAURUS

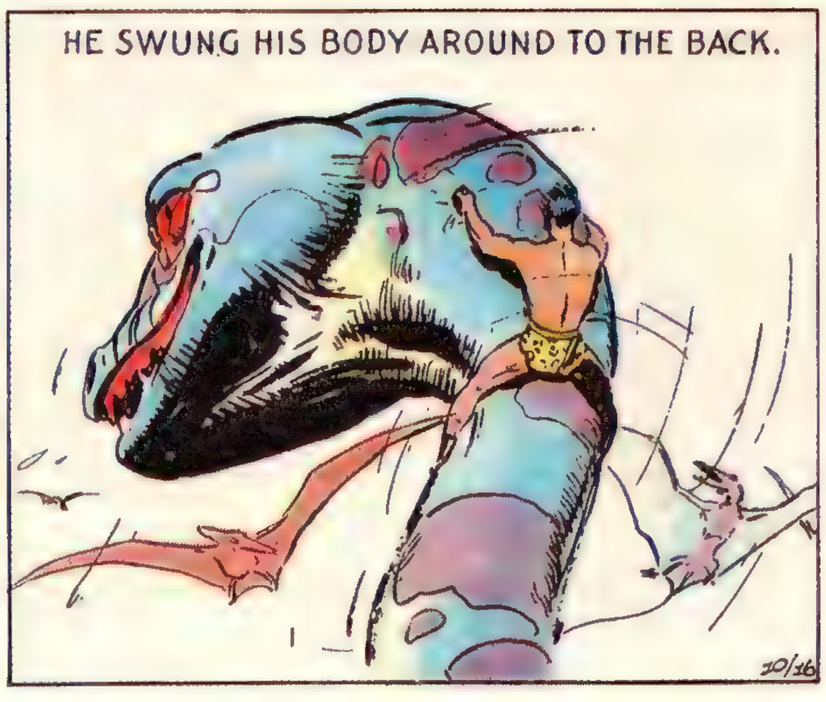




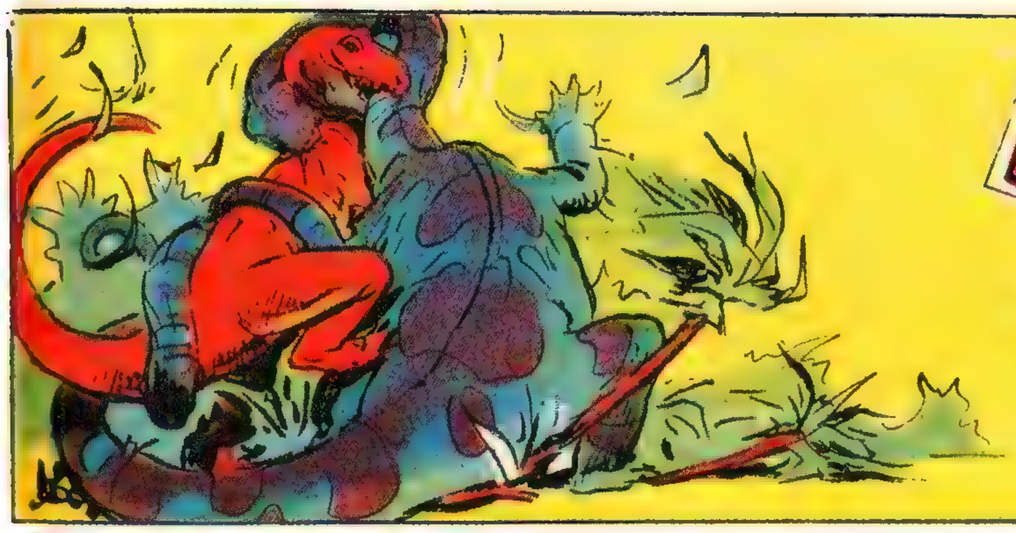








NEXT WEEK: THE KING OF PREHISTORIC BEASTS



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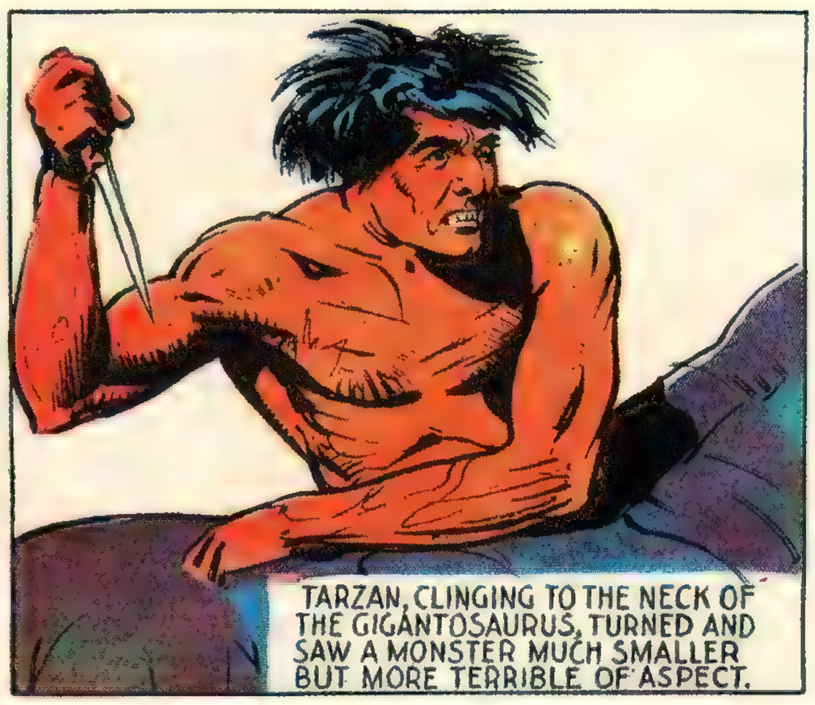
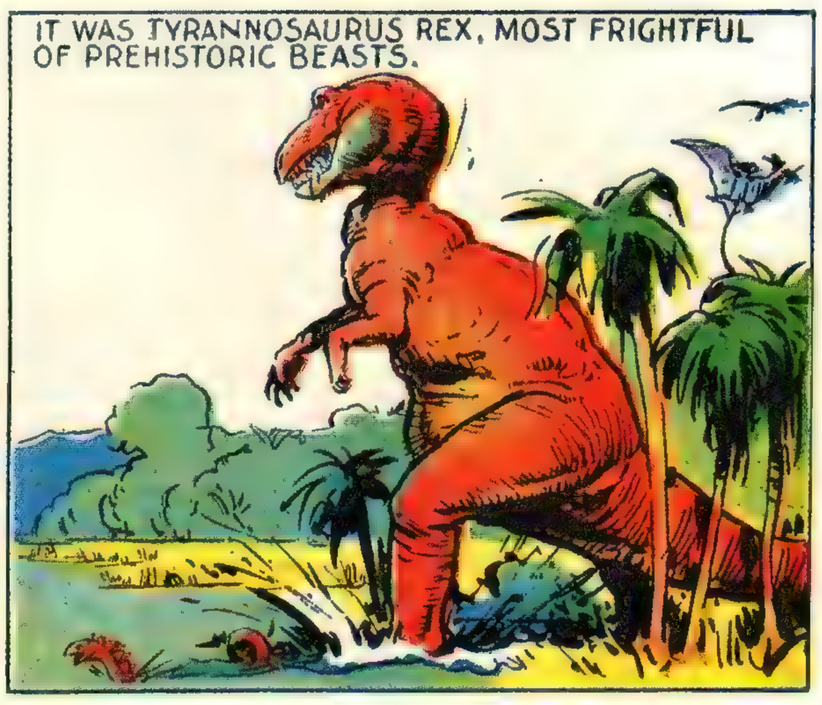
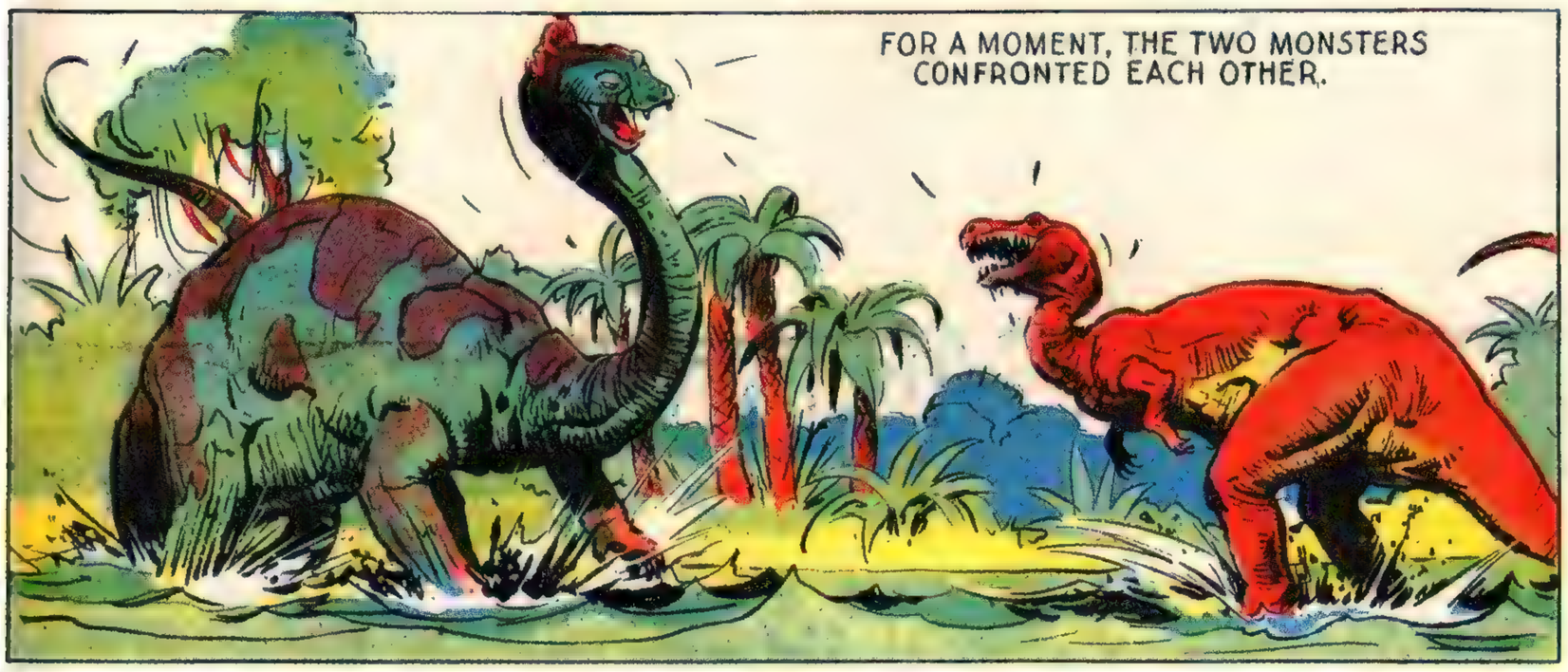
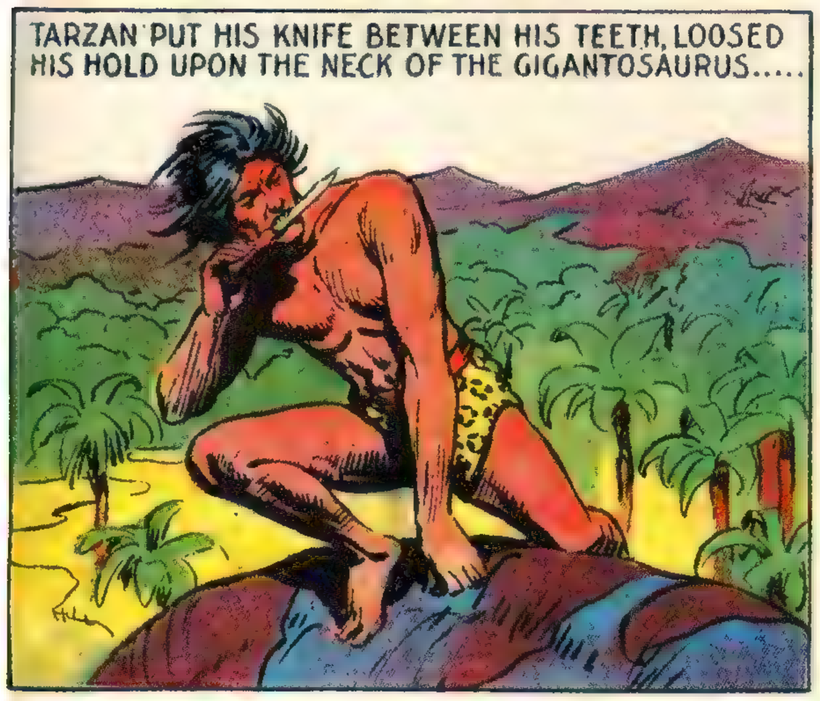
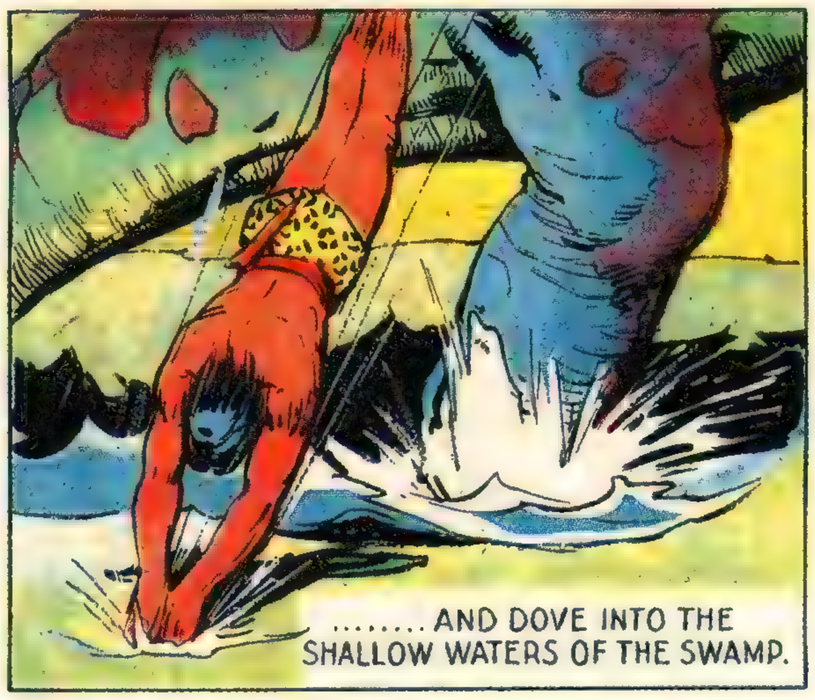
THE KING OF PREHISTORIC BEASTS.

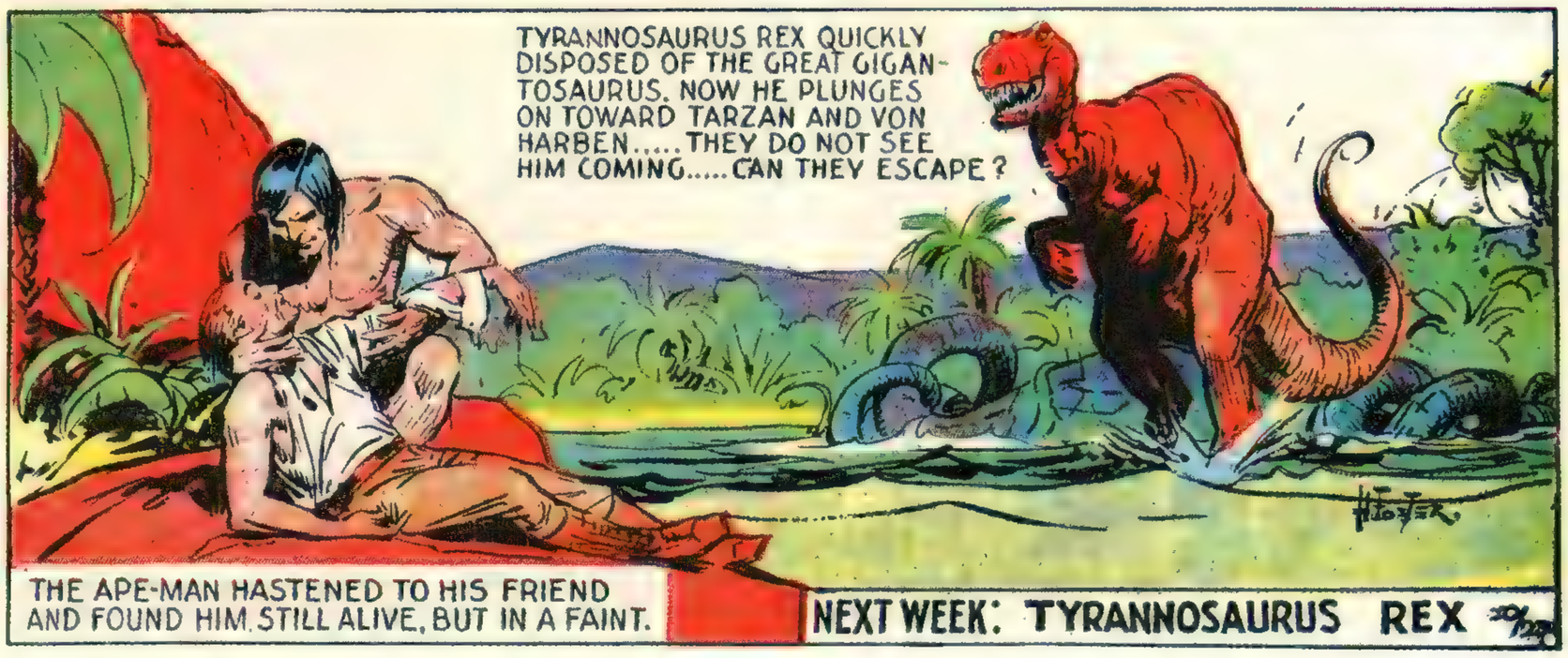












NEXT WEEK: TYRANNOSAURUS REX

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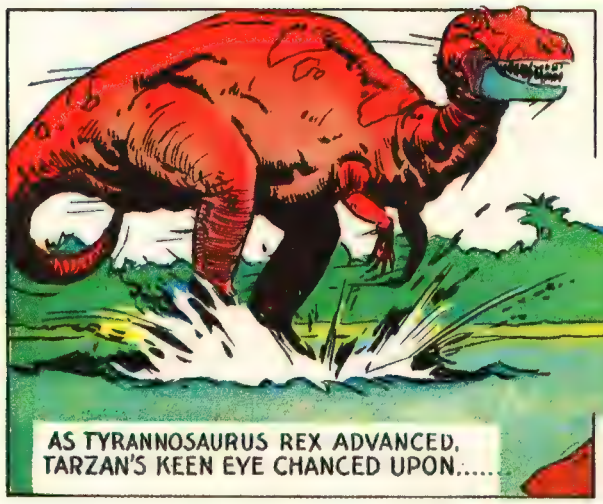
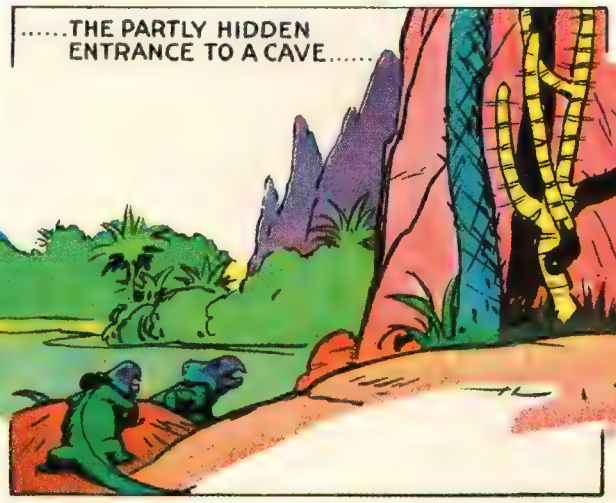
TYRANNOSAURUS REX

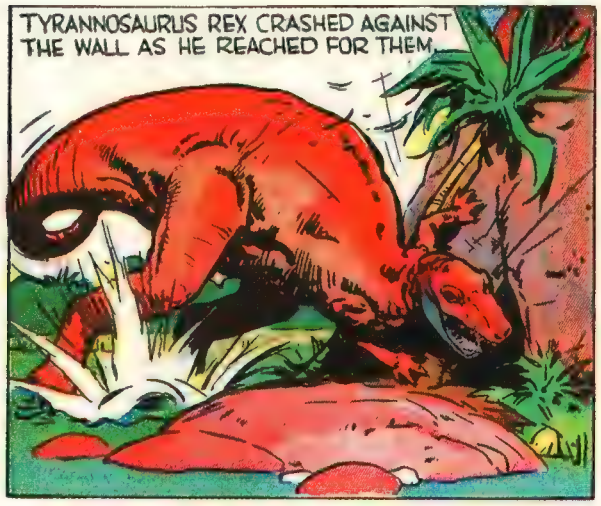


AS TYRANNOSAURUS REX ADVANCED, TARZAN'S KEEN EYE CHANCED UPON.....

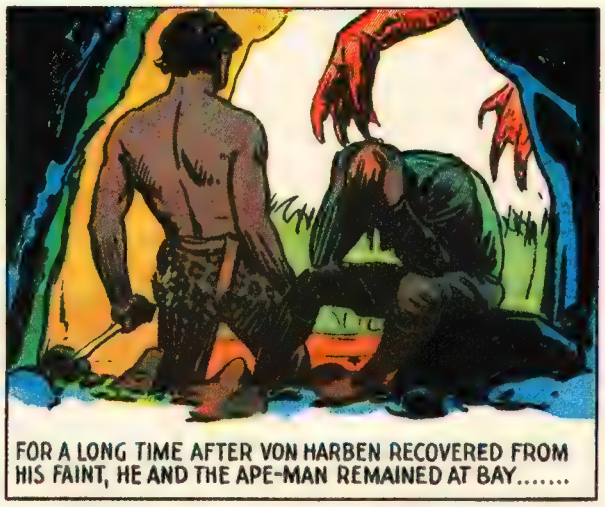


.....THE PARTLY HIDDEN ENTRANCE TO A CAVE.....

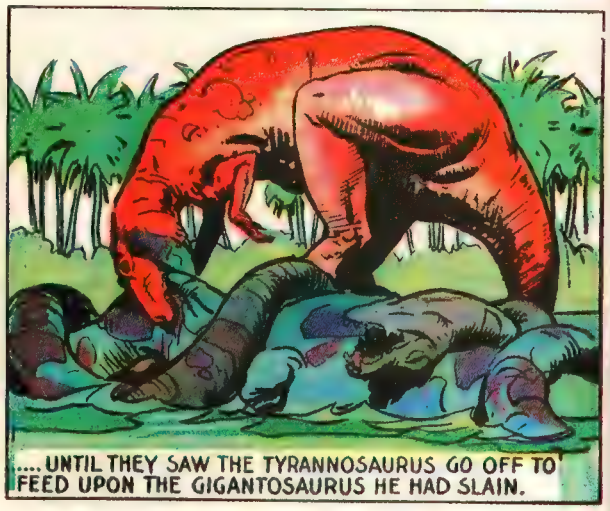
INTO IT HE DOVE WITH THE EXPLORER UNDER HIS ARMS.



TYRANNOSAURUS REX CRASHED AGAINST THE WALL AS HE REACHED FOR THEM.



FOR A LONG TIME AFTER VON HARBEN RECOVERED FROM HIS FAINT, HE AND THE APE-MAN REMAINED AT BAY.....



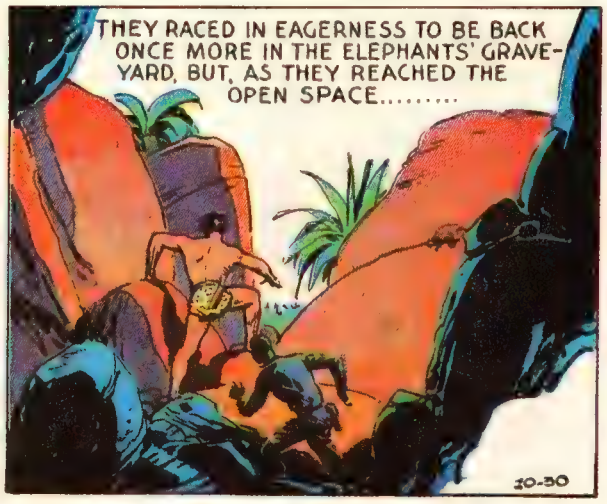
....UNTIL THEY SAW THE TYRANNOSAURUS GO OFF TO FEED UPON THE GIGANTOSAURUS HE HAD SLAIN.

WHEN VON HARBEN WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO GO ON, THE APE-MAN STARTED TO EXPLORE THE CAVE AND CAME TO A GREAT OPEN SPACE BRILLIANT WITH STALACTITES.

CAVERN AFTER CAVERN BECKONED AS THEY SOUGHT THE PASSAGEWAY BACK TO THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.

THE EXPLORER'S FLASHLIGHT PLAYED UPON TARZAN AS HE LED THE WAY EVER UPWARD THROUGH A LOW NARROW TUNNEL.

THEY HAD TRAVELED FOR MILES WHEN SUDDENLY THE PASSAGEWAY WIDENED AND THEY SAW LIGHT AHEAD.



THEY RACED IN EAGERNESS TO BE BACK ONCE MORE IN THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD, BUT, AS THEY REACHED THE OPEN SPACE.....

30-30

THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ON THE BANK OF A GREAT RIVER AND THE SIGHT THAT MET THEIR EYES MADE THEM HALT SUDDENLY.

NEXT WEEK: *THE MENACING STREAM.*

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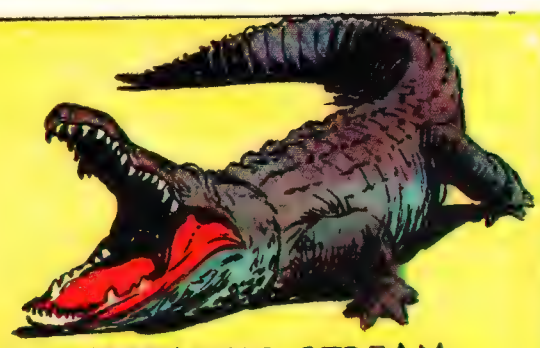
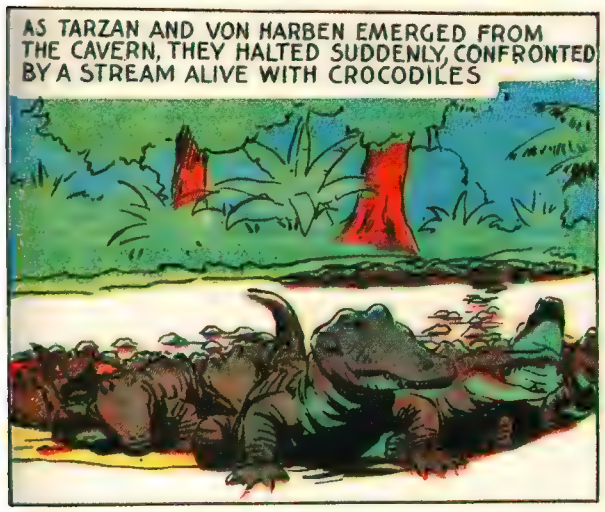
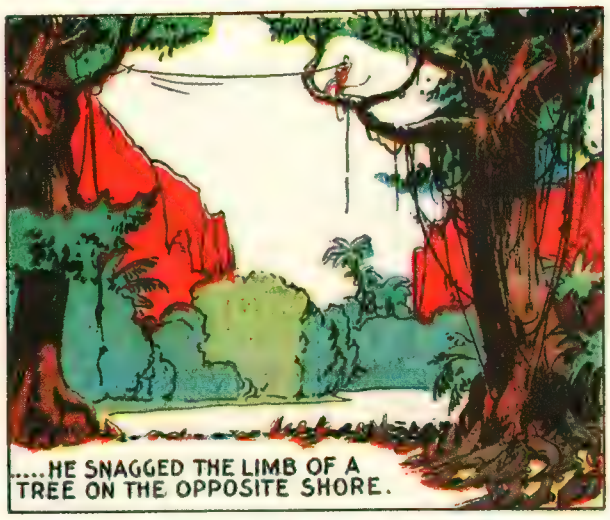


THE MENACING STREAM.





NEXT WEEK: *THE BLACK PANTHER.*

THE BLACK PANTHER

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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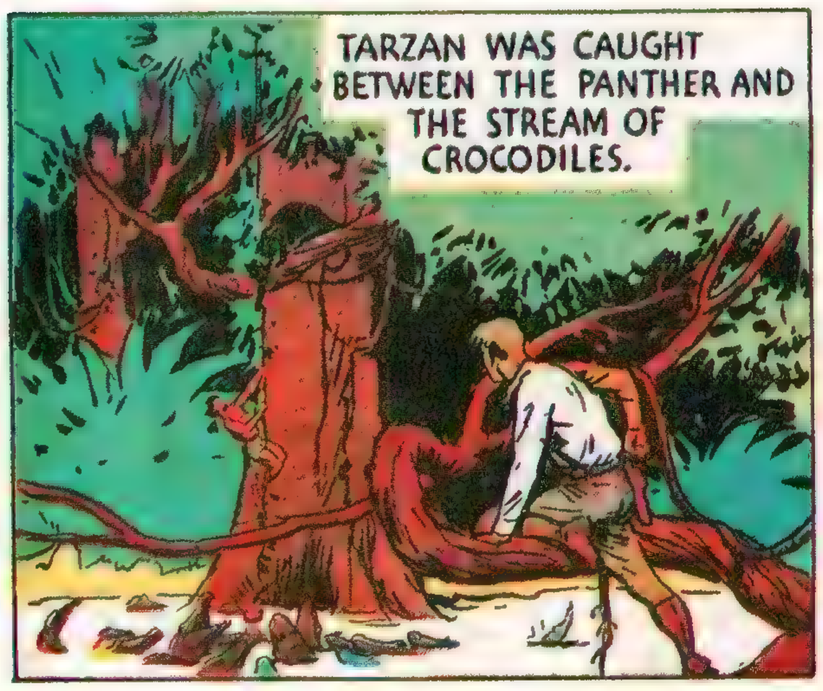

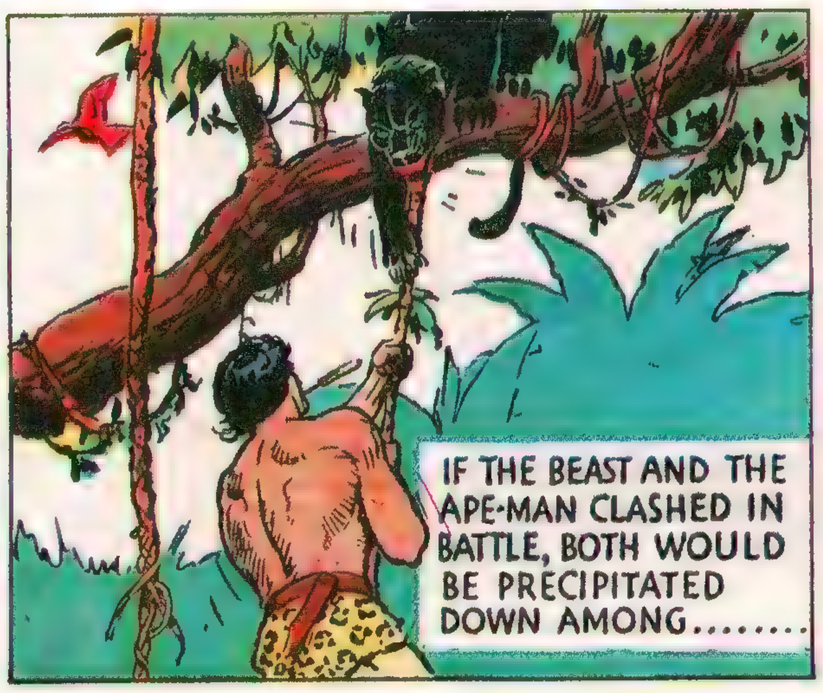

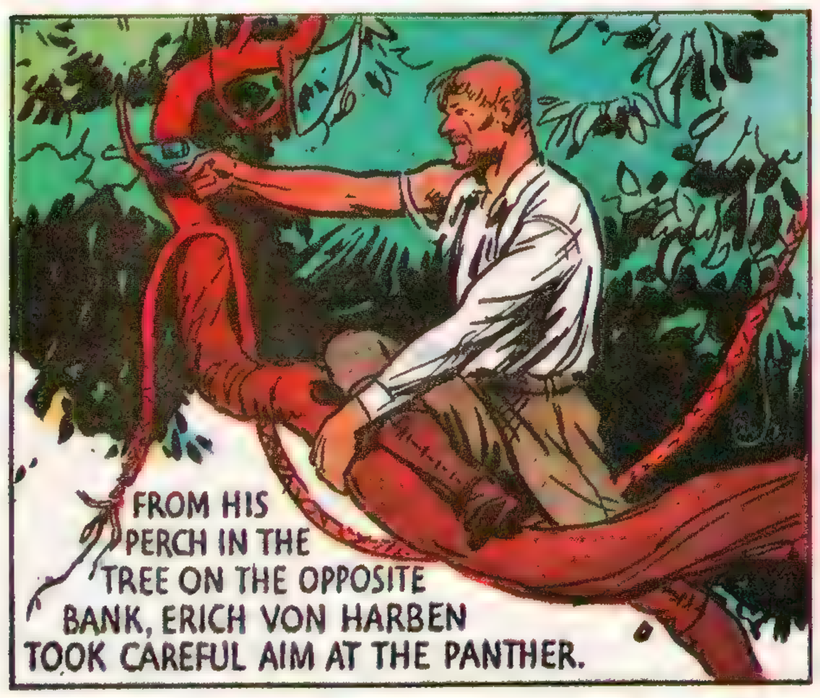

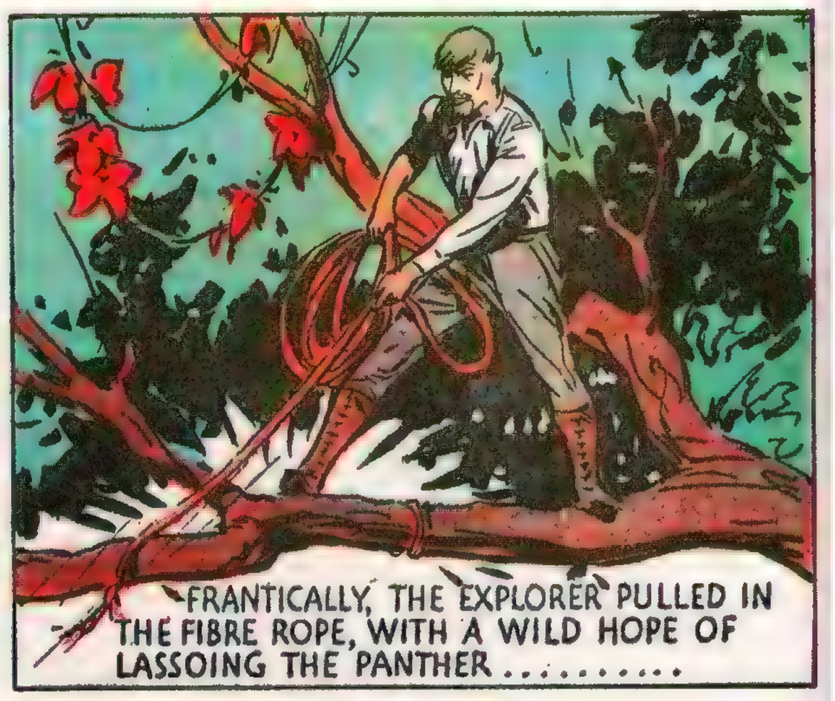

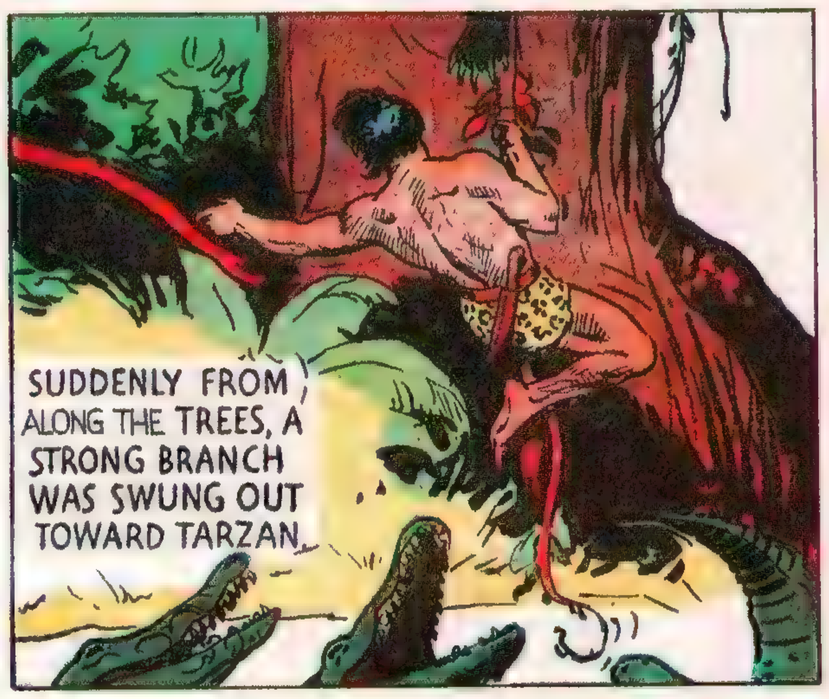

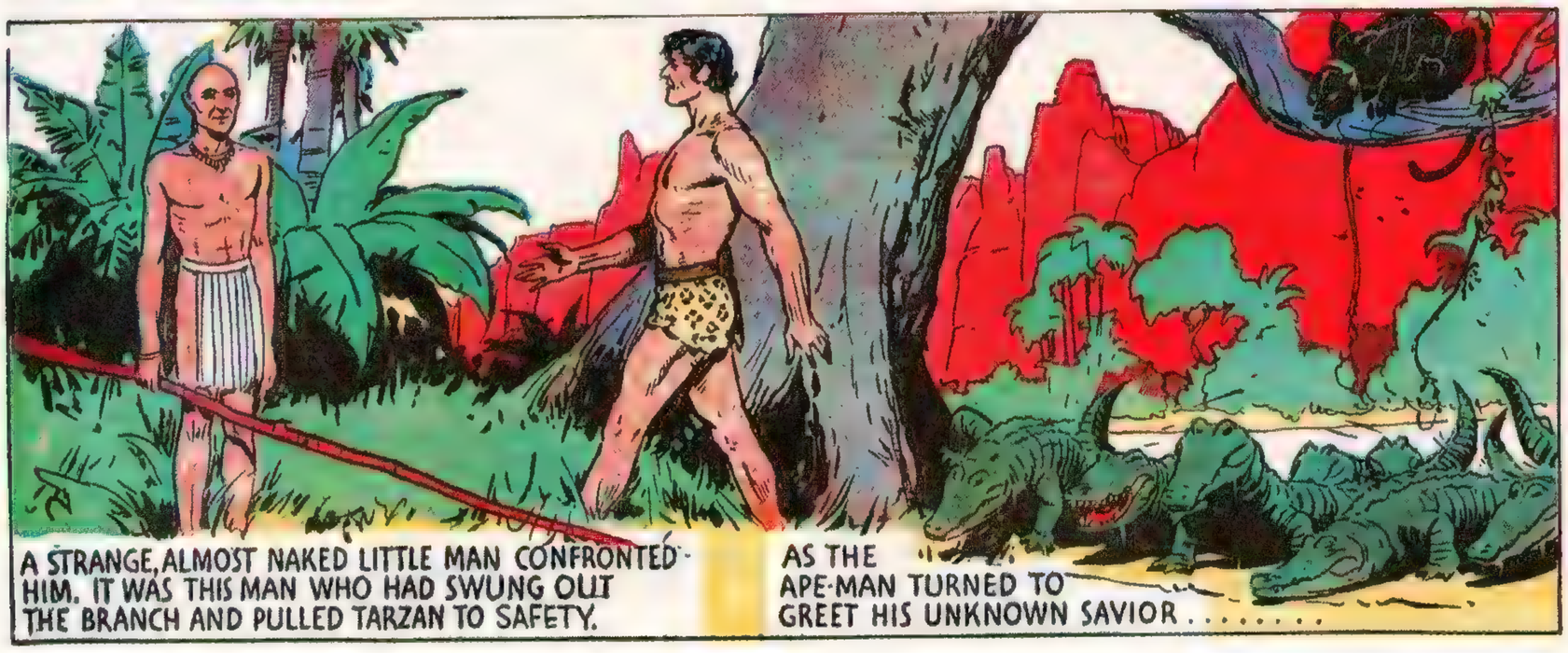

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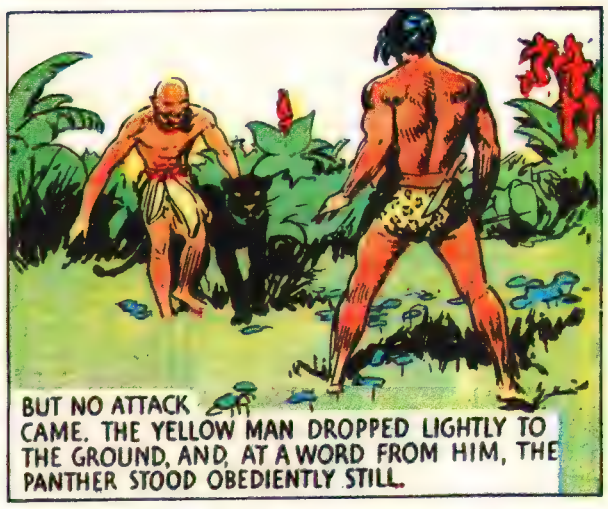
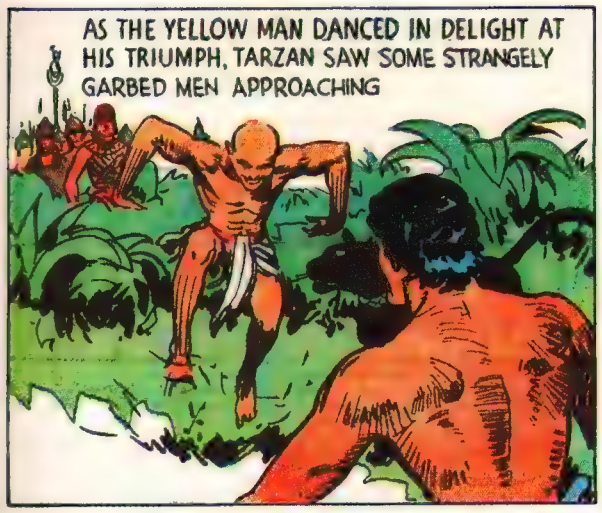
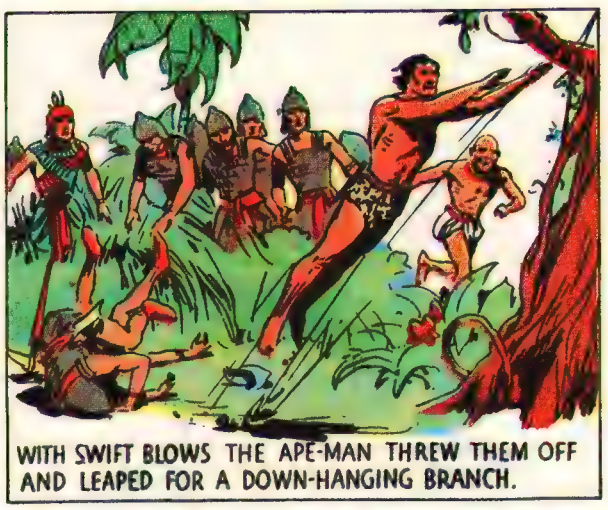
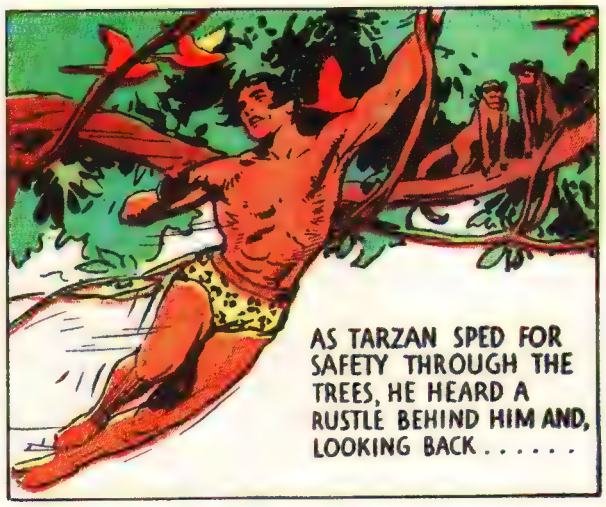
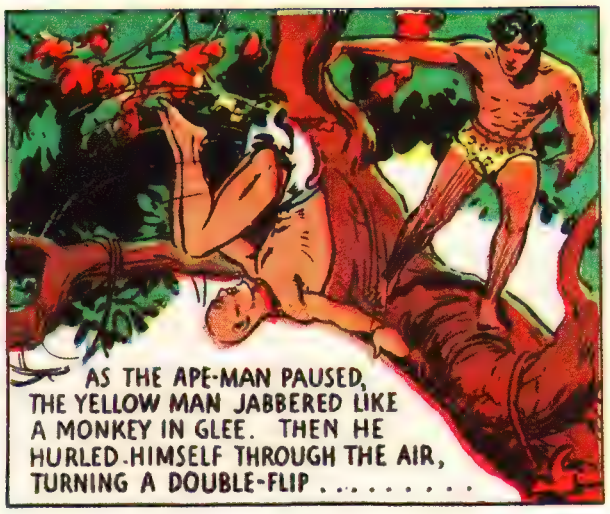
THE MONKEY-MAN











WHO WAS THIS STRANGE MAN BEFORE WHOM SOLDIERS SALAAMED AND WHO KEPT PACE WITH THE APE-MAN IN HIS SWIFT FLIGHT THROUGH THE JUNGLE TREES?

NEXT WEEK: **THE SACRED SAURIAN.**

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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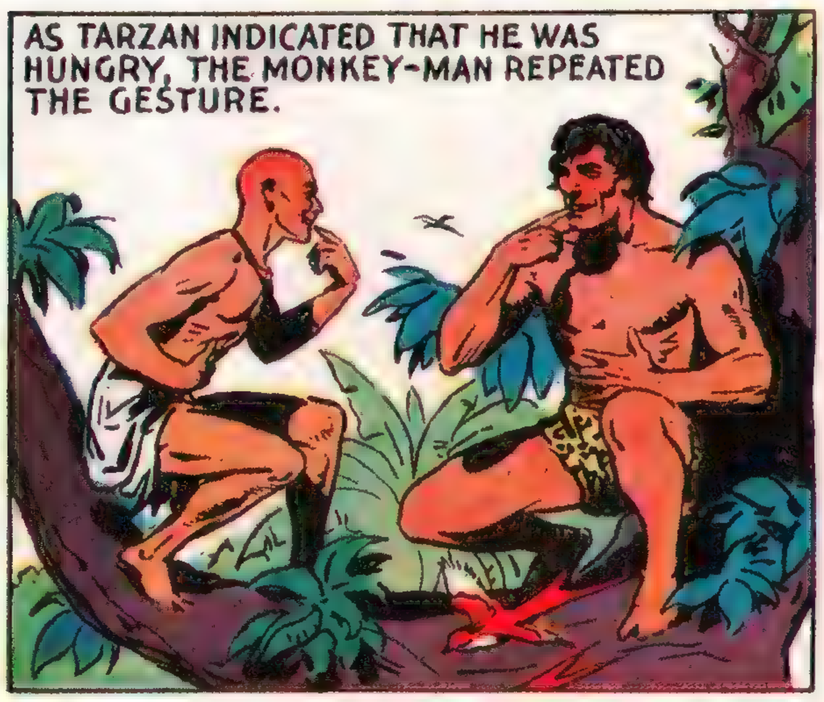
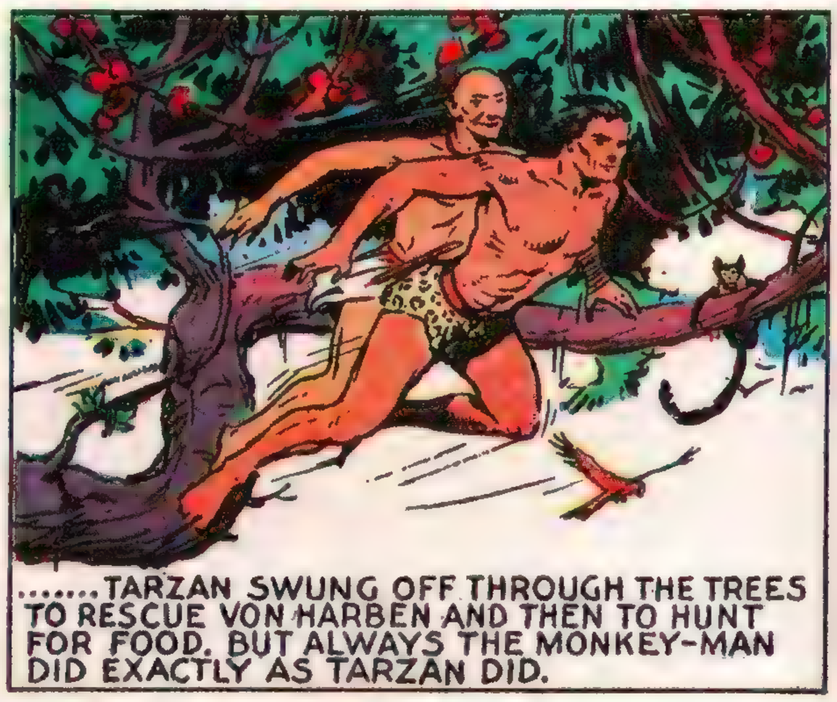
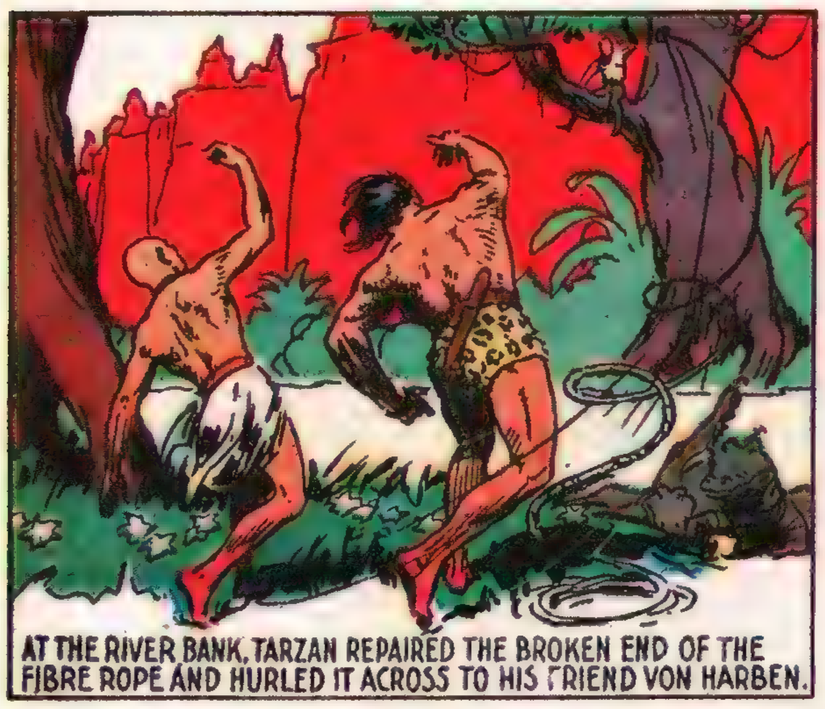
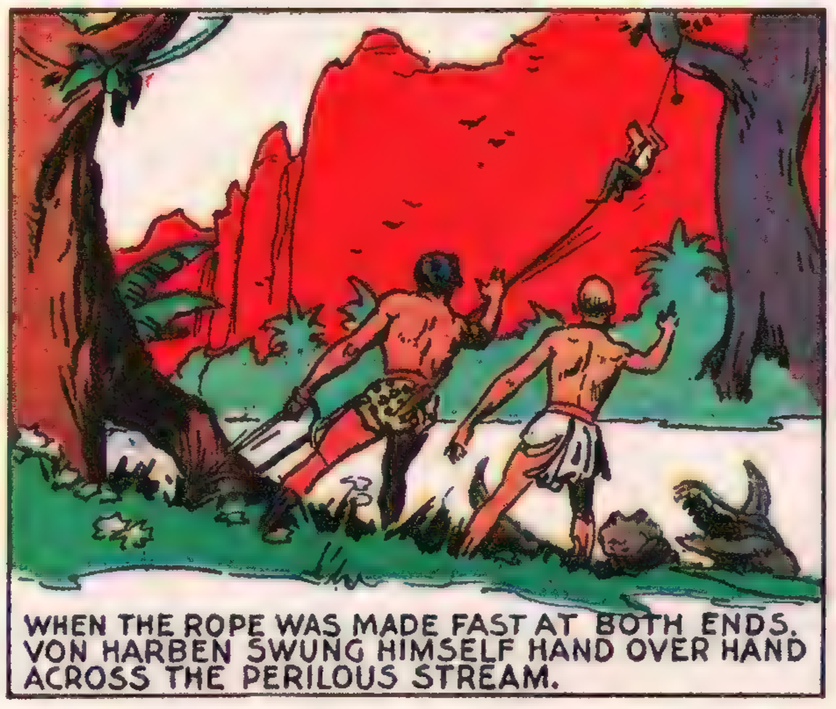
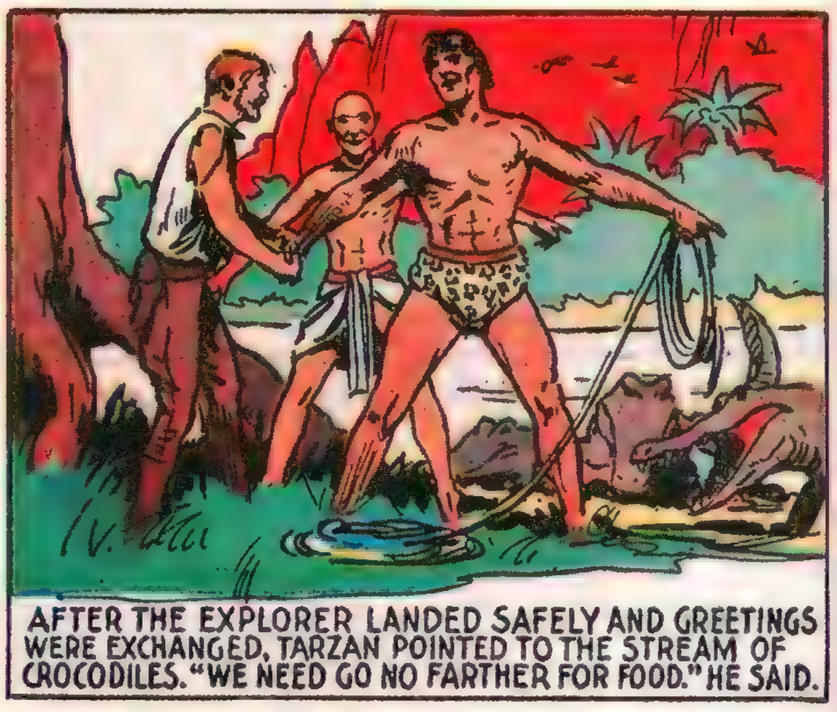
THE SACRED SAURIAN

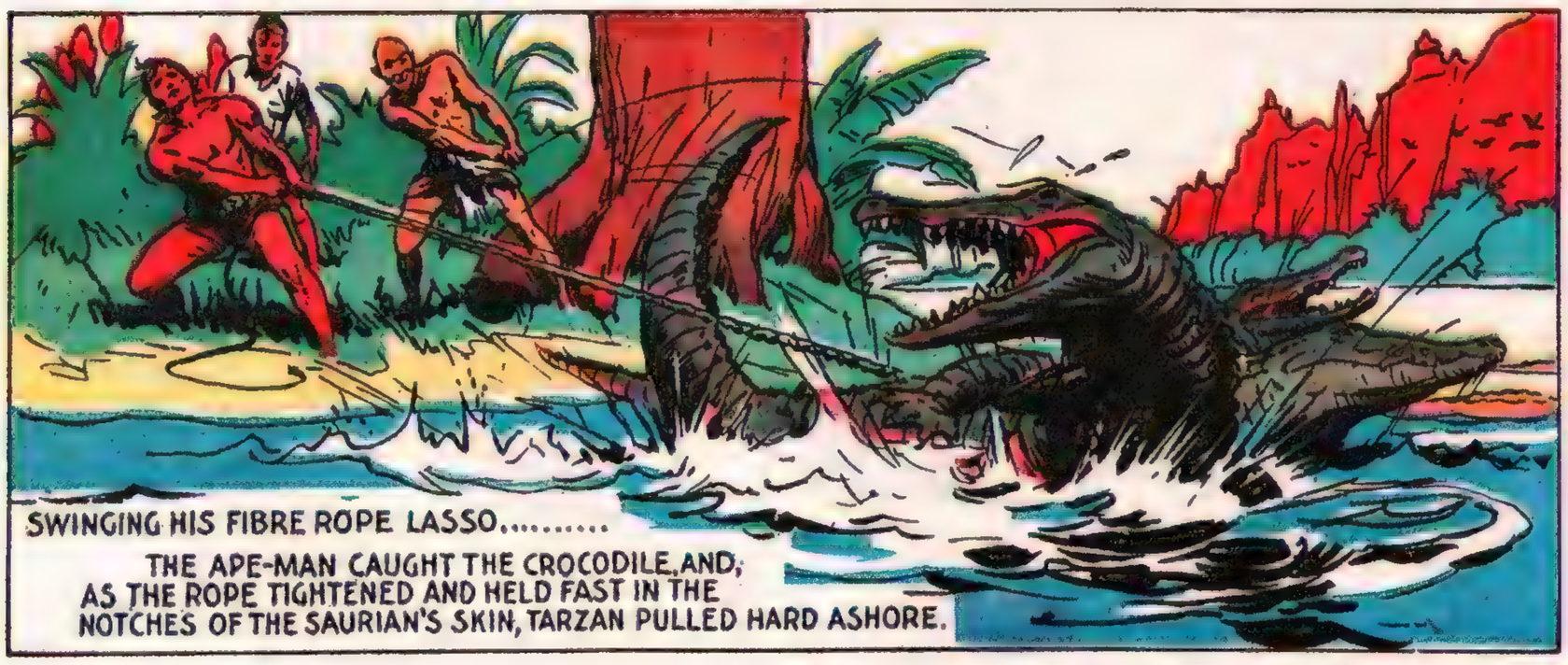


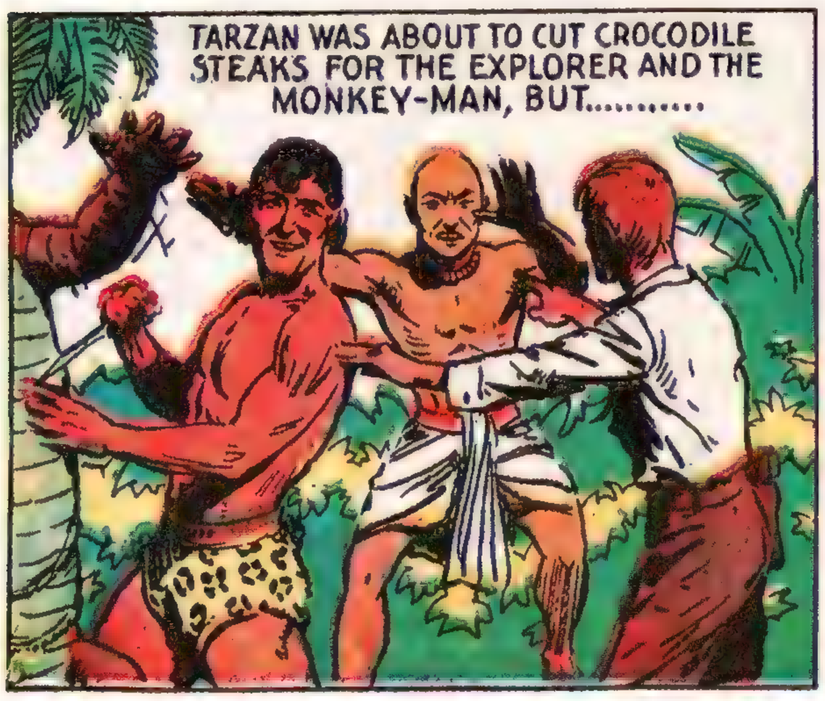


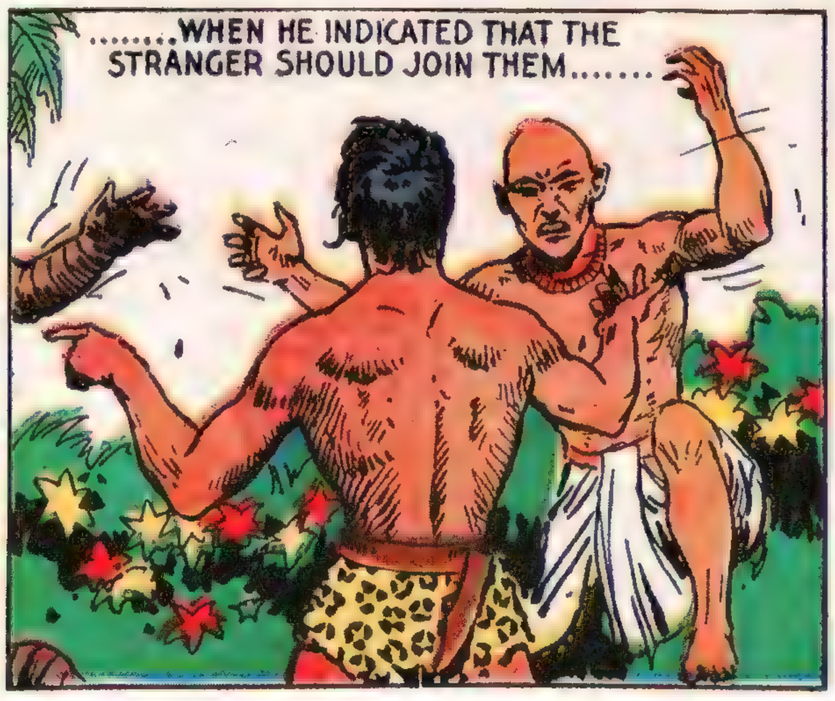


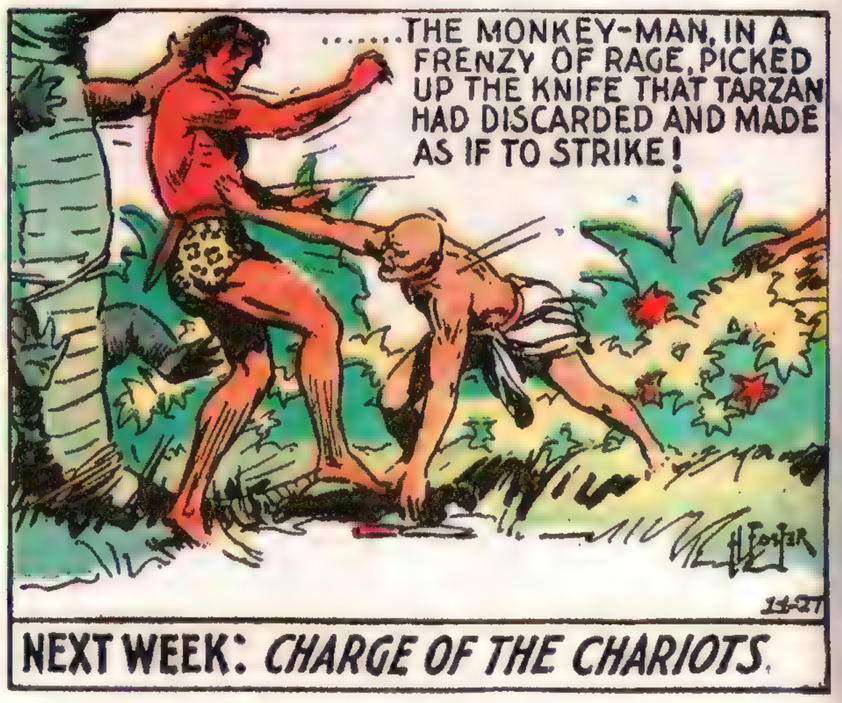




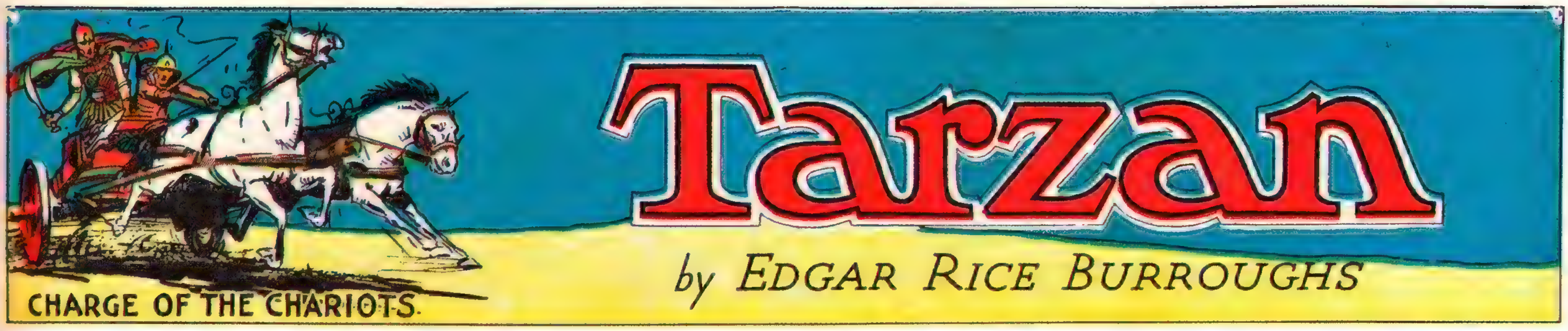


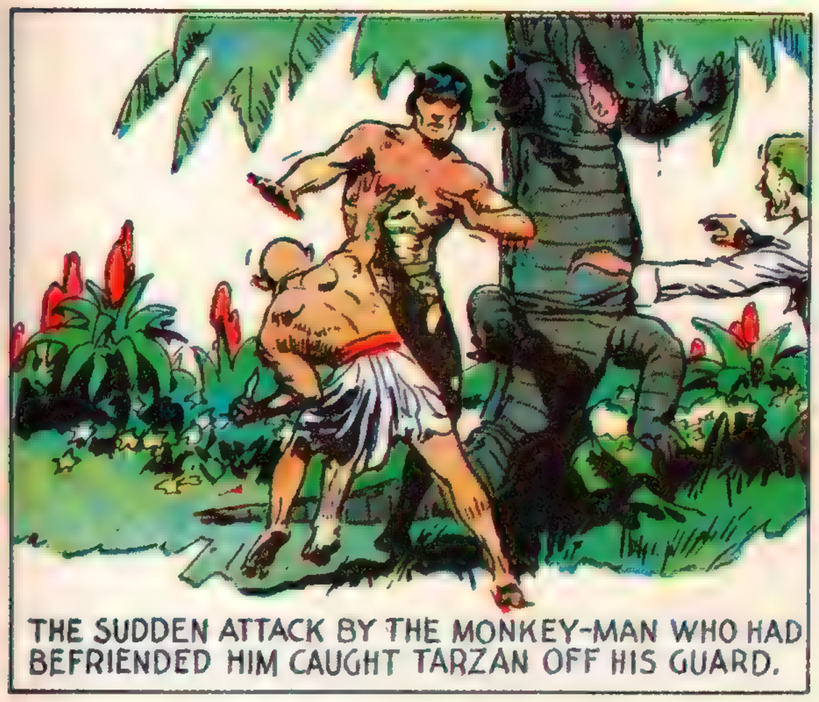


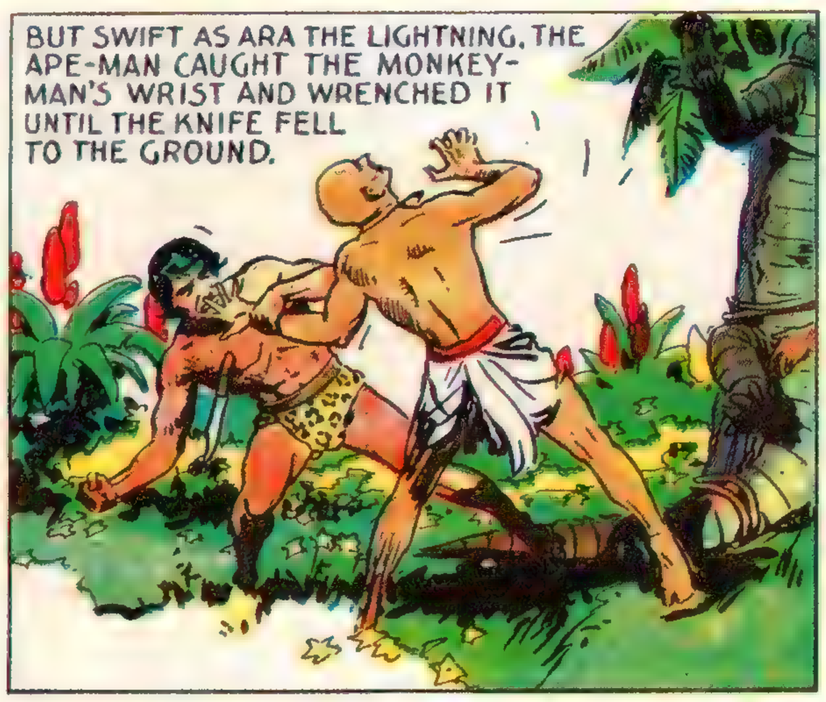


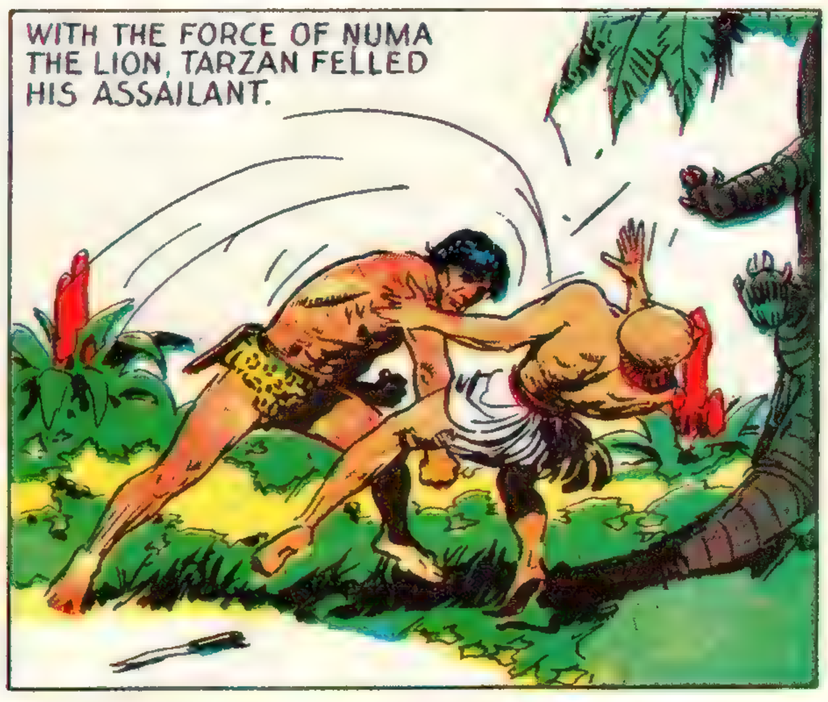


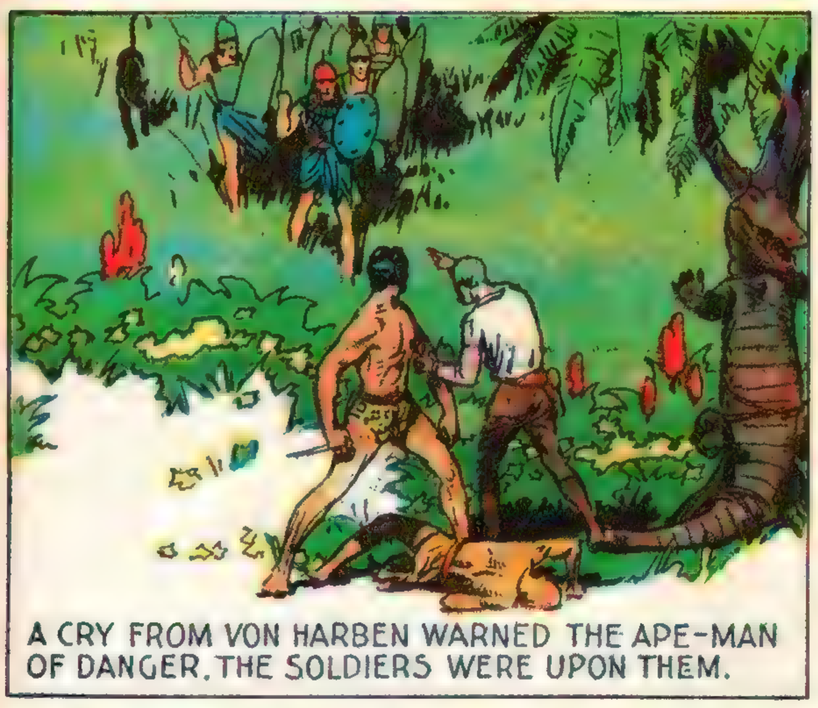
NEXT WEEK: *CHARGE OF THE CHARIOTS.*

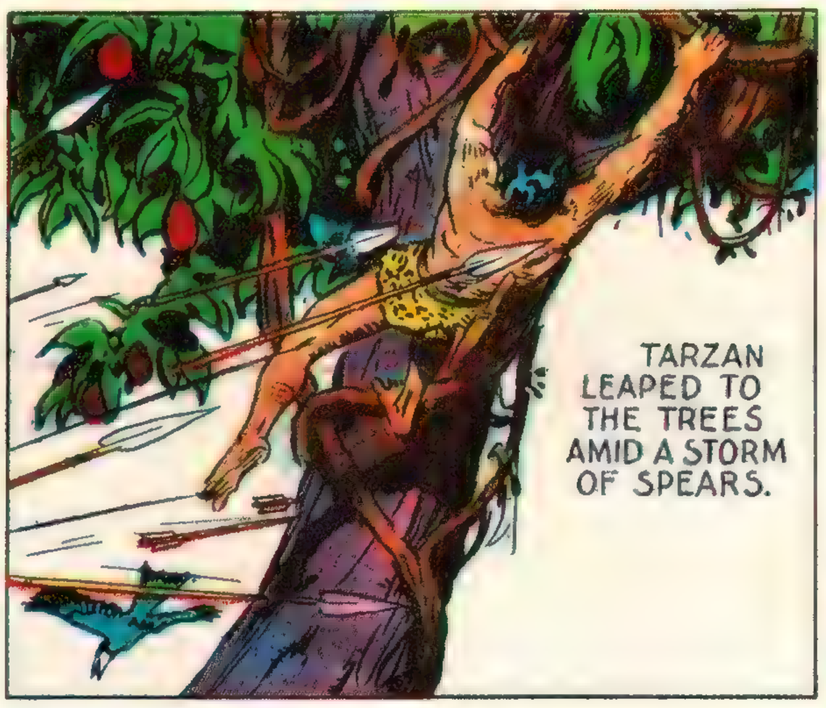

CHARGE OF THE CHARIOTS.
Tarzan
by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS


THE SUDDEN ATTACK BY THE MONKEY-MAN WHO HAD BEFRIENDED HIM CAUGHT TARZAN OFF HIS GUARD.


BUT SWIFT AS ARA THE LIGHTNING, THE APE-MAN CAUGHT THE MONKEY-MAN'S WRIST AND WRENCHED IT UNTIL THE KNIFE FELL TO THE GROUND.

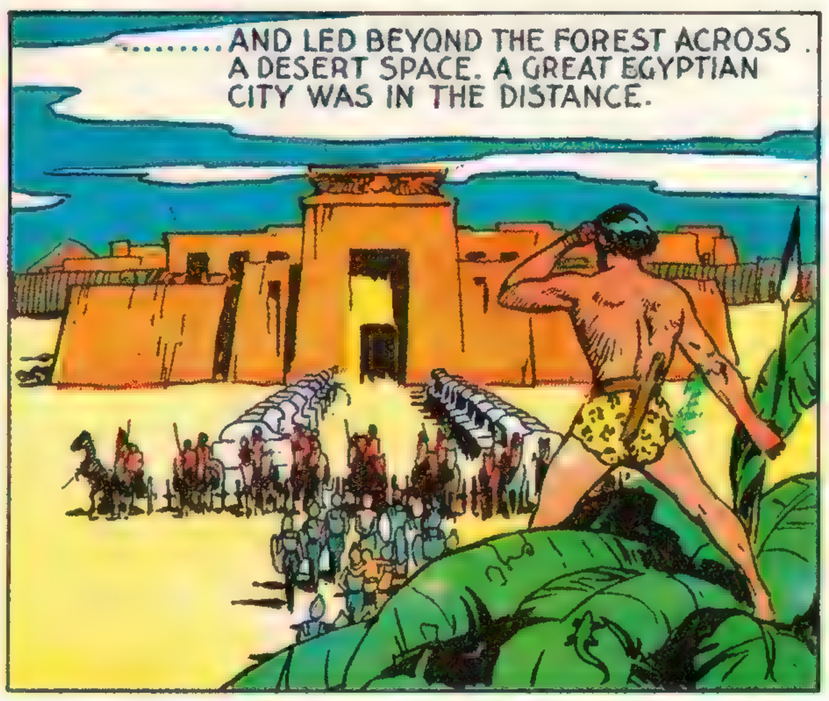

WITH THE FORCE OF NUMA THE LION, TARZAN FELLED HIS ASSAILANT.


A CRY FROM VON HARBEN WARNED THE APE-MAN OF DANGER. THE SOLDIERS WERE UPON THEM.

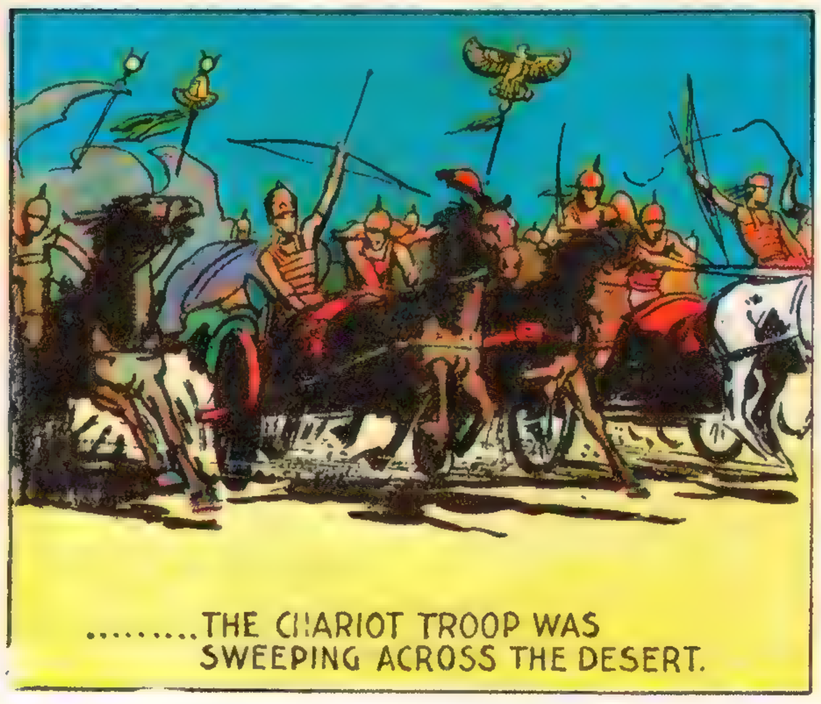

TARZAN LEAPED TO THE TREES AMID A STORM OF SPEARS.

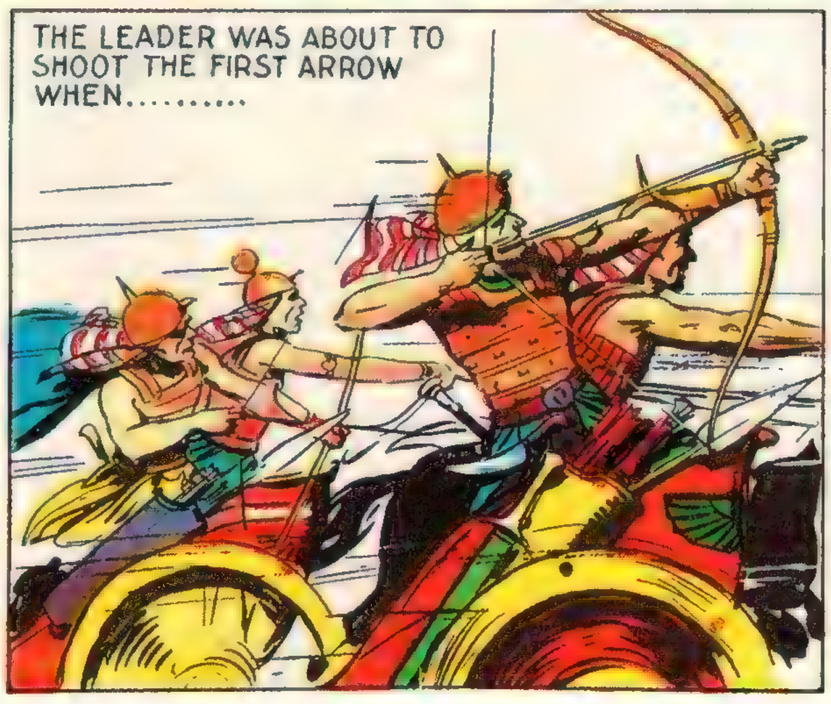
HE CAUGHT ONE TO REPLACE THE SPEAR HE HAD LOST.

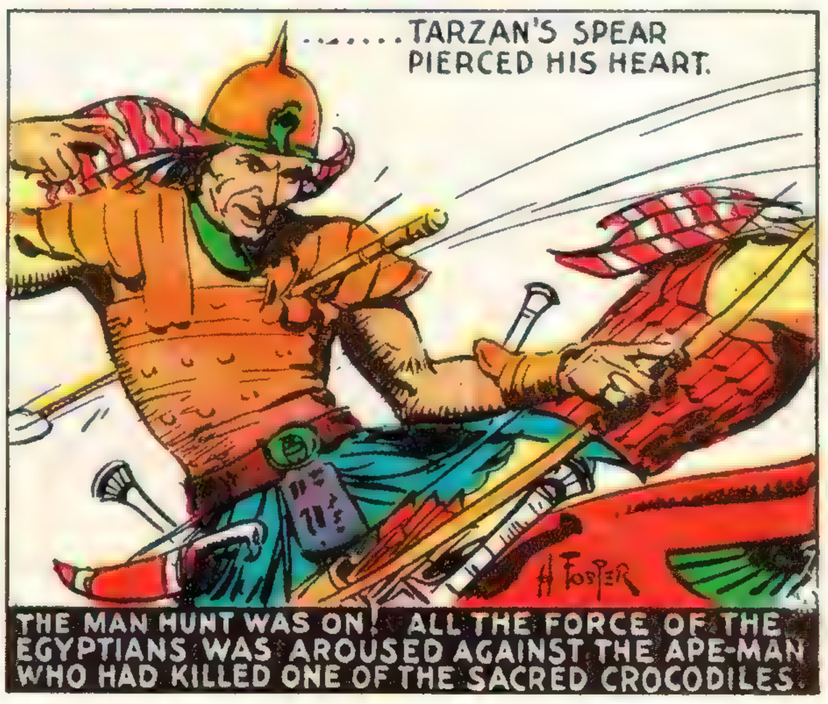
MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE, TARZAN SAW HIS FRIEND, VON HARBEN, TAKEN PRISONER.....


.....AND LED BEYOND THE FOREST ACROSS A DESERT SPACE. A GREAT EGYPTIAN CITY WAS IN THE DISTANCE.

THE FOOT SOLDIERS WERE MET BY A TROOP OF CHARIOTEERS. THE COMMANDER POINTED TOWARD THE TREE WHERE TARZAN STOOD EXPOSED AND IN A MOMENT.....


.....THE CHARIOT TROOP WAS SWEEPING ACROSS THE DESERT.


THE LEADER WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT THE FIRST ARROW WHEN.....

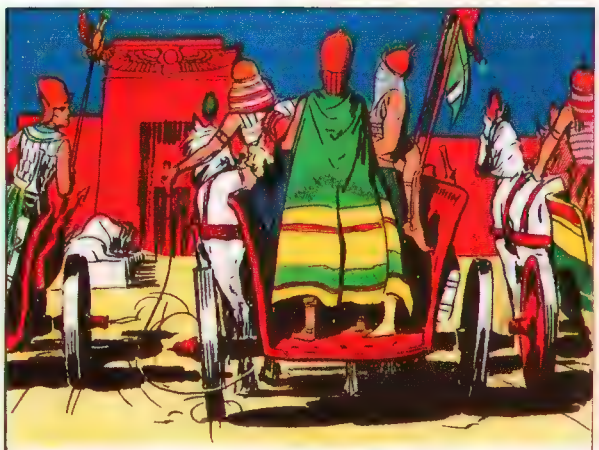

.....TARZAN'S SPEAR PIERCED HIS HEART.
H. FOSTER
THE MAN HUNT WAS ON! ALL THE FORCE OF THE EGYPTIANS WAS AROUSED AGAINST THE APE-MAN WHO HAD KILLED ONE OF THE SACRED CROCODILES.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE MAN HUNT

WHILE THE LEADER LAY STRICKEN BY TARZAN'S SPEAR, THE CHARIOTEERS GATHERED ABOUT HIM. HAVING NO FURTHER ORDERS THEY.....



.....CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE GREAT TEMPLE.

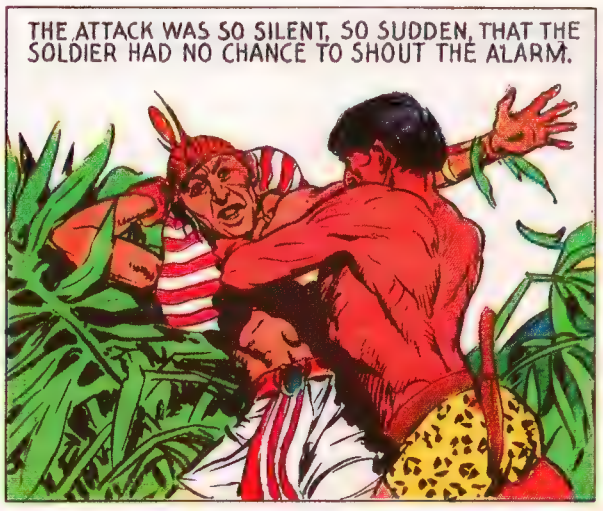
THE BODY WAS BROUGHT TO TUTAMKEN, THE MONKEY-MAN, ECCENTRIC SON OF THE GREAT PHARAOH. IT WAS TUTAMKEN WHO HAD RESCUED THE APE-MAN, BUT NOW HE CALLED UPON THE SOLDIERS TO HUNT THROUGH THE WHOLE FOREST TO BRING BACK TARZAN DEAD OR ALIVE.

TROOPS OF MEN, ARMED WITH BOWS AND ARROWS WERE SENT OUT ACROSS THE DESERT.

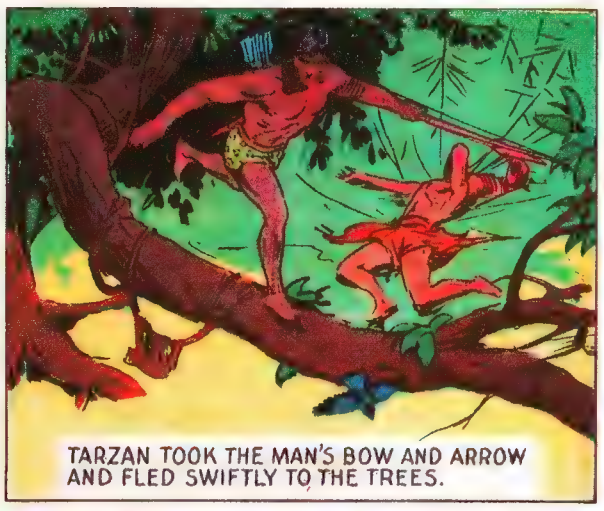
TUTAMKEN FOLLOWED, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS BLACK PANTHER

TARZAN, HIDDEN HIGH IN THE TREES, SAW THE EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS SPREAD OUT IN THE FOREST, HUNTING FOR HIM.

HE WAITED UNTIL ONE WAS ALONE AND CONCEALED FROM HIS FELLOWS. THEN HE LEAPED.



THE ATTACK WAS SO SILENT, SO SUDDEN, THAT THE SOLDIER HAD NO CHANCE TO SHOUT THE ALARM.



TARZAN TOOK THE MAN'S BOW AND ARROW AND FLED SWIFTLY TO THE TREES.

GORO, THE MOON, HAD RISEN HIGH IN THE SKY AND STILL THE SOLDIERS FOUND NO TRACE OF THE APE-MAN, WHO CALMLY TURNED IN TO SLEEP.

BUT TUTAMKEN HAD TAKEN TO THE TREES WITH HIS BLACK PANTHER, AND FINALLY THE BEAST HAD CAUGHT THE APE-MAN'S SCENT.

STEALTHILY THEY CREPT TOWARD THE APE-MAN AS HE SLEPT.

NEXT WEEK: *TARZAN AND THE BLACK PANTHER*

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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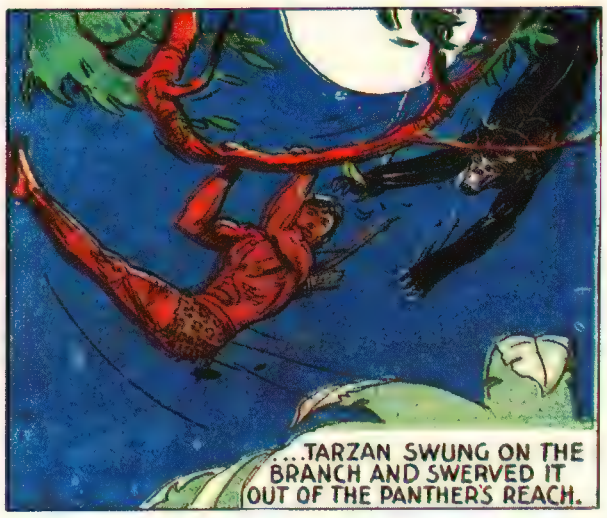

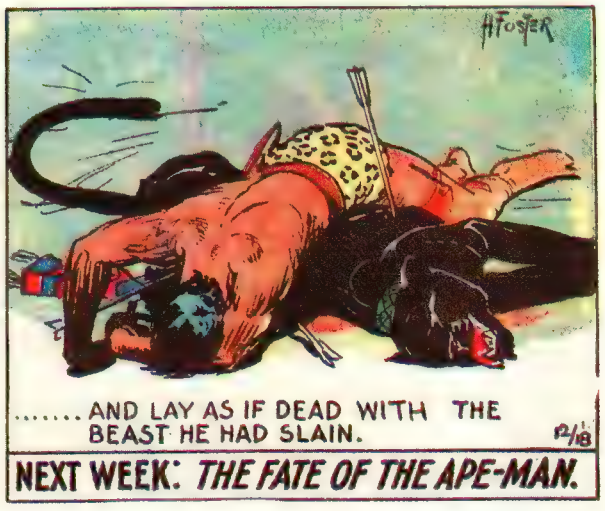

NEXT WEEK: *THE FATE OF THE APE-MAN.*

Tarzan

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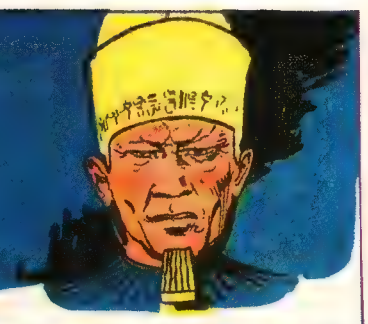
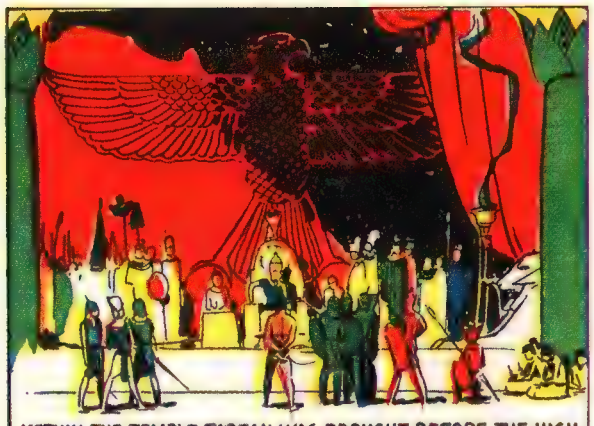
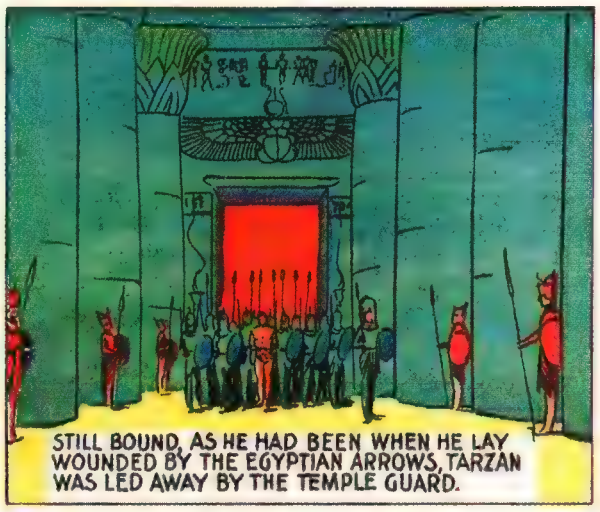


THE FATE OF THE APE-MAN



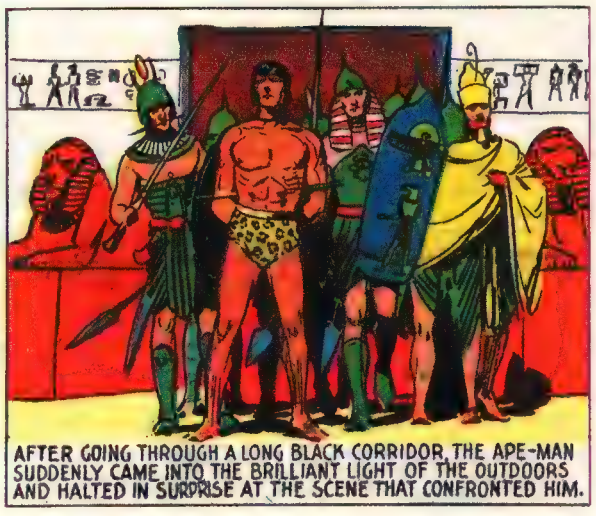
WITHIN THE TEMPLE TARZAN WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST, AND ACCUSED OF KILLING ONE OF THE SACRED CROCODILES, OF SLAYING THE PALACE PANTHER, AND OF ATTACKING THE PHARAOH'S SON -- ALL OFFENSES PUNISHABLE BY DEATH

THE APE-MAN UNDERSTOOD NO WORD OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LANGUAGE THAT WAS SPOKEN, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD WHAT HIS FATE WOULD BE AS THE HIGH PRIEST PRONOUCED THE SENTENCE.

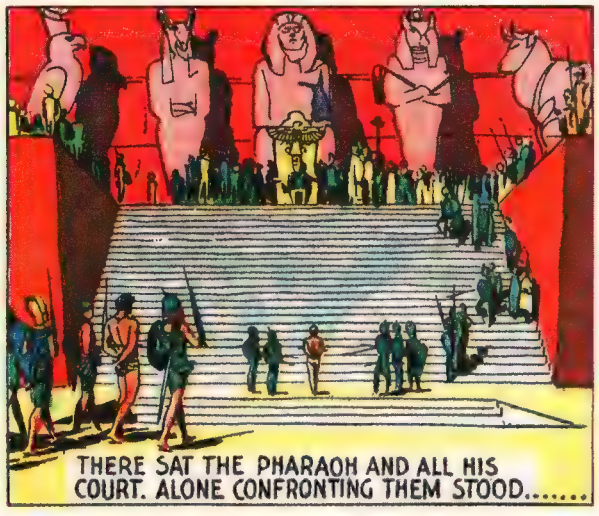


STILL BOUND, AS HE HAD BEEN WHEN HE LAY WOUNDED BY THE EGYPTIAN ARROWS, TARZAN WAS LED AWAY BY THE TEMPLE GUARD.

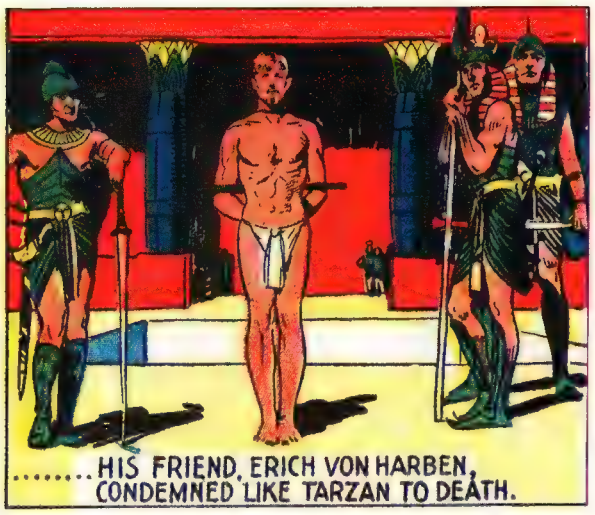
HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE GREAT GOD, THOTH, TO MAKE HIS PEACE. PRIESTESSES WERE CHANTING A DEATH DIRGE.



AFTER GOING THROUGH A LONG BLACK CORRIDOR, THE APE-MAN SUDDENLY CAME INTO THE BRILLIANT LIGHT OF THE OUTDOORS AND HALTED IN SURPRISE AT THE SCENE THAT CONFRONTED HIM.

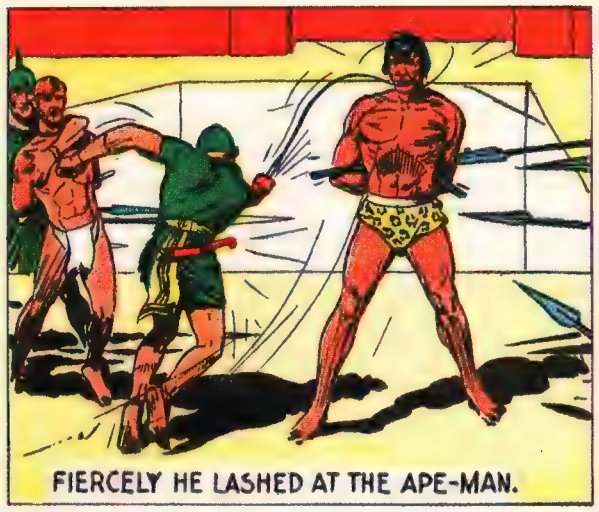


THERE SAT THE PHARAOH AND ALL HIS COURT. ALONE CONFRONTING THEM STOOD.....



.....HIS FRIEND, ERICH VON HARBEN, CONDEMNED LIKE TARZAN TO DEATH.

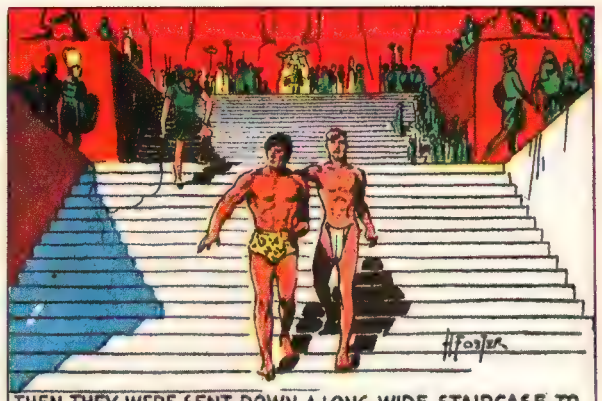
AS THE TWO FRIENDS EXCHANGED SIGNS OF RECOGNITION, THE MONKEY-MAN, TUTAMKEN, CAME RUSHING DOWN THE STEPS.



FIERCELY HE LASHED AT THE APE-MAN.

THEN HE TOOK COMMAND OF THE GUARD, AND TARZAN AND VON HARBEN WERE LED FORTH TO THEIR FATE.

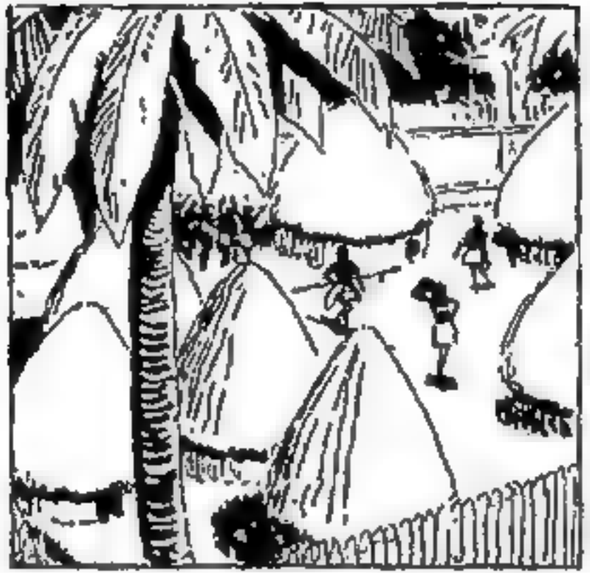
THE BONDS OF THE PRISONERS WERE UNLOOSED.



THEN THEY WERE SENT DOWN A LONG WIDE STAIRCASE TO MEET THE FATE THAT FIENDISH MINDS HAD DEVISED FOR THOSE WHO OFFENDED THE GODS OF EGYPT. 12-25

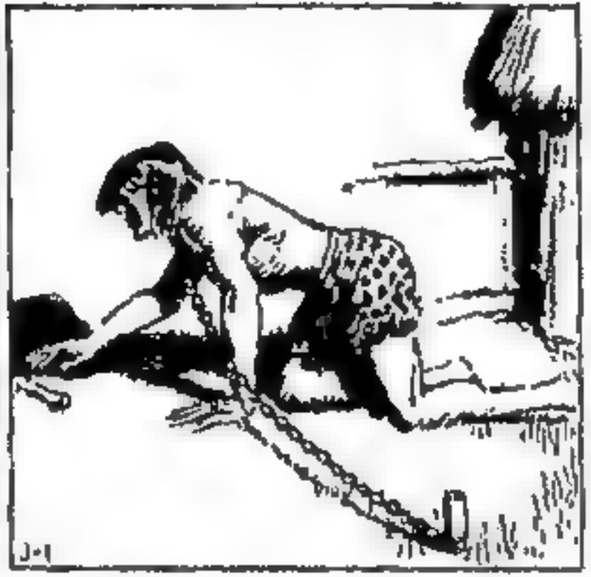
NEXT WEEK: *DEATH TO THE OFFENDERS!*

TARZAN and The ANT MEN



In a remote part of jungle Africa, a fierce tribe of cannibals were much excited and disturbed. Obebe, their chief, believed he had captured his old enemy, Tarzan of the Apes. He wanted to boil the prisoner alive, but the witch doctor had aroused the superstitious fears of the native. He insisted that the giant white captive was really the River Devil masquerading as Tarzan. Therefore they must not harm him or dire disaster would fall upon the village.

Obebe and the witch doctor had argued about it now for many moons without convincing one another. That was why Morando, the Spaniard, was kept from the fierce pot. He was chained to a filthy on mure cot for were the chief's hut. An iron slave collar about his neck prevented his escape. Like a dog in a kennel, he gnawed the bones thrown to him or hacked in the mire. His wretched life this last year had made him half crazy, though his powerful figure still resembled Tarzan's.



Once Pi's men had been a member of a desperate gang of London crooks whose ringleader was a woman called Flora Hawkes. She had stolen maps from Tarzan's English home. By means of these she had sought to find the riches of the Jewel mines of Opar. Aided by the Spaniard, who looked like Tarzan's twin brother, her efforts also almost succeeded. Tarzan, however, foiled them and only Morando, the Spaniard, escaped. He had fled through the jungle, to be finally captured by Obebe's cannibals.

Here, because of the dispute that arose as to what he really was, his life was spared and he seemed destined to end his days with the alligators. He had two diversions. One was secretly believing he was Tarzan, whom he had impersonated so long. The other consisted in gloating over a bag of diamonds. These were the same precious jewels given to the apemen in the Valley of the Palace of Diamonds by the strange old man, after Tarzan had saved him from the hideous Dolgani.

TARZAN and the ANT MEN

After Miranda had laboriously learned the cannibals' language, he realized that only a lucky chance had kept him from their cooking pots. Now he was less eager to proclaim himself Tarzan of the Apes. Instead, he let drop mysterious suggestions that he was, indeed, none other than the river devil. The witch doctor was delighted and every one was fooled except Obeba, the chief. Being old and wise, he did not believe that the giant white man would soon mysteriously disappear.

For hours at a time Miranda sat in the dim light of his hovel counting and fondling his little horde of his illicit jewels. No one but he knew he possessed a fortune that would buy him all the *pleasures of the flesh if he but had it in any of the working great cities*. But in this cannibal land it was of no more value than the river's pebbles. Yet at the *sound of each* approaching footsteps he would hastily hide his fabulous wealth in the wretched bits cloth that was his only garment.

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And now, after a year of solitary confinement, another diversion had come to Miranda. This was in the form of Uhha, the witch doctor's daughter. She was fourteen, comely, and curious. She had watched the mysterious prisoner from a distance and at last one day she approached him. The Spaniard watched her half timorous approach and smiled encouragingly. He had not a friend among the villagers. If he could make but one his lot would be much the easier and freedom a step nearer.

Uhha came to a halt a few steps from him. She was an ignorant savage; but Miranda knew women. "I have been long in the village of Oyebe," he said haltingly, "but never did I guess its walls held one as beautiful as you. What is your name?" Uhha was pleased. She smiled broadly. "I am Uhha," she told him, "my father is Khamis, the witch doctor." It was Miranda who was pleased now. Fate at last had sent him one who, with cultivation, might prove the means of his escape!

TARZAN and The ANT MEN

"Why have you never come to see me before?" Miranda asked the daughter of the witch doctor. "I was afraid," replied Ubha, "that you are the river devil and would harm me." "I am," whispered the Spaniard, "but tell no one, and I shall not harm you." "Then why do you remain chained to a stake?" questioned Ubha, full of curiosity. "Why don't you return to the river? No one can explain it; Obebo says you are really Tarzan, the enemy of my people."

"The people wonder why you do not escape and commence to believe you are not the river devil at all." Miranda tried to think up a plausible answer. "Come closer, beautiful Ubha," he whispered. "No other ears must hear what I am about to tell you." The girl leaned toward him and Miranda continued: "Truly I am the river devil. I come and go as I wish. When the village sleeps I am wandering through the waters of the Ugogo, but always I come back again."

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Ubha was much impressed. "I am but waiting, Ubha," said Miranda, mysteriously. "I am testing Obebo's village that I may know which are my friends and which my enemies. I wait to see if there be one brave enough to set me free. Should there be such a one, Ubha, fortune will smile upon him always, and he will live long and happily. Listen, I shall wait a little longer; then if there be no such friend in Obebo's village, I shall return to my great river and destroy all your people."

Ubha gave a little gasp of dismay. Miranda, pleased with the effect of his words, went on: "Yes, I, the river devil, will have vengeance. Not one of Obebo's tribe shall remain alive." The girl drew away, terrified. "When will you destroy us?" she asked. "In a few days," replied Miranda, "unless some one sets me free so that I then know I have one good friend." Waiting to hear no more, Ubha, trembling with terror, ran quickly toward the hut of her father, and the Spaniard smiled a satisfied smile.

TARZAN and The ANT MEN

Faint with fright, the little daughter of the cannibal witch doctor lay in a corner of her father's hut. She trembled at the dreadful secret she possessed. She tried to think how she could save her village from the fate the supposed river devil had told her was about to descend upon Obebe's tribe. She couldn't even imagine what it would be. Worst of all, he had warned her not to tell her father. What was she to do? It was the first problem that had ever entered her contented young life.

Suddenly Ubba sat erect as a thought came to her. Very plainly the river devil had said that if he were released, he would know he had one friend and would reward with everything the friend wished. "Perhaps," she mused, "he may not destroy us when he is free." But after a few moments, Ubba's hopes drooped. How was she, a little girl, to liberate the river god, a god? As she pondered over this problem and her savage little brain could find no solution, Khamis, her father, entered the hut.

"Now, 'baba'," asked Ubba when he had respectfully greeted her father, "does the river devil destroy those who harm him?" "He might send the fish from the river and the game from the jungle," replied Khamis, "or cause our crops to die. Then we should starve. He might bring the fire out of the sky at night and strike dead all the people Obebe." "But he can not escape," she asked, "while the iron collar is around his neck? Who would remove that for him?"

"No one can remove it but Obebe. He carries in his pouch the bit of grass that makes the collar open," answered her father. "But the river devil needs no help, my daughter. Ask me no more questions. You shall see." There was silence between them until Ubba started to leave the hut. "Where are you going?" asked Khamis. "To visit the daughter of Obebe," she veiled back and went her way. Little did the witch doctor realize that never again would he see his favorite daughter alive.

TARZAN and the ANT MEN

The chief's daughter smiled as she looked up from her maize grinding to welcome her friend Ubha. "Make no noise, Ubha," she cautioned; "Obebe, my father, sleeps within." The two girls chatted in low tones. They spoke of their ornaments, their hair dressing, of the young men of the village. As they talked, Ubha's eyes wandered toward the entrance to Obebe's hut, and she tried to think up some excuse to enter it, if only she could get up her courage.

Suddenly her face brightened. "The necklace of many beads that your father took from the plain warrior captured for the last feast!" she exclaimed. "You have not lost it?" "No," replied her friend, "It is in the house of my father." "May I see it?" asked Ubha. "I will fetch it." "No, you will awaken Obebe, and he will be very angry," said the chief's daughter. "I will not awaken him," replied Ubha and started to crawl toward the hut's entrance.

Her friend tried to dissuade her, saying: "I will fetch it as soon as 'baba' has awakened." Ubha paid no attention and presently she had crawled cautiously into the hut. There she waited silently until her eyes became accustomed to the dim light. Against the opposite wall the cannibal chief lay sprawled upon his sleeping mat. He snored loudly. With the stealth of Sheeta, the leopard, Ubha crept toward him. Her heart was beating like the tom-tom when the dance is at its height.

At Obebe's side and half beneath his body Ubha saw the chief's pouch. Cautiously she reached forth a trembling hand and laid hold of it. She tried to draw it from beneath Obebe's weight. The sleeper stirred uneasily and Ubha drew back, terrified, as she thought of her punishment when he discovered her. Half frozen with horror she dared not move. Fortunately for her Obebe soon resumed his snoring; but Ubha's nerve was gone, and she thought now only of escaping from the hut without being detected.

TARZAN and the ANT MEN

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Ubha cast a last frightened glance at the chief, and then saw that Obeba had rolled away from the pouch. It now lay within her reach, free from the weight of his body. Swaying dizzily, she reached for it only to withdraw her hand in terror again. Then she thought of the fearsome river devil and of the possibilities for horrid death that lay within his power. She picked it up, and hurriedly opening it, examined its contents. The key was there.

Ubha recognized it because it was the only thing in the pouch the purpose of which she was not familiar with. The iron collar, chain, and key had been taken from an Arab slave raider that Obeba had killed and eaten. The cannibal chief had been much pleased with these trophies. Finally he discovered how the lock worked. Then many a prisoner had he kept chained by the iron collar until the flesh pots boiled. Even so was he now keeping the mysterious river devil.

Ubha clutched the precious key in her trembling fingers as she hurriedly crawled toward the doorway. That night Miranda, the Spaniard, heard a stealthy movement at the entrance to his prison, someone or something was creeping toward him. "Who is it?" he demanded, trying to keep his voice from trembling. "It is Ubha, the daughter of Khamis," replied a soft voice. "I have come to set you free that you may know you have a friend in Obeba's village and will therefore not destroy us. Remember your promise."

Miranda was overjoyed. Here was luck! He wondered if the girl had obeyed and had no one? "How can you free the river devil?" he demanded. "Sst!" whispered Ubha. "I have brought the key to the collar about your neck." Crawling closer, she handed it to him. Then she would have fled, but Miranda detained her. "When I am free," he said, "you must lead me to the Jungle. Wherever from we must do this if he would win the favor of the river god." Ubha was afraid, but she did not dare refuse.

Miranda fumbled with the ancient lock several minutes before it gave at last to the worn key the girl had brought. "Get the weapons!" he whispered, and Ubha departed through the shadows of the village street. The Sonaland knew she was terrified and would obey his commands. Presently the witch doctor's daughter returned with a quiver of arrows, a bow, and a stout knife. "Now lead me to the gate," ordered Miranda. Creeping back of the huts, the girl guided him to the village entrance.

Ubha was surprised a little that he, a river devil, should not know how to unlock the gates, for she had thought that river devils were all-wise. But she showed him how to pass through. Beyond was the river and the dense jungle, dark and forbidding. Miranda was filled with a nameless dread. Ubha drew back now. Suddenly the man grabbed her arm. "Come," he said, "you receive your reward." Ubha shrank from him. "Let me go!" she cried, "I am afraid."

But Miranda was also afraid and had decided the company of the girl was better than no company at all in the jungle depths. Ubha tried to fear himself free, struggling like a little lion cub. She would have cried for help but Miranda had clapped his hand across her mouth, lifting her from the ground he ran swiftly across the clearing and disappeared into the jungle. Ubha, believing she was lost in the grasp of the river devil, masquerading as Tarzan, went limp with terror.

Upon that very morning several marches distant from Obbo's village, two stalwart men came out upon the pleasant veranda of Lord Greystoke's African bungalow. Both were clad in khaki, one man carrying a *topee's* helmet and a pair of goggles in his hand. He was smiling as he listened to the other speak. "Don't worry, Korak," the older man remarked. "I promise I'll do just this one flight alone. If you have been a good instructor, you should have confidence in my ability to pilot the ship."

Before Lord Greystoke's bungalow lay a biplane. In its shade toiled two Waziri warriors who had been trained by Korak, the son of Tarzan, in the duties of mechanicians and, later to pilot the ship themselves. This fact had decided Tarzan of the Apes to perfect himself in the art of flying. As chief of the Waziri he did not want any of the lesser warriors of his tribe to excel him in any particular. Adjusting his helmet and goggles the ape-man climbed into the cockpit.

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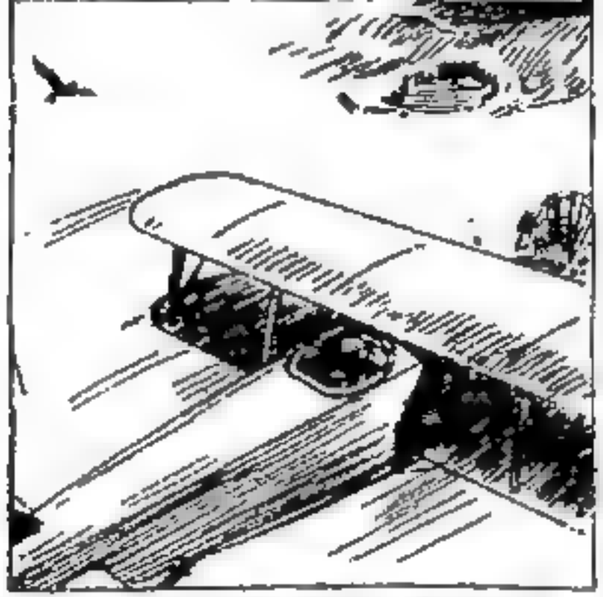
"Better take me along," advised Korak. Tarzan shook his head, smiling good-naturedly, urged his son. "You might force you to make a landing. If you have no mechanician along to make repairs, what are you going to do?" "Walk," replied the ape-man. "Turn her over, Audual!" he directed one of the Kiarks. A moment later the ship was bumping over the veldt, from which it soon rose in smooth and graceful flight.

Circling, the plane climbed to a greater altitude, then sped away on an air line. On the ground the little party watched until it disappeared entirely from their view. "Where do you suppose he is going?" asked the pretty young woman of the bronzed young master standing by her. Korak shook his head. "He isn't supposed to be going anywhere in particular," he replied, "but I wouldn't be surprised to learn that he had taken it into his head to fly to London and see mother."

"But he could never do it!" cried Meriem. "He takes such risks! one would think he considered himself immortal. I do wish he would be more careful." "No ordinary man could do it, with no more experience than he has had," laughed Korak, "but then, you will have to admit, father is no ordinary man." High in the sky Tarzan of the Apes flew without altering his course and careless of the flight of time, as there began for him one of the most amazing experiences of his adventurous life.



For an hour and a half Tarzan guided his biplane hardly realizing the great distance he had covered, so delighted and thrilled was he by this new power that gave him the freedom of the air. Always before had he envied the birds, the only inhabitants of his beloved jungle whose powers he had ever had cause to envy. Presently, ahead, he discerned a great series of basins surrounded by wooded hills, and immediately he recognized to the left of it the winding Uaso river.

The arena was new to him and he was puzzled. Now he realized he was over a hundred miles from home, and he determined to put back at once; but the mystery of the basin country lured him on to a closer view of it. He wondered why he had never come upon this country in his many wanderings, why he had not even heard of it from the natives. Dropping to a lower level, he now discovered the basins were a series of shallow craters of long extinct volcanoes.

Suddenly the solution of the mystery dawned upon him, and he knew it was the so-called Great Tharn Forest. He had indeed heard of the impenetrable thicket supposed to cover a vast area and into which only the smallest of animals could venture. Now, from above he saw it was but a relatively narrow fringe encircling a pleasant, habitable country, but a fringe so cruelly barbed as to have forever protected the secret that it held from the eyes of man.

Tarzan dropped the plane nearer to earth. Absorbed as he was in this strange new point, he permitted the plane to drop too low. Just as he realized it and before he could wrest the control with his hand, the plane touched the top of a mighty monarch of the jungle, veered, swung completely around and crashed downward through the foliage amidst the snapping and rending of broken branches and the splintering of the new wood-ed ark. Just for a second, this—and then silence.

Along a forest trail slouched a mighty creature, man-like in its physical attributes, yet vaguely human. As it walked erect, it occasionally moved rapidly portions of its skin on various parts of its body to dislodge flies, as does a horse. It carried a club in one horny hand. A strip of hide about its waist supported a fringe of rawhide strands. To the lower ends of these were fastened round stones two inches thick and also bright feathers, so that the whole formed a sort of skirt falling almost to the creature's knees.

It stared stupidly, its dark eyes constantly on the alert. Its flapping ears were stilled often as the woman listened for sounds of quarry or foe. She stopped now, her eyes bent forward, her nostrils expanded, sniffing the air. Some usual or unusual odor attracted her attention. Warily she crept along the trail until, at a turn, she saw before her a figure lying face downward in the path. It was Tarzan of the Apes. Unconscious, he lay beneath the spl atered wreckage of his plane.

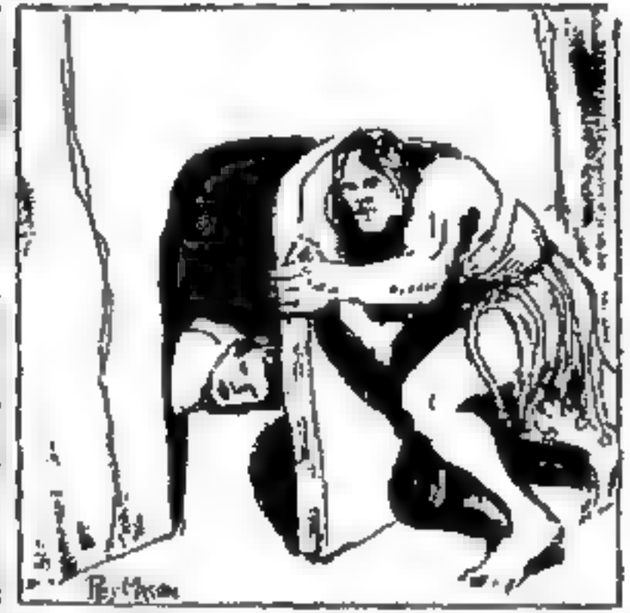
The woman-thing gripped her club more firmly and approached. Her expression was one of puzzlement at the discovery of this strange creature, but she showed no fear. Walking directly to the side of the prostrate man, she raised her club to strike, but something stayed her hand. Kneeling, she fell to examining his clothes, turned him over, tore away his shirt with her two mighty hands and listened, her ear against his naked flesh. Then she arose, looked about sniffing and listening, stooped and lifting the body of the ape-man, swung it lightly over one of her broad shoulders.

Then she continued on her way. Across a strip of park-like rolling land the trail led and then into a narrow gorge. Here, all about, eroded from the pale sandstone, were grotesque domes and rocks as fantastically shaped as a dream, and among them the woman-thing bore her burden. A half-mile on the trail entered a roughly circular amphitheater whose steep walls were pierced by numerous cave mouths. Before several of these squatted creatures similar to that which bore Tarzan into this strange, savage place. As she entered the amphitheater all eyes were turned upon her.

Immediately the others beheld the approaching woman-thing bearing the unconscious ape-man, several of them arose and came to meet her. None of them uttered a sound. The strange creature moved straight along her way toward one of the cave mouths. Gripping her bludgeon firmly, she swung it to and fro, while her eyes watched shrewdly every move of her fellows—all females. She had approached close to the cave which evidently was her destination, when one of the apes darted forth and clawed at Tarzan.

With the quickness of a cat the woman dropped her burden and, turning upon the other with lightning like quickness, swung the bludgeon. The heavy blow felled the creature who evidently had intended to steal the prize. Stepping then astride the prostrate ape-man, his captor glared about her as though challenging who would be the next to feel her wrath. But the others slunk back into their caves. The victor shouldered her burden undisputed, and continued her way to her cave where she dumped Tarzan on the ground within.

The creature proceeded to examine her prize minutely. Tarzan's clothing she tore completely off by sheer force. His heavy leather boots bothered her a trifle but finally their seams gave way to her powerful muscles. A moment she sat regarding him; then tossing him again to her shoulder, she carried the ape-man into a small enclosure formed of heavy stone slabs, and in this dim interior she dumped the limp body to the floor and clapped her palms together sharply three times.



At this sound, seven children of various ages and both sexes came to the room. Even the youngest girl was armed with a club, though the boys carried no weapons whatever. Now the woman-thing pointed to Tarzan, struck her breast with clenched fist and again pointed at the ape-man. In sign language she made several other gestures, then left the room, replacing the heavy stone slab across its entrance and went back to her cave-mouth. Here she squatted steadily until presently she heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

A number of other woman-things now appeared at various rear mouths. All seemed to be watching and thinking. A moment later their vigil was rewarded as another of their kind appeared in the entrance to the amphitheater. A huge creature, this, even broader and heavier than the one who had captured Tarzan. Upon one shoulder she carried the carcass of an antelope. Upon the other was a boy that seemed half human and half beast. It hung by its middle across the woman's bare shoulder, arms and legs dangling weakly before and behind, weakly with fear.

The woman who had brought Tarzan to the amphitheater was and stood before the entrance of her cave. We shall call her The First Woman, for she had no name nor had any of her fellows. The creature who had attempted to steal the antelope from her has now recovered from the blow by which The First Woman felled her and seems to bear no malice toward the village. We shall call her The Second Woman. The two Third Women fixed their eyes upon the approaching newcomer, their ears up-pricked, and all the other woman-things in sight did likewise.

The Third Woman moved steadily along with her burden, her weighted eyes ever upon the menacing figures of her fellows. She was very large, so for a while the others only stood and gaped at her. But presently The First Woman took a step forward and scowled the Second Woman. The Third Woman quickened her pace, for she understood what was coming though no sound had issued from their savage lips. As the two approached her, she dropped her apelle in a heap, gripped her cudgel more firmly and prepared to defend her rights. The others, brandishing their own weapons, charged her.

As the three came together it seemed that The Third Woman would go down beneath the blows of the others; but she warded off both blows with the skill and quickness of a trained fencer. Stepping quickly into the opening she had made, she dealt The First Woman a terrific blow upon the head that stretched her unconscious. Then The Third Woman turned her attention to The Second Woman who, seeing the fate of her companion, ran for her own cave. Scowling the creature The Third Woman had been carrying, seeing a chance for escape during fight, was drawing slowly away to operate diversion.

Had the fight between The Three Women lasted longer, the curious creature might have made good his escape. But the Third Woman charged viciously in a few seconds and turned about, and her prey crawling away. Quickly she sprang after it. Then the fighting leaped to its feet and raced toward the valley's entrance. As it arose, it became apparent that it was a male of the same species as the woman, though smaller and of lighter build. Its long and slender legs were made for speed, and it was clear that the ponderous female could have no hope of overhauling him.

Then it was that the utility of her strange skies of thongs and pebbles and feathers became apparent. Quickly tearing off one of the thongs and unfolding it rapidly, she let it go. Like an arrow the missile sped toward the fleeing male hit the back of his head, and stopped him in the earth. Walking to his prostrate form, The Third Woman calmly jerked him to his feet and shook him. He tried to stand but could not; so she threw him across her shoulder with the carcass of the antelope and continued her interrupted way to her cave.

Here she dumped her prey on the ground and kindled a fire by rubbing a pointed stick against dry tinder in a bit of hollowed wood, cutting the steaks of the antelope carcass, she ate ravenously. From the glowing coals, crowding the cooking, pointed to it. She handed him a stick to baste and motioned him to eat. Then she sat and watched him. Unlike the women, who wore no ornaments, he had bracelets, a kilt, and a necklace of teeth and pebbles. In his knotted hair were three long wooden skewers.

When the meal was over and he eaten his fill, the woman rose and seizing him by his hair, dragged him into the cave. He scratched and kicked at her, trying to escape, but he was no match for the mighty strength of his captor. Upon the floor of the amphitheater, just outside the cave entrance, lay the body of The First Woman who had been healed by the heavy rocks of The Third Woman, and over it a sore powerful female who had seized and imprisoned the unconscious Tarzan of the Apes. She, the vulture, now swooped in great circles.

TARZAN and The ANT MEN

Within the dim interior of the strange rocky chamber where The First Woman had deposited him, Tarzan immediately became the center of interest to the Alali young. They crowded about his unconscious figure, examined him, turned him over, poked and pinched him. Being low in the scale of human evolution, nothing held their interest over long. Soon their thoughts of Tarzan, and all trooped out into the sun in courtyard. Fortunately for the ape-man, his fall from the wrecked biplane had been broken by the supple branches directly in the path of his descent.

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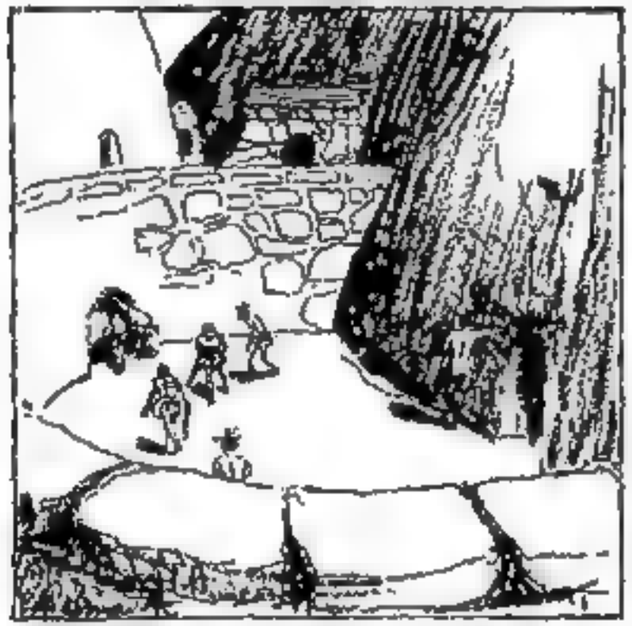
The happy result of his lucky fall was that he suffered only a slight concussion of the brain. Already he was slowly regaining consciousness. Shortly after the Alali young had left him, his eyes opened. His breathing was normal, as if he had just emerged from a deep but natural sleep, with only a dull ache in his head as a reminder of his accident. Sitting up, he looked about the crude shelter constructed of great slabs of stone. Slowly he rose and crawled to an opening where he had seen sunlight, and here the fresh air further revived him.

Tarzan of the Apes looked out upon a narrow courtyard and saw in its shadows and sunlight the Alali squatting about. He looked at them in evident amazement. What were they? How had he come into this enclosure? Was I a prisoner? Running his fingers through his shock of black hair in a characteristic gesture of perplexity, he shook his head. He recalled the ending of his aeroplane flight in the jungle, even his fall through the foliage of the great tree. Beyond that all was a blank. He stood a moment regard ng the Alali, who were unaware of his gaze upon them.

Then he stepped boldly out into the courtyard. Before them immediately they circled about him. The girls pushing the boys aside and coming boldly close. Tarzan spoke to them in every dialect he knew, but they made no response save from moving their bodies and shoulders and jerking their heads. This, the ape-man surmised, was a sort of sign language among them. Presently they made but interest and shrunk back to their lounging, leaving Tarzan to pace the courtyard, as he been ever searched it for a possible means of escape.



Measuring with his eyes the height of the walls of the enclosure within which he found himself, Tarzan was sure that a long running jump would take his outstretched fingers to the top. But he would have to wait for darkness to shield his attempt from both those within and those without. As dusk approached the actions of the other occupants of the court was subtly altered. With restless movements they walked back and forth, constantly pausing before the entrance to the courtyard where they listened before the great stone slab that closed it.

Briefly one stamped a foot upon the ground, and this was taken up by the others until the dead, dull thud of their naked feet must have been audible for some distance beyond the confines of their narrow prison yard. Tarzan could not make out what this all meant, but whatever it was intended to accomplish, apparently nothing came of it. Presently one of the girls, her sullen face snarling in anger, seized her bludgeon firmly in her two hands and began to pound violently upon one of the huge stone slabs forming the wall.

Instantly the other girls followed her example, while the young males continued beating time with their clubs by now. Tarzan guessed their peculiar behavior meant that they were hungry, and were attempting to rouse the attention of their rulers. He hoped they would succeed, for he himself was very hungry and thirsty. Also, he was convinced that the creatures were without speech, perhaps even without voices. The girl who had started the pounding suddenly stopped and pointed at Tarzan. The others looked at him and then back at her; whereupon she pointed to her bludgeon.

Then she acted out a little pantomime. It showed the blood-green falling upon Tarzan's head, following which the girl assisted by her fellows, devoured the assegai. Tarzan understood it perfectly and held himself on guard. Now the stamping and the knocking ceased and the assemblage, being plainly interested in this new situation, eyed Tarzan hungrily. The member who should have brought them food, The First Woman was dead. This they did not know. They did know they had not eaten for two days.

To these young *Atali*, Tarzan was no more than an antelope or some other creature their mother, The First Woman, had brought them to feed upon. They would not, however, have thought of eating him had there been other food. The oldest girl knew that he had been brought there to be the mate of The First Woman. In common with the other women of this primitive tribe she hunted a new mate each season among the forests and jungles, where the timid male-things lived their solitary lives except for the brief weeks that they were held captive by their stronger women.

In the stone corrals where they were kept prisoners, these manthings were treated with great contempt and brutality even by the children of their temporary wives. Rarely did they escape, but eventually they were turned loose, since it was easier to hunt a new mate the next season than to feed one in captivity for a whole year. There was no such thing as love in the family relations of these half-brutes. When about fifteen years of age the young males were liberated and chased into the forest, after which their own mothers knew them not from any other man-thing.

The girls at a similar age were taken to the maternal cave where they lived until they succeeded in capturing a mate. After that the girls took up their abode in separate caves. They might even, the next season, become rivals with their mothers for the same man. The building of the stone shelters and corrals in which the males and children were kept was the only community activity in which the women engaged. This they did alone, since the males would have escaped into the forest had they been released to take part in the construction.

Equipped by nature with mighty frames, the great ape quarried the great slabs from a side hill overlooking the amphitheater. Then they slid them down to the floor of the little valley, where by sheer strength they pulled and pushed them into position. It was seldom necessary to build new cots, for the high death rate among the females left plenty of vacant enclosures for maturing girls. Jealousy, the hazards of the hunt, and inter-tribal wars took heavy toll among the adult ape. Even the despised male, fighting for his freedom, sometimes slew his captor.

It was the offspring of the Alali, among whom the females were all-powerful, that Tarzan now faced. The young warrior did not attack him at once. They busied themselves fetching dry grasses and firewood. The girls approached the ape-man warily, with raised bludgeons, as the boys prepared the fire over which they expected soon to be broiling juicy cuts from the strange creature that their hairy sires had brought them. One of the males, a lad of sixteen, laid back, making excited signs with hands, head and body.

He appeared to be trying to dissuade, or prevent, the girls from carrying out their plans. Nobody sided with him. At last, however, as the savage young females were deliberately approaching the ape-man, he placed himself directly in their path and attempted to stop them. Instantly the three little devils swung their bludgeons and sprang forward to destroy him. He dodged, plucked several of the feathered stones from his girdle and flung them at his assailants. So swift and accurate did the missiles speed that two girls dropped, howling to the ground.

The older girl, nothing daunted, leaped forward, her face hideous in a snarl of rage. The youth cast another stone at her and then turned and ran toward the ape-man. What reception he expected he himself probably did not know. As he stood at Tarzan's side, the girl, evidently sensing some new danger to herself in this unexpected attitude of her brother, advanced more cautiously. By signs she seemed to be telling him what she would do to him if he did not stop imposing his weak will against her plan to slay Tarzan so that they all might have food.

The youth signed back at her defiantly and stood his ground. Tarzan reached over and patted him on the back, smiling. The boy bared his teeth, savagely, but it seemed evident he was trying to return the ape-man's smile. And now the girl was almost upon them. Tarzan was quite at a loss as how to proceed against her. His natural chivalry restrained him from killing her. While he steeled himself for the deed he looked about for an avenue by which he might escape instead; and then came a totally unexpected interruption.

The Third Woman was conducting her new male from the cave to the corral where she would keep him prisoner. She heard the footing of the naked feet and heavy bludgeons arising from the corral of The First Woman when she had slain. As individuals, she did not care what became of the First Woman's children. Only community interest prompted her to release them that they might search for food and their services not be lost to the tribe through starvation. She would not feed them herself, of course, as they did not belong to her.

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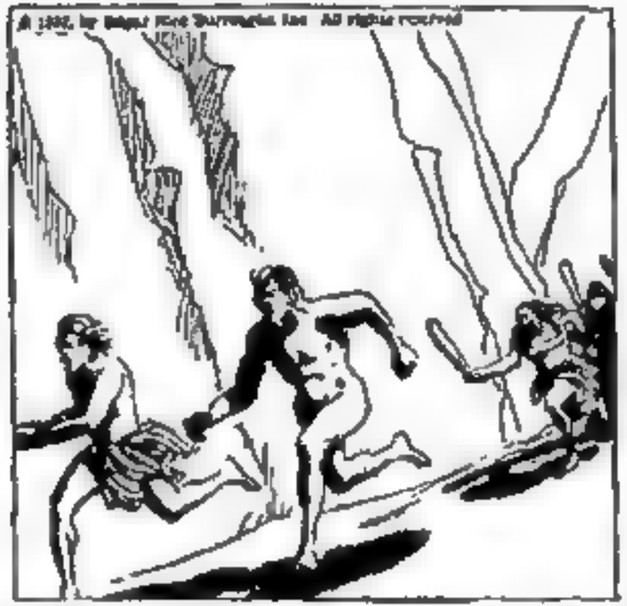
But The Third Woman took her time. Her powerful fingers entangled in the hair of her arch-foe, she dragged the protesting creature to her own corral. Removing the great entrance slab, she thrust him roughly within, giving him a kick to speed him on, replaced the slab and turned leisurely toward the nearby corrals of The First Woman. Rolling the stone door she passed through the two chambers and entered the courtyard at the very moment the oldest girl was advancing upon Tarzan of the Apes.

Instantly all looked at her. She was the first adult female other than their own dam, that the children of The First Woman had seen and they shrunk from her in evident terror. The youth at Tarzan's side stood behind the mummy, only the Tarzan wonder at their fear. The Third Woman was the first adult Alalus he had seen since all the time he had been in the hands of The First Woman, he had been unmolested by all the children, the oldest girl who had threatened the newcomer seemed the least afraid of the newcomer.

She seemed now to have forgotten Tarzan and looked, pleased with exulting face and narrowed eyes contemplating The Third Woman. The aperean scowled and the huge brute female standing at the far end of the corral with her savage eyes upon him. She had not seen Tarzan before as she had been in the forest, hunting, at the time The First Woman had brought her prize back to the amphitheater. She had not known that The First Woman had any male in her corral other than her own spouse. Here indeed, was a prize. She would remove him to her own corral!



Presently a woman sitting before the entrance to her cave saw Tarzan. Shrieking her council she leaped to her feet and gave immediate chase. Attracted by her, six of the others took up the pursuit and thundered along the trail. The path, pelting the way, raced swiftly ahead of the ape-man. But swift as he was he realized not outstanding the lithe muscles of Tarzan. The heavy, lumbering women behind them had no chance of overhauling the fleet male if they were to depend upon speed alone; but this they had no intention of doing.

Tees had their stone missiles with which almost from birth they had practiced so that their perfection was attained by each in casting them at moving targets. But it was growing dark, the trail twisted and turned, and the speed of the quarry made them choose marks at which to cast a missile rather than to slun rather than to kill, and they wanted Tarzan alive. But the ape-man realized the women were pursuing him with the intention of capture or kill; as a mate, he would have understood their fat ape to a ll them.

The missiles began to fly uncomfortably close to his head, however, as he made a desperate dash for the forest. As though he had vanished into thin air, the ape-man disappeared from the astonished view of his pursuers, for now leaved was so thick he was almost. While they looked for him in the grassed, Tarzan swung quickly through the lower foliage, keeping to view the Alalus by, as he sped the trail beneath him. He was the nine escaped, the women stopped and turned back toward their cave.

The path they did not must. For a few paces he would must the forest upon foot by his own fleet. He would reach a sturdy axe by a fan prop for one of the great apes. The chances were against him. If he was too young to be sent from the tribal, it was he that was he had ever been outside it and the jungle was a fearful thing to him. He heard the women leaving, and as the darkness chase in, he trembled. He wanted to attract the attention of the strange something who had freed him. But hence without were he could not call out

Nkundo, the Scandal, clinging tightly to the waist of little Libba, crouched in the caresses of as they lowed twenty paces away from where Tarzan had crouched for the most short-lived. He was trembling now as the thunderous notes of a lion reverberated through the midnight jungle. The witch doctor's daughter felt the trembling of the big man's body at her side and turned upon him with contempt. "You are not the Boar Devil," she exclaimed. "You are afraid! You are not even Tarzan, for my father has told me that Tarzan is afraid of nothing."

"Let me go!" she cried. "That I may climb a tree from a coward who stands behind a girl's dress, waiting for the lion to come and devour him. Let me go!" and she tried to wrench herself from his powerful grasp. "Stay quiet!" he whispered. "Do you want to attract the lions to us?" Stooping, he seized and lifted her until she could grasp the lower branches of the tree above them. Then, as she climbed to safety, the man who had so long successfully impersonated Tarzan, swung himself easily to her side.

For only a little longer, the two settled down to await dawn while I saw things. Now, the lion roared for a while and then was silent in the jungle shade. The girl by lack of sleep the two slipped to the ground with the [illegible] Libba at the base of the tree. It was [illegible] that the warriors of Libba might overtake them. For the man knew the [illegible] other, so he desired to put the greatest possible distance between himself and the black, crafty chief. He was completely out having not the remotest idea where he should search for a trail to the east.

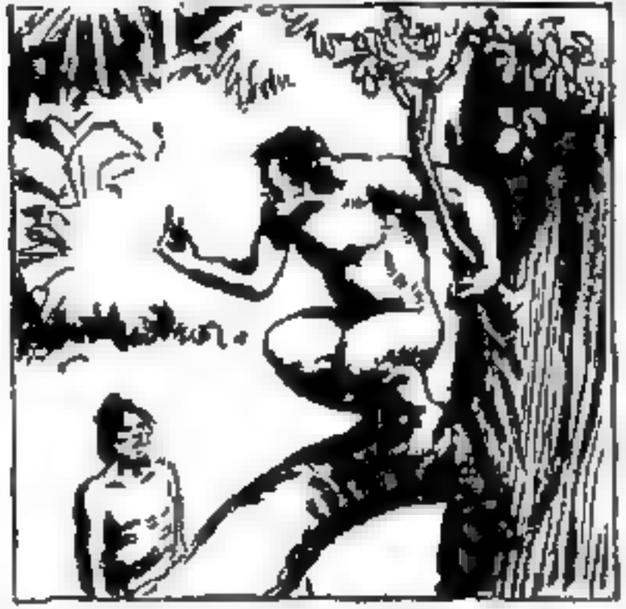
For, for the [illegible] all he care. He was [illegible] to escape recapture by Gobby, the cannibal chief. And so he elected to move northward, keeping always as far open for a well marked trail toward the east. Eventually, he hoped, he might encounter a village of friendly natives who would aid him upon his journey toward the African coast. So the two moved as rapidly as they could in a northerly direction. Their way led the Great Thorn Forest, along the eastern edge of which they travelled.

The sun beating down upon the lifeless corpse of The First Woman, after the escape of Tarzan from the gruesome shackles, found it deserted of life. Only the body of the Alulu youth lay where his brother, the previous night, had fallen. Now when The First Woman had stripped Tarzan's unconscious body of its riches, she left unscathed, or unmarked, the diamond-studded, golden locket, hanging by its golden chain about the woman's neck which bore his mother's, he always wore. This had been stolen from him as he lay in the corral, by the youth now sprawled lifeless.

A speck appeared in the sky. Larger it grew until it became a great bird gliding easily upon its tireless wings. Nearer and nearer it came, until it swung, a great black circle above the corral of The First Woman. Once again it circled, then dropped to earth within the enclosure. It was the vulture, soon followed by others of its kind. When they had left, untangled about the neck of one of the immense birds was a golden chain from which depended a diamond encrusted locket.

But longer the trouble that hung sacrilegious beneath him when he flew and impeded his progress when he walked upon the ground. But it was looped twice at his neck and he unable to dislodge it. So he winged away across the forest Tarzan, the bright gems glared up and scintillating in the sun. . . . Tarzan, after seeing the women that had chased him and the Alulu youth into the forest hollow, in the tree beneath which the son of The First Woman had come to a terrified death. He was there close above him when Numa charged.

Reaching out for the prize, the youth by the hair and dragged him to safety just as the lion's raising talons embraced this air beneath the feet of the Alulu boy. The lion looking day the gruesome crescent, dwell anxiously in the hunt of food, weapons and apparel. Naked and unarmed as he was, it seemed time were hard with him if he had been other than Tarzan of the Apes. For it was to be found, and Numa's eyes, but Tarzan crawled away. This he hunted heavily, and only the dead but for the things he could make out of the skin and sinews.



While Tarzan searched for game he searched also for proper wood to fashion into a spear, bow and arrows. These he easily found in this forest of familiar trees. But the day was almost gone before the man's wind, up which he had been hurrying, carried to his sensitive nostrils the scent spoor of antelope. Swinging into a tree, he motioned the African youth to follow him. But the boy was so awkward that Tarzan was finally forced to drag him to a place among the branches.

Here, by signs, Tarzan attempted to tell the boy that he wished him to remain where he was, watching the monkeys the ape-man collected for his weapons while Tarzan continued the hunt alone. He was not sure that the youth understood, but he did not follow when Tarzan swung off through the branches of the forest. The ape-man moved swiftly but almost silently. To approach sufficiently close to antelope to bring them down with even a spear or arrows requires cunning and woodcraft far beyond the limited range of civilized man's ability.

But Tarzan had to excel both racial rival and antelope in the keenness of his senses and the coordination of his mind and muscles if he were to capture their meat and fleet animals with no weapons whatever. As like a shadow he sped through the jungle, guided by his nostrils, the spoor scent in reason, telling him that not far ahead the antelopes were gathered in numbers. The mouth of the savage ape-man watered in anticipation of the feast to come. He went more warily now, until at last he came to the verge of an opening in which he saw a dozen antelopes grazing.

Squatting motionless upon a low hanging limb, the ape-man watched the herd, waiting for one to come close enough to the overhanging tree. To wait patiently, often for hours, for the quarry to approach, is a part of the game that hunters of the wild must play. A single ill-timed or thoughtless movement may send the wary prey scampering off, or a dry twig may betray the man-predator concealed in the branches. Tarzan revelled in strenuous hunting. And while he waited, there came to his nostrils faintly the scent of Numa, the lion. (Tarzan series)

Occasionally one of the antelopes looked up, though with no signs of the terror that would at once have followed had they known the lion was near. Why had not their sensitive nostrils caught the scent of their arch-enemy before it had reached the ape-man? It was certainly odd. Tarzan concluded that one of those freaks of the Mkurumbi Gap so often blew a motionless pocket of air directly in the path of the flow had momentarily surrounded the antelope, isolating them, as it were, from their immediate surroundings.

While he was thinking these things and wishing that Numa would go away, Tarzan was startled to hear a sudden crashing in the underbrush upon the opposite side of the clearing beyond the antelopes. The timid animals were instantly upon the alert and poised for flight. At the same time there broke into view a young lion which, sighting the antelope set up a terrific roar as it charged. Tarzan growled in rage and disgust almost! The blunder of a stupid young lion had ruined him of his meat, for the antelopes were now scattering.

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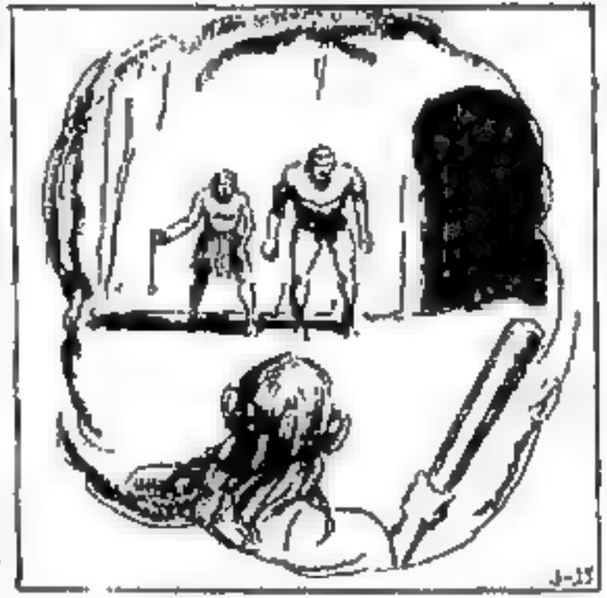
The lion, charging foolishly had lost his own meat and Tarzan's too! The unexpected leopard, a terrific buck, blind to all save the single thought of escape, was bolting straight for the tree in which the ape-man sat. As it came beneath him, a sleek brown body shot headforemost from the foliage. steel fingers gripped the throat of the buck, strong teeth fastened in its neck. The weight of the savage hunter carried the quarry to its knees. Before it could stumble up again, a quick wrench broke its neck.

Without a backward glance the ape-man threw the carcass to his shoulder and sprang for the nearest tree. Scarce had he drawn himself to safety before the great cat crashed among the spot where Tarzan had stood. Baffled, the beast raised rage-ridden as he returned to glare up at the ape-man perched above him. Tarzan grinned. "Son of Numa, the lion," he taunted, "go hungry and you learn to hunt." Cast up a broken branch a missile directly in Numa's face. Tarzan vanished among the trees, bearing his kill lightly across one broad shoulder.

With most enough now to last several days, Tarzan set about fashioning weapons and a bale cloth, using nothing but his crude stone knife and bits of sharp flints from the river bed. He knew he must have weapons that he and the Alali youth might better defend themselves against the powerful Alali females, the great carnivore, and whatever other enemies they would reveal to him in this strange sojourn. And as he worked, he watched the boy, wondering just how the wise creature would ever be of use to him in finding his way out of the encircling Great Thorn Forest.

The poor thing was timid; this Tarzan well knew from the actions and manner when they fled from the fierce women of its tribe and later by its terror when confronted by Numa, the lion. Its screechlessness made it useless as a companion in truth or it was almost without woodcraft, beyond a certain crude sort that was of no practical use to the ape-man. Its presence, therefore, would only prove an added burden to Tarzan, who began to believe he would have plenty of difficulty himself, before he could reach familiar country and the trail for home.



But I had placed itself at Tarzan's side during the threat upon the ape-man's life in the corral. Though at that time it could not have really aided him, yet the deed had won for the creature Tarzan's gratitude. Moreover, it was quite evident that the youth had attached itself to Tarzan and intended to remain with him. As Tarzan pondered the problem, he decided to make similar weapons for the Alali boy and see if it could be successfully taught to use them. He had seen that the crude weapons of the Alali people would be no match against anyone armed with even a good spear.

And as Tarzan worked and thought how best quickly to teach the boy to be of service to him in the hunt and fight, if necessary, the Alali suddenly ceased in trying to help Tarzan. He bent an ear close to the ground, then he lifted his head and looked at Tarzan, pointed at him, at his ear, and then at the ground. The ape-man understood that he was to listen as the other had and when he did so he distinctly heard approaching footsteps resounding upon a well worn trail.

Gathering up his belongings Tarzan carried them high among the trees to a safe cache with the series in of the baboons there. Then helped the youth into the tree beside him. Though sickly, the Alabu was already beginning more at ease among the trees and could help himself to a greater extent in climbing them. Yet in Tarzan's estimation, he was still practically helpless. The two had not sailed long before there came down the trail one of the terrible women of the amphitheater. Behind her, a score paces away lumbered another, and then a third.

It was not often that Alad-Ghee-Tangeh-Ghee, for theirs was a solitary existence. Occasionally, however, they would start out on their hunts together, especially when hunting some dangerous beast, or when, failing to secure sufficient meat from the forest during the mating season, the unlucky females would band together to make a raid upon the morals of some neighboring tribe. The three stealthily along the trail passed directly beneath the tree from which Tarzan and the Alabu now watched them.

Their dark eyes wandered from side to side and they sniffed the air as various portions of their large bodies rapidly as they sought to detect annoying insects. The two in the tree remained motionless while the three brute-women passed beneath. Presently when the women had disappeared and after an interval of listening Tarzan and the youth descended and resumed their interrupted work. Tarzan smiled to himself as he thought of these past few moments—Tarzan of the Apes, lord of the Jungle, hiding to escape three women!

Day and night passed. He knew very little about them or their ways, as yet. But what he did know, was enough to convince him that they were as formidable a foe as he had ever encountered. While he pondered wonderingly, Tarzan knew that he was no match against their great longbows and quarrels thrown at sight. The ape-people, the Alabu and his silent companion preferred the weapons that would more easily gain their end. The boy worked mechanically, following the instructions of his master until the time came when Tarzan and the Alabu could hunt together.

During these days of hunting a great change came over the Alalus youth quite suddenly. His habit had been to sneak through the forest fearfully about, afraid almost of his own shadow, so great was his dread of the ferocious females of his own kind. All this changed as if by magic. Slowly he was mastering the bow and spear. With deep interest and a sense of awe and respect, he had watched Tarzan bring down many animals, great and small, for food.

And now he had seen the ape-man stealth upon the lioness with a single thrust of his great spear which had caught the ape-man in a crouching leap for the safety of his beloved trees. And then his own day came. He and Tarzan were hunting when the former disturbed a small band of wild pigs. Tarzan down two with his arrows. The others scattered in all directions and one of them, a boar, sighting the Alalus, charged him. The youth was of a mind to flee, for even of inherited instincts prompted him to flight.

Always the male Alalus had been his enemy, and for this reason he had become very wild. No dangerous enemy could overtake them, and Alalus was could only be taken by craft. He could have secured the boar by flight and for an instant he was on the verge of flight. But a sudden thought checked him. Back flew his spear hand as the ape-man had taught him, and then forward with all the weight of his body behind the cast. The spear struck in front of the left shoulder, and Horta, the boar, dropped in his tracks.

A new expression came over the Alalus' face. He no longer was that hunted boy who skulk fearfully through the forest. Boldly now he walked over while fearless rules. For the first time a male Alalus had established himself as a force to be reckoned with. Quite naturally, superimposed by countless ages of contemporary treatment and abuse at the hands of the elder. Probably he never thought of it in this way at all. But Tarzan realized it and knew that the first Alalus who unlucky enough to come upon this youth was going to get the big surprise of her life.

With dog-like devotion the Alalus youth clung to Tarzan. The ape-man had mastered the simpler sign language of his protégés, giving them a means of communication sufficient for all their needs. And while these two roamed the strange land hemmed in by the Great Thorn Forest, and Tarzan sought for an avenue of escape, Mitanda and Tito Ubha, daughter of Kiamba, the witch doctor, wandered along the forest's outer edge as the Spaniard sought a westward trail, leading to the sea coast.

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The Alalus youth, gaining confidence as he became familiar with his new weapons, grew more independent. The result was that the Apemen and boy now often separated for the hunt. Upon one of these occasions Tarzan came upon a strange sight. Following the scent spoor of Dara, the deer, it was no longer crossed by that of one of the great female Alali. That probably meant that Kerchak would attempt to rule him of his prey. The savage instinct of the jungle-beast sprang up in the naked ape-man; and his growling up turned.

He was no longer the polished Lord Greystoke of London, but a primeval hunting-beast about to be robbed of its quarry. Taking to the trees, the ape-man moved rapidly in the direction of the Alalus women. Before he came in sight of her a new scent—a very puzzling one—fell upon his nostrils. It was the scent of man, yet so unfamiliar that Tarzan's attention was immediately aroused. It was very faint, too, and yet somehow he knew it was close. Then ahead of him, he heard voices—low, musical voices that came faintly to his ears.

There was something in the pitch and quality of these voices that suggested much excitement. Now Tarzan went more cautiously. Then the deer, all but forgotten. Soon he realized there were many voices and much confusion. Then he came upon a large plain stretching away to the distant hills. And in the foreground, not a hundred yards from him, he looked upon a sight that might well have caused him to doubt the testimony of his own eyes, a dress whose only familiar figure was a giant Alalus woman.

With profound amusement Tarzan of the Apes beheld the Alaka woman surrounded by a horde of diminutive men—tiny white warriors—mounted upon what appeared to be a form of the royal antelope of the West Coast. Armed with lances and swords, they repeatedly charged at the huge ape of the Alaka. She was backing away slowly toward the forest, kicking vigorously at her assailants and striking at them with her heavy bludgeon. It quickly became evident to Tarzan that they were attempting to lasso-string her and that had they been successful they might easily have slain her then.

Though there were fully a hundred of the tiny mounted men, their chances of victory appeared small. For with a sling a back of her mighty foot the woman *could* lay low a dozen or score of her assailants at a time. Already about half of the lances were out of the fight, their bodies and those of many of their mounts being scattered out onto the plain, marking the trail of the combat up to the time Tarzan had come upon the scene. The courage of the survivors, however, filled the ape-man with admiration.

He watched them hurl themselves upon almost certain death in the desperate efforts to bring down the female. Then he saw what must be the reason for the mad sacrifice of life. In her left hand the Alaka clutched one of the tiny warriors. It was to rescue him, evidently, that the others were struggling. Second only to his admiration of the warriors was Tarzan's amusement at their courageous and futile efforts. He had his friend the noble Antelope, the smallest known member of its family, to be the most timid of creatures; but not as these evidence of theirs.

Slightly larger, standing perhaps fifteen inches at the withers, they were in all other outward respects identical. Yet at the guidance of their riders they leaped fearlessly into close range of these gaudy-ran feet and the ape's stalking bludgeon. Perfectly poised were they too, in and out, they bounded, entirely avoiding the ground before they were out of Antelope's way again. Yet not a dozen feet they covered at a leap as that Tarzan not only wondered at their agility but at the almost marvelous riding of the warriors.

As Tarzan watched the tiny riders he marveled that the warriors could keep their seats upon the leaping, bounding, twisting, and turning mounts. It was a pretty sight and an inspiring one. However unreal it had all at first appeared to him, the ape-man was not long in realizing that he was looking upon a race of real pygmies. These then, were perhaps of that lost tribe of diminutive men reference to which is occasionally to be found in ancient manuscripts of travel, legend, and exploration.

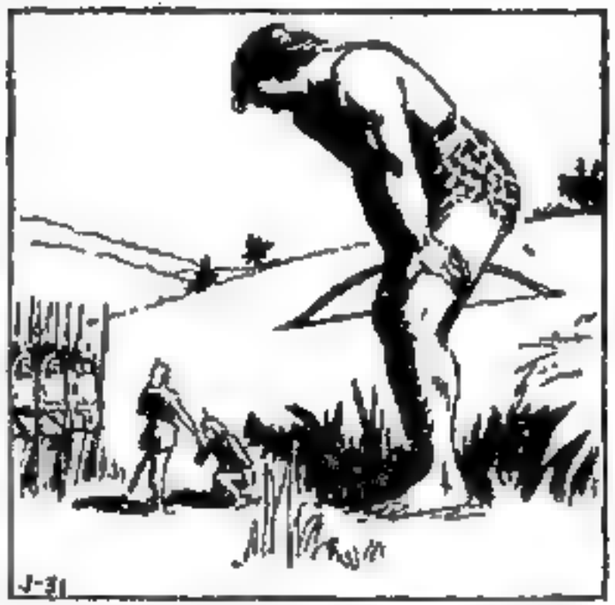
Soon he found his sympathies going out to the tiny warriors, and when it became evident that the Alalus woman was going to make good her escape into the forest with her captive, the ape-man decided to take a hand in the affair himself. As he stepped from the concealment of the forest the little warriors were the first to see him. They mistook him at first for another of their giant enemies. A great cry of disappointment rose from them as they fell back for the first time since Tarzan had been watching the unequal struggle.

Wishing to make his intentions clear before the little men set upon him, Tarzan moved quickly in the direction of the giant female. The instant she saw him, she made imperative signs for him to join her in dispatching the balance of the pygmies. She was accustomed to being feared and obeyed by her mankind which she had them in her power. Probably she wondered a little at the temerity of this he, for as a rule they all ran from her, but she needed him badly, and that was the main idea in her thoughts.

As Tarzan advanced he commanded her in the sign language he had learned from the boy of her tribe to release her captive and go away, molesting the little men no more. As she made an ugly face and raising her bludgeon, came forward to meet him. The ape-man fitted an arrow to his bow. "Go back!" he signed to her. "For I will, if I must, go back, and put down the little man." The Alalus woman paid no attention to this warning. She merely narrowed fiercely and increased her pace.

Tarzan raised his arrow to the level of his eye and drew it back. The pygmies, realizing that for the moment at least this strange giant was their ally, sat their mounts and awaited the outcome of the duel. The apeman hoped the Alulus she would obey his commands before he was compelled to take her life. But one look at her convinced him that she had no intention of ceasing her flight with the Ant-Men and had determined now to prevent him. On she came. Already she was too close to make further delay safe and the ape-man released his shaft.

Straight into her savage heart it drove. As she stumbled forward Tarzan leaped to meet her advance, the warrior from her group before she might fall upon the tiny body and crush it. As he did so, the other warriors, evidently mistaking his intentions, spurred forward with loud shouts and brandishing weapons; but before they reached him, he had set the precious man upon the ground and released him. Instantly the attitude of the charging pygmies changed again and from war cries their cries changed to cheers.

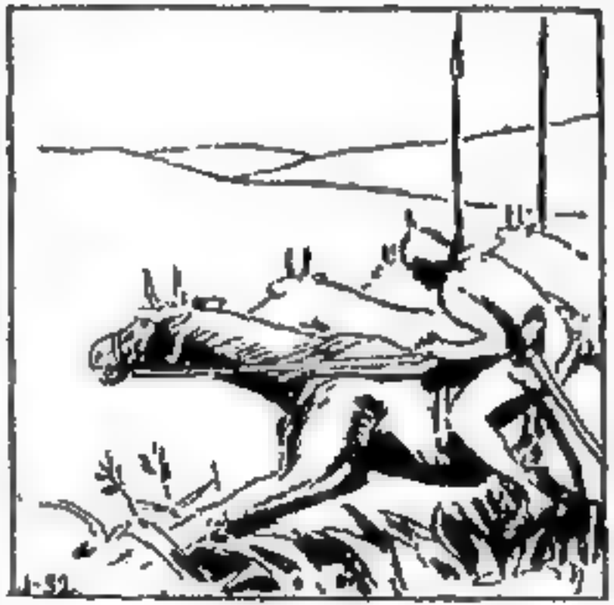


Riding forward they drew rein before the warrior Tarzan had rescued. Several of them leaped from their mounts and, kneeling, raised his hand to their lips. The apeman understood that he had rescued one who stood high among them, perhaps their chief. Now he wondered what would be their attitude toward him. With an expression of amused tolerance upon his features, he watched them as one might watch the interesting antics of a swarm of ants. As they congratulated their fellow upon his miraculous escape Tarzan had a chance to inspect them more closely.

The tallest of them stood about eighteen inches in height. They were tanned by exposure to a shade a trifle darker than his own, yet there was no doubt but that they were white men. Their features were regular and well proportioned. There were not aliens among them, of course, but the majority Tarzan saw before him were fine, handsome looking men. All were smooth faced and, there seemed to be no very old men among them. He whom the apeman had saved from the Alulus woman was apparently much younger than those who had dismounted to do him honors.

As Tarzan watched the Ant Men, their leader bade the others rise and then addressed them for a moment. Then he turned toward the ape-man and directed his remarks to him, none of which, of course, Tarzan could understand. By his manner, however, the ape-man guessed that the other was thanking him and possibly, too, asking his further intentions toward them. So, nothing, Tarzan endeavored to assure them that he desired their friendship. To emphasize his peaceful intentions he cast his weapons aside.

Then he took a step toward them, his arms thrown slightly outward, his open palms in their direction. The young man seemed to understand his friendly overtures, for he too advanced, offering his hand to Tarzan. The ape-man knew that the other meant that he should kiss it. This he did not do, preferring to assume a role of equality with the Ant-Men. Instead he knelled upon one knee to more easily reach the proffered hand of the young. Pressing the tiny fingers gently, Tarzan of the Apes bowed gravely.



The other seemed satisfied and returned the salute with equal dignity. Then he attempted to convey to the ape-man that he and his party were about to ride off across the plain, inviting him to accompany them. Rather curious to see more of these little people, Tarzan decided to accept the invitation. Before they set out however, the Ant Men directed to have the dead, gather up their wounded and dispatch any of the soldiers too severely injured to travel, then with military precision the party set off.

As the first body of troops pulloped away, ten warriors whose of form she left flank and, following one of their officers, returned to Tarzan. By signs the officer conveyed to Tarzan the intelligence that he was to follow this party which would guide him to their destination. Already the one body was far away across the plain, their little mounts clearing as many as five or six feet to a single bound. Even the swift ape-man could not have kept pace with them. Tarzan fell into a dog-trot such as he could keep up for hours as a thing without rest.

While Tarzan traveled along with the Ant Men his thoughts reverted to the Alaian youth who was hunting alone in the forest behind them. Not he soon got, the creature from a wild, realizing it was better equipped now to defend itself than any of its kind. When he made his visit to the pygmies' country Tarzan believed he could doubtless return and find the Alaian, if he so desired. So he jogged along while his guides, trotting, their graceful muzzle, kept just ahead of him.

The plain was more rolling than it appeared from the edge of the forest, with here and there a clump of trees. Grass was plentiful and there were occasional bands of the larger species of antelope grazing at intervals. At sight of the approaching riders and the compact, very giant figure of Tarzan they broke and ran. Once they passed a rhinoceros, the party making only a slight detour to avoid it. Later, the leader suddenly halted his detachment, giving a sharp order to his men that caused them to spread and surround a thicket.

Then the leader, raising his lance, advanced slowly again toward the clump of bushes. Tarzan halted too and watched the proceedings. The wind was blowing from him in the direction of the thicket so that he could not determine what manner of creature had attracted the officer's attention. Presently when the tiny warriors had encircled the thicket and those upon the other side had ridden into it, their spears couched ready, he heard an ugly snarl leaping from the center of the bushes. An instant later an African wild cat sprang into view.

It leaped directly at the officer waiting with ready spear to receive it. The weight and momentum of the beast all but unseated the rider. The point of whose spear had met the cat full in the chest. There were a few moments of struggle before the cat expired during which had the spear broken, the man would have been badly mauled, perhaps killed, for the cat was noticeably as formidable a beast as is a [illegible] the ordinary man. The animal had at expired four warriors leaped to ward and with their sharp lances entered the head and at it in an incredibly short time.

Already Tarzan liked these little Ant Men. Everything they did was accomplished with great efficiency. Never was there lost motion, not confusion. Never did one worker get in another's way. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed from the moment they had encountered the wild cat before the detachment was moving again. The head of the beast was now fastened to one warrior's saddle and its skin to that of another's. The officer who commanded this party was a young fellow and very courageous.

That he had outrun Tarzan well knew from the manner in which he had fared what must have been, to so diminutive a people, a most deadly and fierce pursuer. Indeed, the entire party's hopeless attack upon the Alalus woman had proved that they were all courageous, and the ape-man admired and respected courage. He still found it difficult at times to accept them as a reality, so accustomed is man to doubt the existence of any form of life with which he is not familiar. Now they had been traveling for about six hours across the plain.

By this time Tarzan was very hungry; then the wind, veering to another direction, brought to his nostrils the scent of Bara the deer. Stealing ahead, he made known to the tiny officer both facts and signed that they should wait for him until he procured some meat. To this the pygmy readily agreed. Unslinging his bow and arrows the ape-man moved noiselessly toward the spot where the deer were feeding. The detachment was not far behind him, though it stopped the moment the officer saw the game Tarzan was stalking, lest it be frightened away.

The pygmies knew nothing of bows and arrows and they watched with keen interest the ape-man's every move until he had brought down a buck. Then they rushed forward, surrounding Tarzan and his kill, talking with more excitement than he had seen them exhibit on any other occasion. Their interest centered upon the arrows that had so easily laid the deer low. For to them this deed was as large as the largest elephant would have been to Tarzan. Then they looked at Tarzan, smiled, and rubbed their palms together very rapidly with a circular motion; they were applauding.

After withdrawing his arrows from the slain buck and returning them to his quiver, Tarzan signed to the pygmy leader that he would borrow his sabre. For a moment the man hesitated and all his fellows watched him intently. Then he drew his sword and passed it half foremost to the ape-man. Tarzan cut off a hind quarter of the meat, about all what he wanted and left to devouring it himself. The little man viewed his act with surprise not unmixed with horror and when the ape-man offered them some of the flesh they refused it and drew away.

Tarzan guessed the Ant Men had a strong aversion to raw meat. Later he was to learn that their revulsion was due to the fact that in all their upper once the only carnivores they had encountered that devoured raw meat, devoured the pygmies as well. Therefore when they saw this mighty giant eating the flesh of his kill they naturally concluded that should he become sufficiently hungry he would not hesitate to eat them. Wrapping some of the meat of the antelope in its own skin Tarzan secured it to his back and the party resumed its journey.

After awhile Tarzan noticed that the warriors now seemed troubled. They conversed in low tones, casting many backward glances in his direction. They were not afraid for themselves, for these warriors scarcely knew the meaning of fear. What bothered them was the wisdom of leading among their own people such a huge devourer of raw flesh who at a single quick meal had eaten the equivalent of one of their own grown men. It was late afternoon when Tarzan saw in the far distance something resembling a group of dome-shaped hills.

As they approached these, the ape-man saw a body of mounted warriors galloping to meet them. From his greater height, he could see them long before his little companions could. Realizing this, Tarzan stopped and before the pygmy officer could guess his intentions, the ape-man had entwined both antelope and rider gently in his powerful hands and lifted them high above the ground. For an instant consternation held the remaining warriors. Swords flashed and a warning cry arose and even the plucky pygmy in Tarzan's grasp drew his own diminutive weapon.

Only after Tarzan's shafts had transfixed them all did the pygmies cease their agitated shouts and stop brandishing their weapons. An instant later the officer saw why the ape-man had raised him aloft. Then he called down to the others below him and Tarzan guessed from their voices and manner that the approaching riders were friends. So it proved to be a few minutes later. Soon the ape-man and his escort were surrounded by hundreds of the pygmies, all friendly, eager and curious.

Among them was the leader whom Tarzan had rescued from the Alalos women, and him he greeted with a hand shake. A consultation now took place between the two young commanders and several older warriors. The apeman was not long in sensing that the matter was serious and that it concerned him. What he did not know was that the discussion was based upon the report of his escorts' officer, who was stating that their mighty guest was no eater of meat and consequently dangerous.

But the young commander, who seemed to be in supreme authority, settled the question. He confided them that though the giant must have been very hungry to have devoured so much flesh, still he had traveled many hours with only a small number of their wives in within easy reach of him and did not offered to molest them. This seemed a conclusive argument of his good intentions and consequently the cavalcade set forth without further delay in the direction of the hillocks now in plain view a mile away. As they reached them Tarzan saw innumerable little men moving among the hillocks.

Coming nearer he saw these hillocks were symmetrical mounds of small stone built by the pygmies themselves. Hordes of little men were workers. In one place there was a long line of men carrying stones, emerging from a hole in the ground and moving toward a mound in course of construction. In another, other men moved empty handed in an opposite direction, disappearing into another hole. At frequent intervals were armed guards. It all suggested to the mind of the apeman a mighty colony of ants laboring busily about their hills.

Ska, the vulture, winged his way leisurely in great circles far above the right bank of the Ugogo. Tarzan's diamond-studded, golden locket, still hung from its neck, sparkling in the sunlight. It had ceased to annoy Ska while on the wing. Only when he alighted and walked upon the ground did it become an incumbrance. Then he stepped upon it and tripped, but long since had he ceased to fight it, accepting it as an inescapable evil. Beneath him he presently descried the still form of Gorga, the buffalo.

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The great bird dropped to a nearby tree, and then flapped down to the fallen beast. Miles away a giant white man crouched in the chiefs dense concealment with a little black girl. One hand was across her mouth, the other held a knife at her breast. The man's eyes strained through the underbrush toward a game trail along which two stout warriors were advancing. Help was close at hand for the daughter of the witch doctor, for the hunters were from the village of Gomo, chief of the cannibals.

But Uhha dared not call aloud, and finally their voices lost in the distance, the Spaniard arose and dragged her back upon the trail, where they took up what seemed to Uhha endless and tedious wanderings through the jungle . . . And in the village of the Ant Men, Tarzan, finding a warm welcome, decided to remain for a while that he might study them and their customs. It was his habit when thrown among strange people to set to work to learn their language.

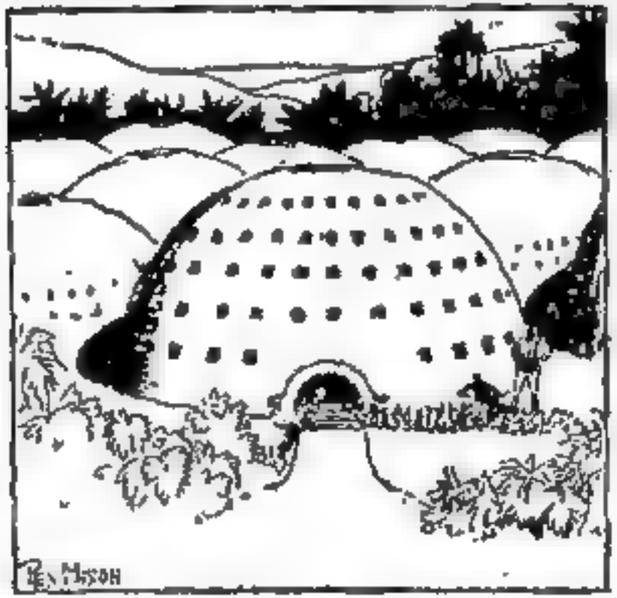
Having mastered several languages and numerous dialects, he soon found it possible to understand his hosts and to make himself understood by them. They had thought him dumb, like the Alali creatures, and so were delighted when it became apparent that he could utter vocal sounds identical to theirs. They gave him several instructors, and their kinsmen seldom that all his people with whom the giant stranger came in contact should aid him in every way.

The Ant Men were little people, but they had big names. Their king was called Adenophoraks. He was particularly well minded toward the ape-man because of the fact that it had been the king's son Kimmedjorenzal, whom Tarzan had rescued from the clutches of the huge Arsiya a year. Everything was done to make the ape-man's stay with them a pleasant one. A hundred slaves brought his food to him where he had taken up his abode beneath a huge tree growing in lonely majesty just outside the city.

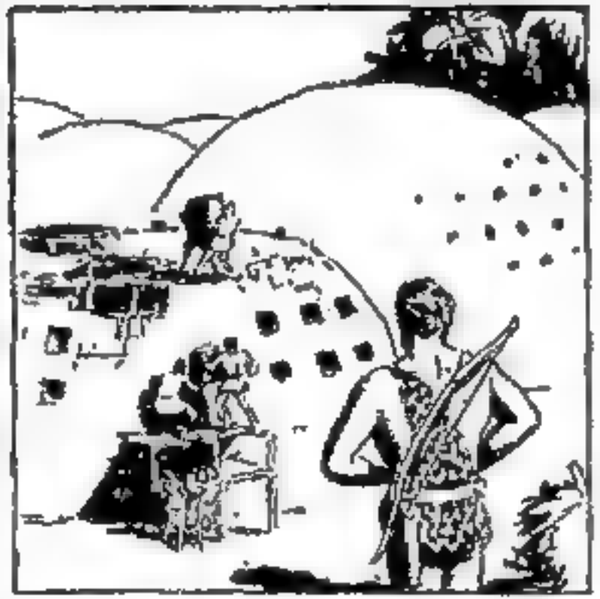
When he walked among the group of dwellers a troop of cavalry go on ahead to clear a path for him, lest he trod upon some of the people. But Tarzan was always careful of his steps, so that no harm ever befell one of them because of him. As he mastered the long ago he learned many things concerning these remarkable people. Every day, Prince Kimmedjorenzal took pains to assist in the instruction of his national guest, and it was from him that the ape-man learned most.

As Tarzan strolled about the city his eyes were never idle. Especially interesting to him was the method used in building the great houses. These towered high above even the great Tarzan. Each stone, weighing some fifty pounds, was carried a step by a step by a crew from the shoulders of two slaves. But thousands of slaves made the work progress rapidly. Cement at the base, the stone houses were well built and fell in diameter and had four entrances, one at each point of the compass.

The many corridors were generally some three feet wide, which was twice feet by an Antman's standard. In the exact center of the building, a circular opening was left. This measured ten feet across from ground floor to roof. Cauldrons filled with crude asphaltum were brought by hundreds. This liquid was used in place of mortar and plaster, sealing together the walls and wooden ceiling beams of the many floors in the miniature skyscraper.



The palace of the king of the Ant Men was a regular anthill of humanity, capable of housing eighty thousand people. The city consisted of ten similar dome-houses slightly smaller than that of King Adendrohakkii. Five hundred thousand people lived in these, two-thirds of whom were slaves, artisans, and body servants of the ruling class. Another half million slaves, the unskilled laborers of the city, dwelt in the underground chambers of the quarries.

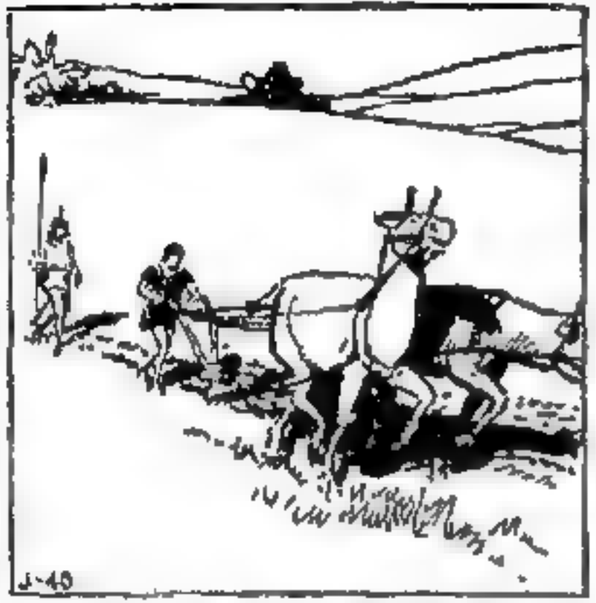


The dome-houses were well ventilated through their large central air shaft and numerous windows. The interior of a dome, with its gloomy chambers where no light could penetrate, was constantly illuminated by immense, slow burning, smokeless candles. Tarzan, knowing his sire would present his ever increasing son at these domes, watched the building as it progressed, realizing it was the only way in which he might ever hope to see the interior of these remarkable human hives.

The Ant Men's slaves, Tarzan discovered, were mostly prisoners of war or their descendants. On the whole they were treated with kindness and not overworked. And once a former king had chosen his beautiful mate out of the numbers of slave maidens. The ape-man was told by Prince Kamodoforessat that the Ant Men were preparing to make war upon their ancient enemy, Veltorismakat, whose king had a daughter reputed to be the most beautiful creature in the world.

"And your wife?" asked Tarzan. "You took her in a battle with some other city?" "I have no wife," replied the prince. "That is one of the reasons we are about to make war upon Veltorismakat. For the Princess, who is called Janzara, should be a fit mate for the son of Adendrohakkii. "But what about love—suppose you should not care for one another?" asked Tarzan. The prince shrugged his shoulders. "If she bears me a son who will some day be king," he replied, "that is all that can be asked."

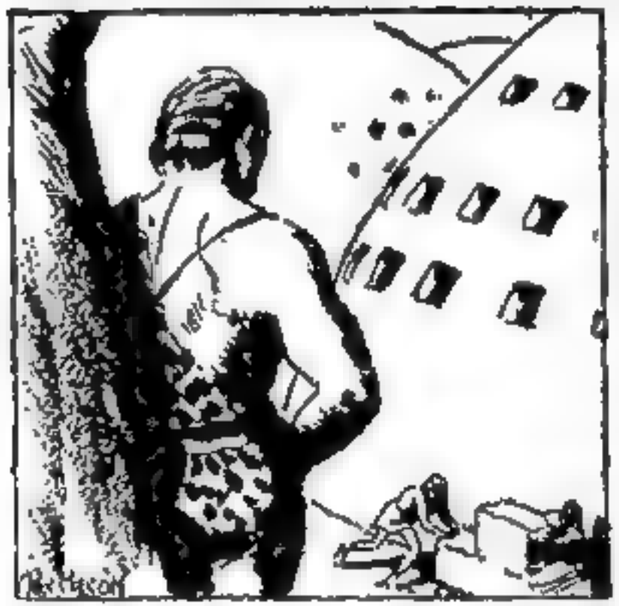
While the preparations of the Ant Men for their expedition against Veltorismakus were being carried out, Tarzan was left much to his own devices. The activities of these diminutive people were a never-ending source of interest to him. He watched the endless lines of slaves struggling with their heavy burdens toward the new dome that was rising with almost miraculous speed. Or he strolled to the farm lands just beyond the city where other slaves tilled the rich soil.



They scratched the fields with tiny plows drawn by teams of diminutive antelope that were their only beasts of burden. Always were the slaves accompanied by armed warriors lest they should attempt escape or revolution, as well as for protection against beasts and human enemies, for the slaves, not being permitted to carry arms, could not protect themselves. Slaves were easily recognized by the vivid green sunis, reaching almost to the knees, which was the usual garment of their caste.

Upon front and back of each tunic was an emblem in black, denoting both the city of the slave's birth and his present owner. Slaves employed upon public works all belonged to King Adenabakhis. The color of the tunics proclaimed each slave's occupation and station. Moving about the city on various duties were thousands of white-tunicked slaves with red emblems. It was a colorful, if complicated system. Very soon Tarzan became familiar with this distinguishing method.

Each slave belonged body and soul to its master who was compelled to feed and clothe these dependents. As an interested spectator of the farming daily activities of the Ant Men, Tarzan whiled the lazy days away. To his repeated queries as to the possibility of a way out of this bizarre, thorn-infested world, his hosts told him it was easy to circumvent the forest of thorn trees. "But" they added, "what is the use? The forest continues indefinitely to the uttermost extremities of water."



To creatures of the Ape Man's size, the dense forest of shrubs surrounding their country was far from impenetrable. But believing it stretched endlessly away, they rarely entered it. To Tarzan, however, this thorny barrier presented a difficult problem. Still, he never ceased to plan on a means of escape. Yet he was in no great hurry to attempt it, since he found the tiny Mangani interesting. Besides, it suited his present mood to lie low *case in their city of Trohanadalmakos.*

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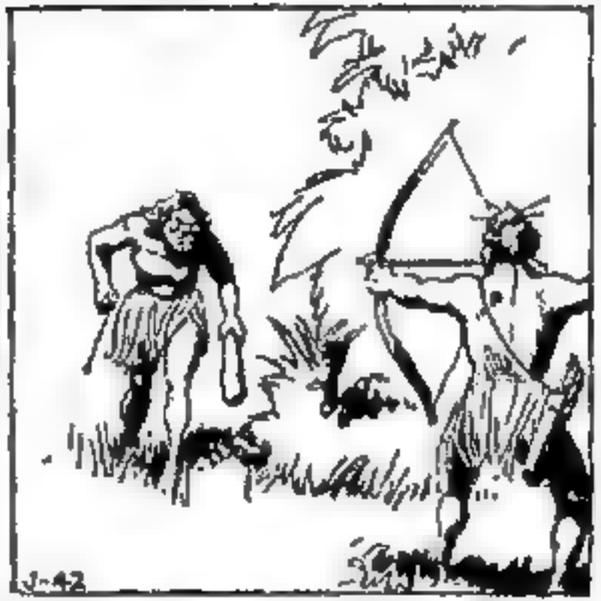
The *Alalus* youth, son of The First Woman, ranged the forest in search of the ape-man, the only creature that ever had stirred within his savage, primitive breast any emotion even slightly akin to affection. But he did not find Tarzan. Instead he fell in with two older males of his own species. Then the three hunted together as was the custom of these inoffensive creatures. His new acquaintances showed little interest in the weapons Tarzan had taught him to make and use.

The two older Alali fed upon fruits, nuts, and tubers. Not so the son of The First Woman. He brought in much small game and sometimes an antelope, for daily he was becoming more skilful with the bow and spear. Often he left what he could not eat for his two fellows. Thus they became permanently attached to him, or at least until some woman of their species should appear. Then their peaceful existence would be shattered as the powerful she would drag one of them away to her cave.

In their slow, stupid minds these two wondered a little at their companion. He held his head higher. His gaze was less apologetic, and he strode with a firmer step and less caution. But perhaps they also smiled inwardly as they thought of that certain moment when one of their brutish sires would come upon him, fell him with her bludgeon and drag him off by his hair to her cave. And then one day they met a huge, hairy Alalus woman, suddenly, in an open part of the forest.

Upon seeing the huge she, the two older male Alali turned in flight. When they reached the safety of close-growing timber, they paused and looked back. They saw with consternation, that their fellow had not fled but was facing the she deliberately, replenishing her to go or be killed. Each stood in! Never had they known one of their males to defy their all powerful females. They knew she would take his one creature, that one unlucky male.



The woman, unaccustomed to having her rights challenged by mere man, was filled with surprise and righteous anger. Her surprise brought her to a sudden halt twenty paces from the man, and her anger caused her to reach for one of the arrow missiles hanging at her girdle. That was her undoing. Even as her fingers unloosed the feathered messenger of death from the leather thong of her girdle, the son of the First Woman drew an arrow to his cheek and released it.

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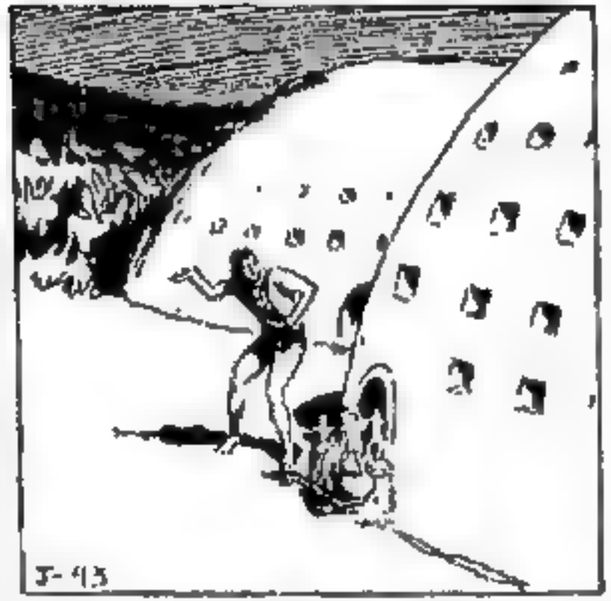
His two companions, watching from the safety of the woods, saw the woman clutch frantically at a feathered shaft sticking into her and then sprawl to earth where she lay kicking. Then she lay quiet, and the two Alali came from their hiding place. Running to the son of the First Woman, they watched him wrench the arrow from her breast. Startled with surprise, they looked at the dead she was expressions of disbelief, and then at their victorious companion with awe and reverence.

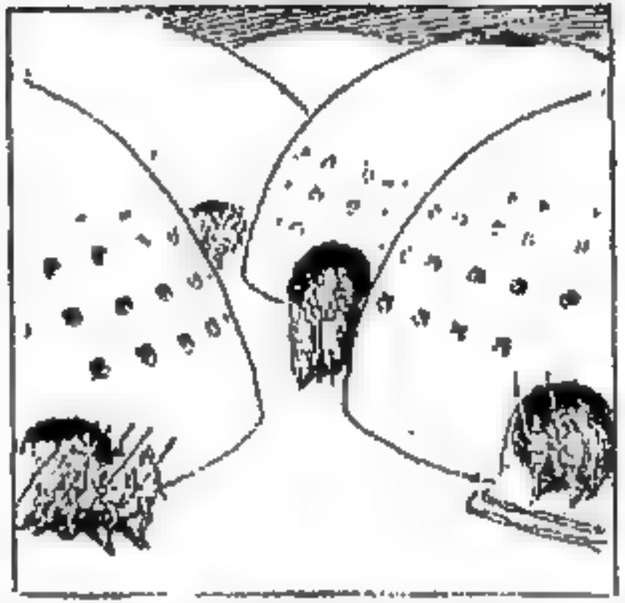
The son of the First Woman stuck out his chest and strutted proudly before his admiring audience. Truly it was a momentous occurrence in the history of the Alali, though these three scarcely it as little as did the hundreds of giant Ala as she going to their cave that night in fearful ignorance of the blow that had been struck at their supremacy. And just as suddenly was the even tenor of Tarzan's existence being changed in the city of the Ant Men.

In Trokandolmakus, city of the Ant Men, the ape-man lay asleep upon a bed of grasses beneath a great tree growing just outside the city. His cur slept on the ground. Tarzan was suddenly awakened by a strange reverberation. It seemed to come faintly from the bowels of the earth. Dim and distant it was, but to Tarzan's keen ears it was an interruption of the ordinary sounds of night and so of sufficient import to force itself upon his consciousness.

Awakened, he knew now that it was on the earth's surface, probably at no great distance and coming closer rapidly. Then a great hand descend upon him and he sprang to his feet. The drum of King Adonchabka's lay a hundred yards away and toward this he hurried. Just before the south entrance he was challenged by a tiny sentinel. "Take word to your king," the ape-man directed him, "that Tarzan hears many drums approaching toward the city and in less than a minute each carries a hostile warrior upon his back."



An officer and several warriors were appointed. At sight of Tarzan they halted. "What is wrong?" demanded the officer. "The king's Guest says that he hears many drums approaching!" replied the sentinel. Tarzan indicated the direction from which the sounds came. "The Veltrian cavalry!" exclaimed the officer. Quickly he gave orders to warn the king's drums and sounded the tocsin himself. Then he wheeled his diadet mount and disappeared through the palace entrance while the others sped away to arouse the city.



Mounted men and foot soldiers assembled without confusion. Everything moved with military precision, each by each unit having been thoroughly drilled in accordance with a plan of defense. The main body of cavalry moved toward the west while the remaining foot troops, a large reserve force remained in the city. With these the Ant Men's [illegible] hoped that he might be centrally located for the purpose of directing the defense of the city to better advantage.

Komodiormal, prince of the Ape Men, had gone two miles outside the city to take command of the cavalry that was to make the first determined stand against the oncoming foe. In the increasing light of early morning Tarzan watched the methodical preparations for defense with growing admiration for the tiny Minoan. Now the pounding of the hoofs of the advancing Veloriamakurian horde had ceased. Evidently their scouts had discovered that the intended surprise had failed.

The ape-man looked out across the western plain. He could see the center troops standing at ease, awaiting the enemy. Beyond them, half mile away, he saw the main body of cavalry because there were as many of them. He watched a scene such as no other man of his race had witnessed. During the lull that followed the departure of the last troops from the city, Tarzan approached King Adondrobahhis where he sat astride his diadel surrounded by a number of high officials.

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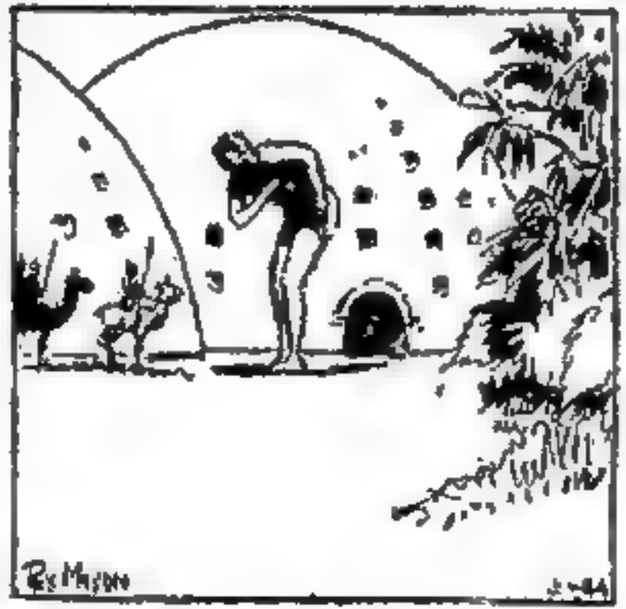
The king was resplendent in a leather jerkin, a garment upon which small overlapping discs of gold were sewn. His weapons were of beautiful design and heavily inlaid with gold as was a close fitting casque upon his head. As Tarzan stopped before him the tiny king greeted the ape-man pleasantly, thanking him for the timely warning Tarzan had given of the enemy's coming. "How can I repay you?" he asked. "Give me permission to join your men's forces," answered Tarzan.



At this request the King smiled graciously, saying: "Go where you will, Tarzan. That you choose to go where there will be fierce fighting, surprises me not." It was the first time that any Minoan had addressed the ape-man by name. Among them a man's name is considered a sacred possession to be used only by his closest friends. Tarzan knew he had been thus highly honored by the tiny king. Bowing low to acknowledge the royal compliment, Tarzan withdrew from the kingly presence and started toward the battle front.

On his way to join the Ant Men at the battlefront outside their city, Tarzan tore a leafy branch from a tree. It occurred to him that such a weapon might be useful against Sinqualans and he knew not what the day might hold. Ahead of him he could still see no sign of battle nor as far as his eyes could discover, was there any indication of the enemy. Prince Komodoflorensal greeted him warmly and looked a little puzzled at the leafy branch that the ape-man carried across one shoulder.

"What news?" asked Tarzan. "I have just sent a messenger to the king," replied the Prince, "reporting that our scouts have come in touch with those of the enemy. One warrior managed to penetrate to the summit of the hill of Gartolas where he saw the entire main body of the enemy forming for attack. He reports thirty thousand of them." Scarcely had Komodoflorensal ceased speaking when a wave of sound came roling toward them from the west. "They are coming!" announced the tiny

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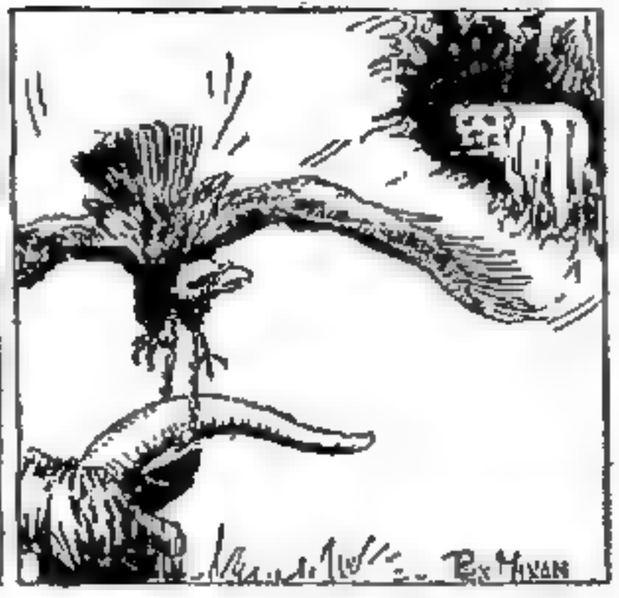
Ska, the vulture, perched upon the horn of Gobru, the dead buffalo, became suddenly aware of a movement in a nearby thicket. Sabor, the lioness, emerged from the foliage and walked slowly toward him. Ska was not terrified. He crouched to spring upward, extend his great wings to aid him in taking off. But Ska never rose. As he tried to do so, something pulled suddenly upon his neck and held him down. Scrambling to his feet, violently this time, he strove to fly away.



The hateful thing that had been dangling about his neck for so long was holding him to earth. The swinging loop of Tarzan's golden chain had caught about the buffalo's horn. Ska was trapped. He struggled, beating his wings. Sabor stopped to regard his wild antics. After a moment's watching she slunk back into the underbrush, turning once to see if Ska was pursuing. But Ska was doomed. Never more would he pursue anything!

Presently Tarzan from his greater height as he looked across the rolling country saw the advance of the Veltorismakrakans. He watched their various movements for a few moments and reported them to the Ant Man's prince. "They are coming in long lines across a wide front," he called down. "Your first line will be overwhelmed." At this news, Komodoforamal gave a sharp command. A thousand mounted men leaped forward, urging their diadels into bounding leaps that cleared six or seven feet at a jump.

Another thousand moved quickly toward the right and another toward the left. Tarzan kept reporting the conflict as it flashed and surged in the distance. The prince explained the Ant Man's concentrated method of warfare and added: It is time you returned to the rear. Soon you will be surrounded by the enemy if you remain here. There will be plenty of hand to hand fighting if they still intend to enter our city. You must get back to the city if already it is not late."

"I think I shall remain here," replied the ape-man. "But they will take you prisoner, or kill you!" warned Komodoforamal. Tarzan of the Apes smiled at the very idea of these diminutive men capturing him. "I do not fear them." "That is because you do not know them," replied the prince. "Your great size makes you overconfident. Remember, you are only four times the size of one Minunian. There may be thirty thousand seeking to overthrow you." "I will risk it," answered the ape-man.

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The Veltorismakrakans were driving rapidly forward. The prince could give no more time to a futile attempt to persuade Tarzan to retreat. While he admired the strange giant's courage, he inwardly deplored his ignorance. He had grown fond of their strange guest and would have saved him. But now he must turn to the command of his troops since the enemy was almost upon them. As he galloped away, Tarzan, left alone, watched the coming of the little enemy men on their agile, wiry mounts.

Line after line of the tiny enemy warriors poured across the rolling country toward Tarzan of the Apes. It reminded him of the incessant rollers of the ocean's surf, each drop of which was harmless but, in their countless numbers, combined into a relentless and terrifying force of destruction. The ape-man glanced at his leafy bough and smiled a little ruefully. But now his whole attention was alerted by the fighting in the first few lines of the advancing horde.

Racing neck and neck with the Veltorismakaian warriors were the Ant Men of the king's outpost and the thousands who had reinforced them. Each had selected an enemy rider whom he sought to strike from his saddle. The riding of the Mezulans was superb, their apparently effortless control of their swift steeds bordered upon the miraculous. Now a warrior would clear an adversary, and as he rose above him cut down viciously with his rapier at the foeman's head.

Man after man was struck from his saddle while the riderless steeds leaped forward with the vanguard. There was scarce time for Tarzan to catch more than a fleeting impression of this swift moving spectacle before the great horde swarmed down upon him. With his bough the ape-man had thought to sweep the little men from his path. But friend and foe were now so intermingled that he dared not attempt it for fear of uprooting and injuring one of the warriors of his hosts.

He raised the bough above his head and waited until the first lines should have passed him and then, with only the Ant Men's enemies about him, Tarzan thought to brush them aside and break the center of their charge. He saw the surprised expressions upon the faces of the men of Veltorismakaia as they passed near him—surprise, but no fear—and he heard their shouts as one more fortunate than his fellows was able to rein closer to the ape-man and cut viciously at his legs as the rider sped past.

By now it had become only a matter of self-preservation with Tarzan as he attempted to fend off with his bough the countless attacks upon his life. This was easy as the first young lions moved past in force single. But presently the wild beasts of the Veltelinmbulu, rabidly, rose upon him. There was no veering aside to shield him. Its unbroken ranks they moved down upon the sea-man. He threw his useless bough before him to impede their progress and grappled them with his fingers.

Tarzan tore riders from their mounts and hurled them back upon their comrades or felons, but still they came. They [illegible] their daggers were every [illegible] the rider [illegible] a [illegible] for Tarzan, struck him [illegible] in the pit of the stomach, half winding him and [illegible] back a step. And [illegible] the needle-like points of their spears pierced his brown hide only from hips to feet he was red with his own blood, and always there were more thousands bearing down upon him.

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He overpowered, useless against them, he made no attempt to use. He [illegible] realized that in these battle people, scarce [illegible] his slay, he, Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle had met his Waterloo. He realized that he was entirely surrounded by the Veltelinmbulu. The warriors of Tchamalalaka, having rejoined the wandering enemy, were racing onward with them toward the seven thousand infantry who were to join in that terrible charge.

He wished that he might have witnessed this phase of the battle but he had fighting enough and to spare. Again he was struck in the stomach by a charging rider and again the blow staggered him. But he he could recover himself another was hit in the same place and this time he went down, for only he was covered, but by warriors and chiefs crowding over him like ants, in countless numbers. He tried to rise and that was the last he remembered before he sank into [illegible] oblivion.

Ubha lay huddled upon a little pile of grasses in a rude thorn shelter in the open jungle. It was night, but she was not asleep. She watched a giant white man who squatted near a tiny fire. Only hate smoldered in her eyes as she regarded him. No longer did Ubha think of Mirenda as The River Devil. This man's fear of the jungle beasts all about had at first puzzled her. Then convinced the girl that her companion was an impostor. The River Devil, she knew, fear nothing.

Ubha was even coming to doubt that the fellow was Tarzan, of whom she had heard such fabulous stories that she had come to look upon the ape-man as almost a demi-god. Her people had no gods, only devils. Mirenda was strong and brave. She knew he could and would have her if she resented him. If she could only escape from the clinchers! Many times had she attempted it, but a wave she feared because of the terrible fear she had of being alone in the jungle.

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Recently, Ubha had come to realize that at the first hint of danger this white man would bolt for the nearest tree. Just before she left him, she decided in her savage little brain to revenge herself for the way he had tricked her into aiding him to escape from the cannibal's village. Now as her glittering eyes watched the Swahili, she thought she saw a means to her revenge. The firelight showed her Mirenda gloating over the contents of a small leather bag.

He had partially emptied its contents into the palm of one hand. Ubha knew how highly he prized these sparkling stones though she did not know them for diamonds. Many times had he told her that he would sooner die than part with them. At last, he replaced them in the bag and fastened it securely inside his loin cloth. Then he crawled inside the shelter, dragged a pile of thorns into the entrance to close it against the inroads of prowling beasts, and lay down upon the grass.

Outside the shelter of the Spearlord and the cannibal's daughter, the camp fire lighted the jungle grasses about it, casting fantastic shadows that leaped and danced. Now something moved stealthily among the lush vegetation a few yards from the tiny camp. The taller grasses parted, and a lion's head appeared. Its yellow-green eyes gazed steadily at the fire. From beyond came the odor of man, and Numa was hungry. Often had he eaten man and found him good.

But Numa did not like the looks of things here. So he turned and disappeared from whence he had come. Numa was not afraid of the fire. It was the dancing gesticulating shadows that caused his apprehension. Uhha, being wakeful inside the crude shelter, felt no fear of the dancing shadows and she had not seen the lion. She lay very still now, listening. The fire had burned to embers when she made her plan and waited to put it into action.

When the Spearlord's breathing indicated he was fast asleep, Uhha cautiously brought forth a short, stout cudgel. Slowly she raised her weapon and brought it down heavily, once, upon Mirando's skull. She hoped she had not killed him for her revenge would come only when he regained his senses and found she had taken the bag of diamonds. Hastily she took the knife that swung at his hip.

Cutting the strings that held the Lutonian bag, she slipped out into the jungle night. During all her forced wanderings with the Spearlord, Uhha had not given him her sense of direction pointing toward home. Now free, she started resolutely southward toward the village of Obelo, the cannibal. An elephant trail formed a jungle highway along which she moved in a swinging walk, her way lighted by a full moon's rays.

Ubha knew she must risk the jungle night and the prowling beasts of prey to put as much distance as possible between herself and the white man before he recovered and started to pursue her. A hundred yards ahead of her, lurking in the thicket, Numa the lion, sniffed and listened with ears upprichted. No straight's dancing shadows here to frighten the beast's tight strung nerves, only the scent of a young she-thing most tender of its kind.

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As the girl came rapidly along the trail Numa licked his slavering jaws and waited. Now she was abreast of the lion, but the king of beasts did not spring. When he stalks Horta, the boar, or Dara, the deer, there is a note of these strange terrors that the scent and sight of the something awaken in a lion's breast, and make him pause in hesitation at the crucial moment. And so Ubha passed, ignorant of the fact that a great lion, hunting not hungry, stood within two yards of her.

When she had passed, Numa slunk into the trail behind her. There he followed until the rotten of his indecision should be disposed. So they went through the jungle night, the great lion creeping on steadily, noiseless pads and just ahead of him the little black girl, unconscious of the jaws death stealthy behind her. . . Many miles away this same girl, upon the dark, earthen floor of a large chamber, lay sprawled the motionless form of Tarzan of the Apes.

When the ape-man at last opened his eyes, he was absolutely bewildered. First do attempt his assertion were too immense castles, three feet thick and some five feet tall. Each block was fully as thick as a man's waist, yet they were off the ground, nor was the ceiling directly above them smoke blackened. Then, as Tarzan collected his senses, he saw that there were other people beside himself in the chamber.

Bewildered, Tarzan knit his brows and looked long and steadily about him at the people in this strange enclosure. There were about one hundred of them, garbed and armed like the little men of Trohandalmakus and Veltorismaus. But what he could not understand was that they were all men of about his own height! Who were they? Where was he? As consciousness spread slowly throughout his body he realized that he was in pain and that his arms felt heavy and numb.

He tried vainly to move them—they were securely bound. At last after much effort, for he found he was very weak, Tarzan raised himself to a sitting position and looked about him. The room was filled with warriors who looked exactly like the little Veltorismausians. Yet, strangely enough, they were as large as normal men and the room itself was immense. Some of the men were seated upon benches; others lay stretched upon the hard earth.

Then it was that Tarzan saw that nearly all within the chamber were wounded. A few men seemed to be working over them. Some were garbed in white tunics, like the high caste slaves of Trohandalmakus. Besides the wounded and the slaves there were six armed warriors who were unhurt. One of them was the first to espy Tarzan after he had raised himself to a sitting position. "He!" shouted he. "The giant has come into sense," and crossing the room he approached the apeman.

Standing before him, his feet wide spread, the fellow eyed Tarzan with a broad grin upon his face. "You great hulk swallow you little," he taunted, "and now we are as large as you. We, too, are giants, eh?" and he turned to his fellows who joined him in peals of laughter. Seeing he was a prisoner, unprovoked by epithets, the apeman fell back upon that lifelong characteristic of the wild beast—silent silence. He made no reply, but sat there regarding them with a savage, fierce gaze.

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When Tarzan refused to speak, one warrior said to the others: "He is dumb, like the great beast-woman of the caves." "Perhaps he is one of them—maybe a Zertalacolot male," suggested another. "But their men are all cowards," urged the first speaker, "and this one fought like a warrior born." Said another: "You should have seen how he threw shields and warriors as one might pick up the pebbles and hurl them afar. He would not give a step nor run, and always he smiled."

"He does not look like the men of the Zertalacolots," said him if he is. "When the question was put to Tarzan, the ape-man only continued to stare at them. "He does not understand me," said the first speaker, "but I do not think he is one of them." He approached and examined Tarzan's wounds. "These will soon be healed," he announced; "in about seven days he will be fit for the queen." Then they sprinkled a brown powder upon his wounds and brought him food, water, and the milk of antelopes.

When they found that his arms were swelling badly they brought an iron shaft, fastened one end about his waist with a clumsy padlock, and bound him to a ring in the wall. Only then did they cut the bonds from his wrists. Believing he could not understand their language, they spoke freely before him. As their tongue was almost identical with that used by the other Ape Men, Tarzan understood everything they said. He learned much from them.

The Veltorkmakuriana had lost many in killed and prisoners. In return they had not killed nearly so many of their foes. Also they had taken comparatively few prisoners. Tarzan gathered, however, that their king, Sikomechago, was much elated because of the capture of a certain enemy warrior, considering this worth the entire cost of the brief war. But how they had changed themselves into men of his own stature Tarzan could not discover.

The climax to Tarzan's amazing experiences came a few days after he found himself in chains. Passing down a corridor upon which his prison chamber faced, he saw a file of Veltorian amazonian warriors. They were as large as himself and each was mounted upon a huge antelope. In contour and markings the animals were obviously the Royal Antelope, which is the smallest known. The apeman ran his brown fingers through his hair and gave up attempting to solve the enigma.

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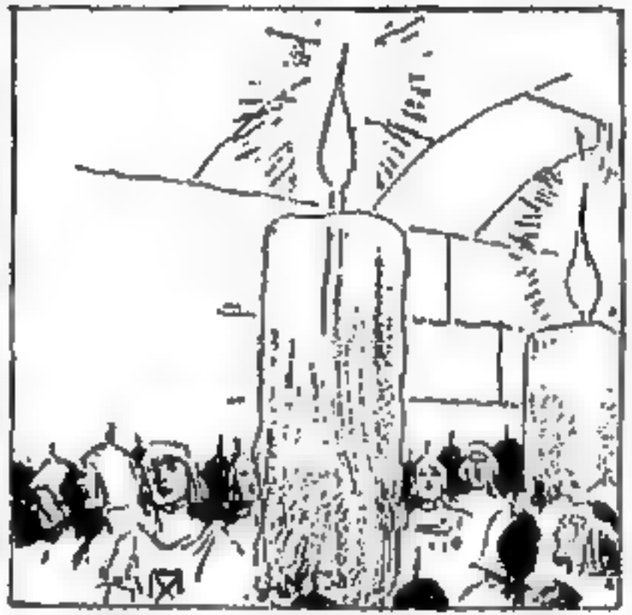
His wounds healed quickly, as did those of the warriors confined with him. On the seventh day six armed Veltorian women came for him. His chain was removed, and he was ordered to follow them. His captors had ceased to talk to him, letting him ignorant of their language. From their conversations among themselves, however, the apeman discovered that he was being taken before their king, Ekwanelhaga, who had expressed a desire to see this remarkable captive when he had recovered from his wounds.



The long corridor through which they were proceeding was partially lighted by the same amazing as phelem candles that previously had aroused Tarzan's curiosity. Slaves and warriors passed in two continuous and opposing lines through this corridor and every one that crossed it. These were high caste slaves in white robes, green-plumed elves of the second generation, warriors of every rank and positions all mingled with the jewelled studded harness of the rich.

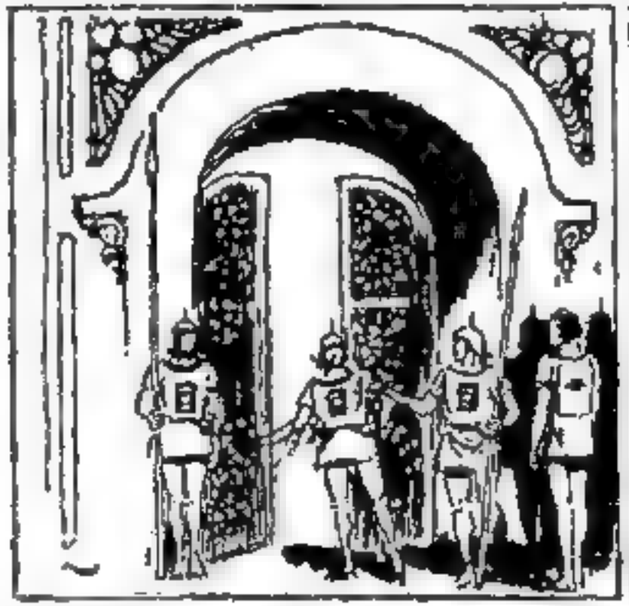
And passing all these, often at high speed, were other warriors mounted upon what seemed to Tarzan mighty antelopes. These were to him still the greatest wonder of all. At intervals along the corridor he saw ladders extending to a floor above. As he never saw one descending to a lower level he concluded he was on the lowest floor of the structure. He was certain this building was similar to the dome he had seen in the course of construction in the city of Adandechakkh.

The more Tarzan saw of this dome as he was led through its corridors, the more amazed he became. When he thought of the tremendous proportions such a dome must have to house thousands of men his own size, his mind was absolutely staggered. It must be at least four hundred forty feet high, and it seemed beyond belief that any race existed capable of accomplishing such a feat. Poor Tarzan! Little did he realize the astounding change these Minatians had wrought upon him!

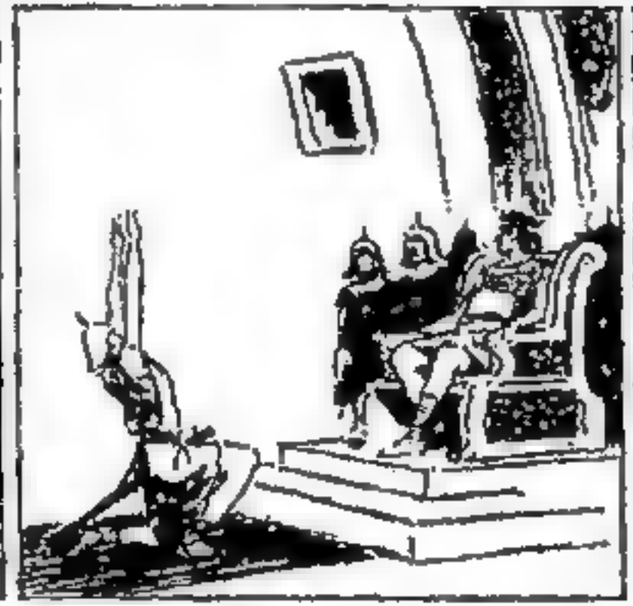
Now his escort led him from the circular corridor into one running at right angles to it. They stopped before a chamber filled with all manner of manufactured objects. There were large and small candles of every shape, helmets, belts, sandals, tools, bowls, vases, and the thousand other things with which Tarzan had become familiar during his stay at Trohandalimakes. A white-tunicked slave came forward in answer to the summons of one of the ape-man's party.

"A green tunic for this fellow from Trohandalimakes," commanded the spokesman. "What insignia upon his breast?" inquired the slave. "He belongs to Zoanthrohage," replied the warrior. Quickly the slave brought a garment upon his front and back of which, with woolen blocks and pegs, he plaited a black device. As Tarzan, obeying orders, slipped the tunic over his broad shoulders, he sought to decipher the markings but could not. Next sandals were strapped upon his feet.

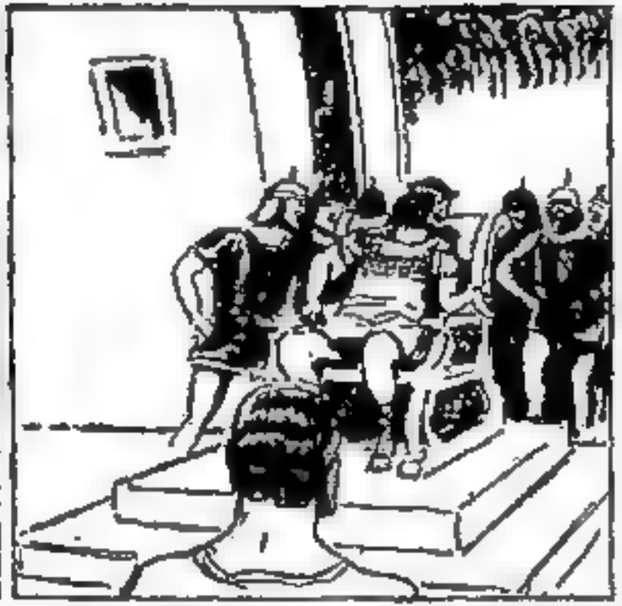
Again the party proceeded down the corridor which now changed radically in appearance. The rough boulder walls were plastered and decorated with vivid, colored paintings of battle scenes and hunting. Tarzan now saw only white-tunicked slaves of the higher caste, and even these were often so splendidly trapped with jewels and fine leather. The splendor of the scene, the brilliance of the lighting, increased until the corridor came to an abrupt end before two massive doors of hammered gold.



Two gorgeously trapped warriors before the golden doors halted Tarzan's escort and demanded their business. "By the king's command we bring the slave of Zoanthrobago," replied the commander, "the giant who was taken prisoner at Trohanadalakas." The warder who had challenged them turned to one of his companions, saying, "Deliver this message to the king." After he left, the others fell to examining the ape-man and asking many questions concerning him.



Presently the messenger returned. The heavy doors were swung wide. Tarzan found himself within an enormous room whose walls converged toward the opposite end where a throne stood upon a dais. Down a broad central aisle they went and halted in silence until the mighty one on the throne deigned to notice them. Then the escort leader knelt on one knee, raised his arms, palms forward, high above his head, leaned as far back as he could and began to intone his salutation.



"O, Elkomodhaga, King of Veltorlanakas, Master of Greater Dilaga, All-Wise, All Glorious! we bring thee, as thou hast commanded, the slave of Zoanthrobago." The man on the high backed arm chair now said to his companions, "This is the slave brought back from Trohanadalakas." "We have heard of him, All-Glorious," they replied. "Then you have heard also of Zoanthrobago's wager?" questioned the king. "What think you of it?" "Even as you think, Ruler of Men," chanted the chorus of yes-men.

"It was I who discovered the vibratory principle which made the thing possible," continued the king, pompously, his eyes roving about to note any unlucky disciple to his statement. "Before this, it has not been endurING, but upon this fellow we hope the new formula will last at least thirty-nine moons. It is on that belief Zoanthrobago made his wager." Tarzan, expressionless, listened to all this talk attentively and it was evident to him that he was the subject of the royal remarks.

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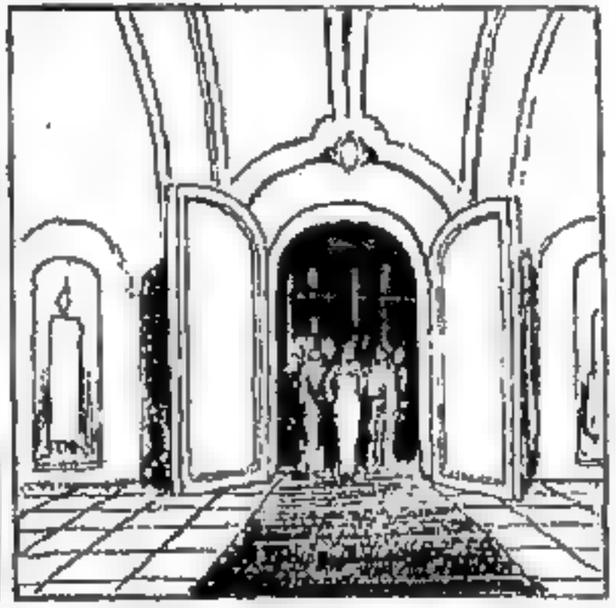
"If our efforts succeed on this fetish," said King Elmonolhago to his courtiers, "it is nothing to what will follow! Then we shall reverse the principle of which we speak. Success will crown our efforts if we persevere. Some day it will come. Then we shall have the formula that will annihilate all Mbonolthen with a hundred men might we go forth and conquer the world." The king now turned his attention suddenly upon Tarzan, scrutinizing the ape-man in a haste for several minutes.

"From what city do you come?" demanded the king at last. "O, All-Glorious," spoke up the leader of the escort, "the poor ignorant creature is without speech." "Where is NO sound?" demanded the king. "None either, he was captured, Master of men," replied the warrior. "We believe he is a Zertalenolol." Elmonolhago was examining the ape-man closely now. "He has not the features of the Zertalenolois," he pondered musingly. "His eyes are not the eyes of the speechless ones, nor is his hair like theirs."

"See now!" exclaimed one of the courtiers, "how quickly the Sun of Helmos grasps all things. It is not sound." "His body is not formed as theirs, and his head is shaped for the storing of knowledge and the functioning of reason. No, he cannot be one of the cave-people." "Wonderful!" exclaimed another flatterer. "Like unto Helmos, our king of wisdom, is always right!" "The most stupid of us," exclaimed another flatterer, "may now easily see that he is not a Zertalenolol."



At this point a warrior appeared. "O, Elmonolhago, king of Veltorstakus," he cried, "thy daughter, the Princess Jemrea, has come and would see the strange man from Tarzhandalokus. She craves the royal permission to enter." "Conduct the princess to me!" commanded Elmonolhago. She must have been waiting within earshot but outside the door for scarcely had her father spoken when she appeared upon the threshold followed by two other young women behind whom were a half dozen warriors.

At sight of the princess the captives rose but not the king. "Come, Janzara," he said, "and behold the strange giant who is more alarmed in Tchamanimakus than is the king himself." The princess crossed the room and stood directly in front of the wee-man who remained standing with arms folded across his broad chest an expression of absolute indifference upon his face. He glanced at the princess and saw that she was a very beautiful young woman.

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Except for an occasional distant glimpse of some of the women of Tchamanimakus, she was the first Minutonian female Tarzan had seen. Her features were faultlessly chiseled, her soft, dark hair becomingly arranged beneath a gorgeous jeweled headdress, and her skin was clear and of peach-like softness. She was dressed entirely in white silken cloth, befitting a virgin princess in her father's palace. Tarzan looked into her dark eyes, seeking there an index to her character.

Here was the young woman whom his friend, Prince Komodorfonsal of the Ant Men, hoped some day to wed and make queen of Tchamanimakus. He saw the beautiful brown knot into a sudden frown. "What is the matter with the beast?" cried the princess. "Is it made of wood?" "It speaks no Tarzan language, but understands any," explained her father. "It has uttered no sound since it was captured." "The sullen, ugly brute," said the princess. "I'll wager to make it utter a sound and that quickly," with which she unstitched a thin dagger from her belt and plunged it into Tarzan's arm.

With such celerity had she moved that her act had taken all who witnessed it by surprise. But the few words she spoke before she struck gave Tarzan an instant's warning. It was sufficient. He could not avoid the blow, but he could and did avoid giving her the satisfaction of seeing her cruel experiment succeed, for he uttered no sound. Very angry, she would have struck again, but the king spoke sharply to her. "Enough, Janzara!" he cried. "We would have no harm befall this giant!"

When King Elkombelhago sternly bade his daughter cease staring at Tarzan with her dreamy, the princess in a fury cried angrily: "He has dared to stare into my eyes. He has refused to speak when he knew that it would give me pleasure. He should be killed!" "He is not yours to kill," retorted the king. "He belongs to Zoanthrohago." "I will buy him then," cried Sarzara, and turning to one of her warriors she commanded that Zoanthrohago be brought at once to the throne room.

When Miranda, the Spaniard, regained consciousness after being felled by the rudest blow of the witch doctor's daughter, his campfire was dead and dawn had almost come. He felt weak and dizzy, and his head ached. Putting his hand to it he found his thick hair matted with blood and a great wound in his scalp. It made him shudder and turn so sick that he fainted. When again he opened his eyes it was broad daylight, and he could not even recall where he was.

At last, sitting up, Miranda discovered that his loin cloth had been cut from his body. He gazed dully at his weapons, picked them up in wonderment sitting long, fingering them in stupid bewilderment. Now he arose, and like a man walking in a dream, stumbled out into the jungle. A hundred yards from his shelter he came suddenly in sight of a lion feeding upon its kill. The beast growled ominously. Refuelled as Miranda was, only for a moment did he remain motionless in the trail.

With a panther-like spring he gained the low swinging limb of the nearest tree. Some hours after the lion vanished and Miranda dropped silently from his place of safety and disappeared amidst the dense foliage along the elephant trail. His diamonds were gone, but he would yet have known a diamond had he seen one. Uhha had left him, but he did not miss her. The girl had defeated her own purpose, for Uhha's blow had shattered the Spaniard's reason. His brain was but a storehouse of useless memories.

Princess Janzara did not purchase Tarzan, slave of Zoanthrobago. Her father, the king, would not permit it. Very angry, she walked from the throne room where she had come to examine the captive. When she reached her own apartments and was beyond her royal sire's sight and hearing, the beautiful girl gave way to a frenzy of frustrated passion. Pushing her maids from her she stamped her foot and muttered to herself: "I shall own that slave yet and kill him too, if I desire."

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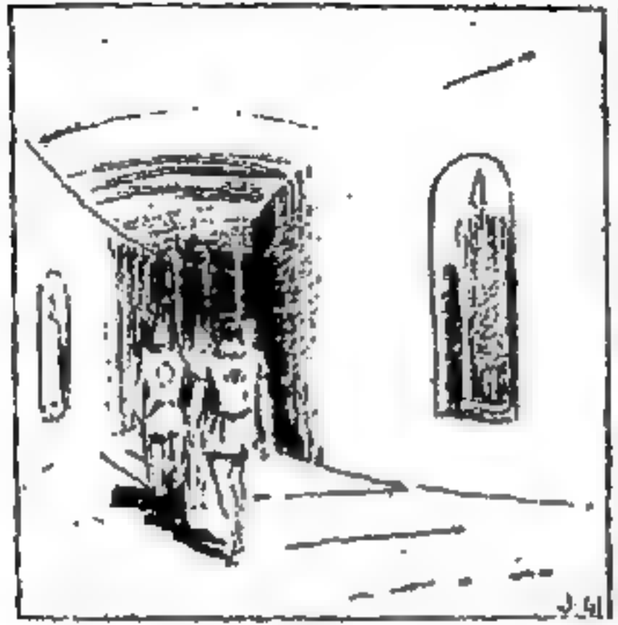
The king rose languidly from his chair. "Take it to the quarries," he said, pointing at Tarzan. "Tell the officer in charge that it is the king's whim that it be not overworked or injured." When the king had left, one warrior whispered to another: "The old half-wit thinks he invented the formula that has been used on Zoanthrobago's slaves." "Sometimes I think I can abide his arrogance no longer," answered his companion.

Tarzan of the Apes was led directly from the Royal House to the quarries of Veldhoonkus, a half-mile away. A tunnel done was under construction. Toward it wound a line of hundred slaves from the entrance of the quarry, into this late the ape-man was conducted. Just below the surface, in a well-lighted chamber, he was turned over to the officer in charge, to whom the king's orders concerning this new slave were given. "Your name?" demanded the officer, opening a large book that rested on the table where he sat.

"He is as dumb as the Bestiable," exploited the companion of Tarzan's escort. "He doesn't be has no name." "We will call him THE GIANT then," said the officer, "for as such he has been known since his capture." He wrote in his book the word for giant, "Zandhool," together with the name of Tarzan's owner and the city where the ape-man had been captured in Italy. Calling a warrior to him the officer said: "Take him to the tunneling crew in tunnel 19 at the 16th level."



Tarzan of the Apes followed his guard. He noticed the corridor floor constantly sloped downward and turned to the right. When at last they reached the thirty-sixth level, into which they turned, Tarzan calculated he must be over 500 feet below the earth's surface.

When they came upon the working party to which the ape-man had been assigned, he was turned over to the vestal, a warrior who commands ten men. "Is this is the giant?" exclaimed the vestal. "Such a giant!" he cried. "Okay, he is no larger than I!"

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As the ape-man's chief guard turned to leave he repeated: "You will do well, Kalin, soon to feed the king's cousins." "Kalinstabo, fear no king," blustered the vestal. "We all know that Zoanthropus, the great wheel, is the real power in our country."

"Beware," warned the other, "be careful of Zoanthropus," and he departed. The vestal set the new slave to work upon the finishing of the tunnel. The vestal Tarzan was appointed as a non-commissioned bragnort, but one who would keep working-

In the quarries Tarzan and his fellow slaves worked steadily. The fact that troubled him most now was the stature of these people. They were no pygmies but men as large as the average European. He knew they were Velturinnakudans, and it puzzled him.

They spoke of having captured him in the battle. They called him Zuanthan, "The Giant" yet they were as large as he! It was all seemingly impossible. Contemplation of it only tended to confuse him more, so he gave up all attempts to solve the mystery.

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He hoped and believed the day would come when the means of escape would offer itself. When the long working day at last drew to a close the slaves were conducted to their quarters. These were closed and barred, and watched by two warriors.

He found himself in a huge chamber where probably five hundred other slaves of both sexes were gathered in little groups beside charcoal fires over which the women were preparing food. Light came from a half dozen large candles standing upon the floor.

As Tarzan moved among the watery slaves, he saw they were of all ages from infancy to middle-age, but that there were no old folk. The women were doomed to remain below earth all their lives unless some warrior chose one for his mate.

Many glances were cast at Tarzan, for it was evident from his deep tan that he was a newcomer. Presently a young girl kneeling beside a brazier, caught his eye and motioned him to come to her side.

As the apeman did so, he saw she was very beautiful. "You are THE GIANT," she said. "I am Tuscher. A man has told me of you. He too, is from Tschamfulmaan and is about your height."

Tarzan confronted Tuscher. "My mother bidee me speeche leep," he said. "I would die rather than mate with a Wolopia savage," said Tuscher bitterly. "But surely your face would be any warrior's inspiration!" Tarzan said. Her answer gave him one of the greatest shocks of his life.

"Women who are ill-favored cause me concern here," said Talaskar. "But you are not ill-favored. You are beautiful." Tarzan reminded her. For just an instant she turned her back upon him. Then she faced him again and the ape-man saw before him a hideous, wrinkled hag.

Slowly the girl's face relaxed, assuming its normal lines of beauty. "My mother caught me this," she said. "so that when they came and looked upon me they would not want me." "But would it not be better to live in comfort above ground?" asked Tarzan.

Talaskar shook her head, saying, "It cannot be for me." "And there others, they never betray you?" inquired Tarzan. "Never!" she answered. "Whatever slave betrayed another would be torn to pieces by his fellows. But come, you must be hungry."

"It is strange that Aepeato does not come," she remarked after awhile. A brawny slave had halted and was leering scowling at Tarzan. "Perhaps this is he," said the ape-man. Talaskar turned quickly. "Who is this slave that you should cook for him?" demanded the fellow, with a snarl.

"Go to some other woman, Carathus," replied Tuhulsa, "you know that we women are permitted to choose whom we shall serve." "If you know what is well for you," retorted the man, "you will stick for me. I will tell the varial tomorrow the truth about you."

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In spite of herself the girl shook the fear his words had produced. "I will see that Kaltanchor gets you," retorted Carathus. "I should prefer Kaltanchor to you," retorted the girl, "but neither one nor the other shall have me." "Do not be too sure of that," he growled.

Before Tuhulsa could elude him he dropped her toward him, but steel fingers closed upon his shoulder. Between him and the girl stood the greyhaired stranger. Carathus scrambled to his feet and charged Tarzan. "For this you shall die," he shouted.

Far away, the [illegible] of The Flat Woman strode noiseless through the forest, carrying his spear in [illegible] hand and [illegible] other pair of his [illegible] armed. Toward them, moved by them, came a woman of their kind. Instantly her eyes narrowed and she paused.

The ugly beast-woman of the cave sniffed the air. MMM! Increasing her gait to a trot she bore down upon them. For some time men had been scarce. Many women of her tribe who had gone into the forest to capture mates had never returned.

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But *boys* were seen at last, the *first* she had discovered in two moons. At a turn in the trail she saw them, but to her dismay they were a long way off. One of them was pointing at her. Grasping her *cudgel more firmly*, she started toward them at a rapid, lumbering run.

Then to her astonishment she saw they actually were advancing to meet her. One young male, who was now yonder toward her, paused and hurled a long pointed stick which grazed *her* shoulder. Another also paused and suddenly shot a little stick toward her.

The stick leaped through the air and pierced her arm, drawing blood. Turning, she lumbered away in the direction from which she had come, as fast as her hairy legs could carry her. Nor did she once pause until she sank exhausted at the mouth of her own cave.

The two Alal men did not pursue the huge cat. They had not as yet enough courage. The other ones of the tribe saw their fellow stagger to her cave. They ran forth armed to meet and vanquish her pursuer, which they immediately assumed to be a lion.

"From what did you run?" they asked in their simple sign language. She made the sign for "men." Dagnet showed pistols upon every face and one of the others kicked her. Again by signs she tried to convey that these men had run away but had attacked.

Now behold were the great Alal alone (sic). The leader passed to and fro, rawhide blows on faces. Suddenly she halted. "Come!" she signalled. When she started toward the forest they followed behind her, all but the prostrate woman.

As Cunningham rushed upon Dagnet, as the gentlemen of Vel-hermosa, the age-old stagger-attitude made, and dropped carefully so that he fell, face forward, sprawling on the ground, Cunningham's eyes alighting upon the bat breaker, he reached forth to seize it as a weapon.

As Carathus grasped the brazier filled with red-hot coals and rose to his feet, the unlovely slaves cried out, "No weapons!" A slave tripped him and two others wrenched the brazier from his hands. "Fight fair!" they warned, dragging him to his feet.

Tarzan had [illegible] Carathus's charge. The latter fairly leaped [illegible] to spring at him. Tarzan met him with a shattering [illegible] upon the point of his chin, stretching him upon his back. The slaves applauded loudly.

[illegible] Tarzan's sword and shield he [illegible] the jealous Carathus, the [illegible] to [illegible] speak of love. Then made he [illegible] the [illegible]. Behind them, some slaves were being led into the corridor.

[illegible] of the guards stopped to look through the small open door-way. He stared [illegible] through the corridor and ran forward toward the lighted place. Before they were aware of his presence he stood facing Tarzan and Fuschar. It was Kalsotoha!

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

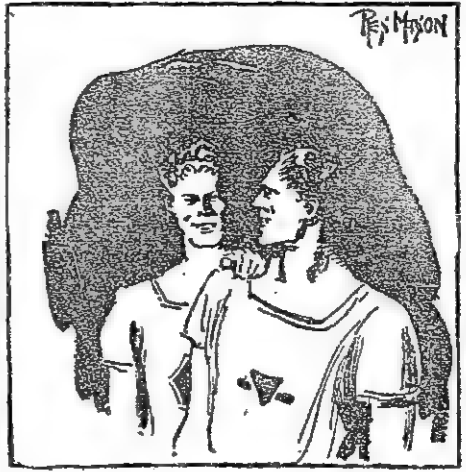
Mysteriously Recognized!

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"The Giant would show the other slaves how strong he is, would he?" cried Kalfastoban loudly. Caraftap was a favorite of his. "Such things are not permitted here, fellow!" he shouted at Tarzan, forgetting in his anger that the new slave neither spoke nor understood.

"A hundred lashes will explain to him that he must not quarrel," he said. Then spoke Talaskar, "Do not punish him. It was all Caraftap's fault." Kalfastoban was fascinated by her beauty. Long he looked at her and presently Talaskär, sensing her danger, flushed.

A crooked smile twisted Kalfastoban's mouth as he laid a familiar hand upon her shoulder. "I shall see your master and purchase you," he announced. "Take no mate." Then Kalfastoban turned upon Tarzan. "This time I shall let you off."



Before his exit, Kalfastoban added, "Let this happen again and you get the hundred lashes." As the door closed a man's voice whispered: "TARZAN." Turning to face the man, a smile of pleasure spread over Tarzan's face only to be turned into an expression of dismay.

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Tarzan recognized his friend Kotondoforensal, the prince of the Ape Men. He could not believe his eyes. The little fellow was now as large as he! The prince cautioned silence, saying "Here, I am no prince. I am now Aopoonto." "But you are as large as I!" gasped Tarzan.

The prince smiled. "Is it not easier to believe that your own stature has been REDUCED, than to think that an entire race of people together with their belongings have been increased to your own stature?" Tarzan knit his brows and gazed thoughtfully at his royal friend.

"But, man, I tell you it is IMPOSSIBLE!" cried Tarzan. "I should have thought the same a few moons ago," replied the prince. "How was it accomplished?" demanded the ape-man. "By the greatest mind in all Minuni, Zoontarchago the Waimak, your owner," explained the prince.

"It was Zoontarchago who captured you," continued Aopoonto. "After you had fallen, he caused you to lose consciousness. While you were in that condition you were dragged hither. When he had you safely in Veltoromeloo, the Waimak started to work upon you to reduce your stature."

"I hope that Zoantheulana has the power to undo that which he has done" said the ape-man. "The Waleek has never been able to make a creature larger," answered his friend. "Long has he sought for a method to enlarge his countrymen so that they could conquer all Kimuni.

"I would be rather helpless among the enemies of my own world," remarked Tarzan ruefully. "You need not worry about that, my friend," said the prince gently, "because you have little chance of ever reaching your own world again!" Talaskar now joined them, and the subject was dropped.

"I am afraid Corsitap is going to make trouble for you," Talaskar said in a low voice to Tarzan. Then she told Kemolo-forcoual of the fight. "I thank you, my friend, said the prince to Tarzan. "I wish that I had been here to protect Talaskar. It is good to have a friend here."

"We three should be able to hit upon some plan of escape," said Tarzan, but the others merely shook their heads. "I can sleep better when it is dark," he continued presently. "I shall wait for the candles to be put out." "Then you will wait forever," was the prince's startling reply.

"Are these caprice never extinguished?" demanded Tarzan. "If they were we should all soon be dead!" answered Komodoflorensal. "The flames light the domes and quarries while also consuming the foul gases that otherwise would asphyxiate us quickly."

Next morning, Komodoflorensal remarked to Tarzan, "If the chance of escape ever comes, it will be well if we are together." "When we go," replied the ape-man, "we must take Talaskar with us." The prince shot a quick glance at Tarzan. "How gladly I would go with you and be your slave!" exclaimed Talaskar.

"They believe, Tarzan, that you neither speak nor understand our language," said Komodoflorensal. "I shall tell them that I can make you understand. Then probably they will assign us to the same work crew. Leave it to me; perhaps I can deceive our masters."

Tarzan was busy quarrying rocks when, an hour later, two warriors brought Komodoflorensal. Soon Kalfastobar, the vestal, beckoned to the ape-man. Tarzan saw Anponato wink at him as he stood in silence before the vestal. "Let us hear you talk to him," demanded Kalfastobar.

The prince turned to Tarzan and spoke a few words of meaningless jibberish. The ape-man solemnly nodded his head. Kalfastobus, the vestal, scratched his head, puzzled at Tarzan's ability to understand this language. Tarzan wished to smile at his friend's simple plan but dared not.

"Tell him," said Kalfastobus, "that his master, Zoanthrohago, has sent for him. Ask him if he fully understands that if he is lazy, impudent or threatening, he shall receive the sword." Komodoforensal now pretended to translate this, using a longer line of senseless syllables.

"Tell them," said Tarzan in English, which, of course, none of them understood, "that at the first opportunity I shall break the neck of my master." Komodoforensal listened intently. "The Giant says that he is glad to serve his noble master," the prince translated.

"He craves but one boon," ended the prince. "He wishes me to go with him so that I can explain his master's desires." Tarzan now understood how Komodoforensal would get around future difficulties. "The boon is granted," replied the vestal. "You shall both be taken before Zoanthrohago. Go!"

When Tarzan, under guard, came from the quarries to the earth's surface, he greeted the sunlight and fresh air with almost a sob of gratitude. Again he viewed the domes of Veltorlamaka with amazement. They appeared definitely larger since he was now one-tenth the size he had been.

They passed the King's Corridor with its white and gold royal standards, and entered the Warriors' Corridor. Within this the party wound up long, gentle inclines or scaled many spiral ladders, until the ape-man calculated he was almost possibly five hundred feet above ground.

They halted before a guarded doorway and one of the warriors said to the sentinels: "To Zoanthropago we have brought Zoantheol, The Giant, and another Giant who can communicate with him in a strange tongue." The sentinel struck a heavy gong with his lance.

They came into the presence of a corpulently garbed warrior seated behind a large table, on which were numerous documents and cumbersome volumes. His was the mighty walmak. Zoanthropago, whose uncanny science had reduced the lord of the jungle to his diminutive size.

"Ask the Giant," commanded the wizard. "If he feels any differently since I reduced his size?" Tarzan shook his head. "He says no, illustrious prince," translated Komodoflorensal out of his imagination, "and he asks when you will restore him to his natural size and permit him to leave."

"What country does he hail from?" asked the wizard. "That we do not know," replied Komodoflorensal, "but he says there is a great land beyond the thorns where dwell millions as large as he." At this Zoanthrohago laughed loudly and said, "We all know there is nothing beyond Kinuni."

The wizard was interrupted by five strokes of a great gong. Zoanthrohago ordered the two slaves taken into a near apartment. "When the king has gone, I will send for them," he announced. With much ceremony the monarch was ushered in, and the company saluted him.

The monarch ordered the two slaves brought back. A slave soon conducted Tarzan and Komodoflorensal, within a few paces of the king and commanded them to kneel before his highness. Prince Komodoflorensal accepted the conditions of slavery but not so Tarzan of the Apes!

As Tarzan continued to stand erect, King Kimmalhaye glared at him. "Down fellow!" cried Zonthrobango. Then recalling that the new slave could not understand, the wizard commanded Komodo-Gremel to order Tarzan to kneel. But Tarzan only shook his head.

After a little hesitation, the king decided to swallow his pride and said, "It is but an innocent fool. Have him properly instructed before we see him again." . . . In the jungle some distance away the Alali women, fifty strong, sallied forth to punish their rebellious males.

Never in the memory of any of the Alali dies had man dared gaze on their authority or show aught but fear of them. In an ugly mood the she-apes came upon their men in a large clearing, where the rebellious men had built a fire and were cooking a number of antelopes.

Never had the women seen their men so sleek and trim. Always they had been shamefully skinny, before the day Tarzan of the Apes gave weapons to the son of the First Woman. Stealthily the women were creeping nearer when one of the males looked up and discovered the hideous party.

The first Atlit, quick to discover the on-coming band of terrible ones made a swift bolt for the trees. His mates, without waiting to see what caused his flight, followed close upon his heels. Now the fifty women raced across the clearing.

But all the men had not disappeared. One, after a few steps in the mad race for safety, had halted, wheeled about, and faced the enraged women. He was the son of the First Woman, and to him Tarzan had given something more than the mere knowledge of new weapons—courage.

His fellows saw him fit arrow to bow. The bow twanged and the foremost woman collapsed. Now the others hesitated and were lost, for that pause gave courage to the hiding males peering from behind the trees. They rushed forth as the women renewed their assault.

The feathered pebbles flew thick and fast, but faster and more accurately flew the feathered arrows of the men. The leading women rushed courageously forward to close quarters. Then they learned that spears were more formidable weapons than bludgeons, and many turned and fled.

Signaling his fellows to *follow him*, the Son of the First Woman charged the apes. When the males saw their women running from them, so enthused were they that they leaped swiftly in pursuit. Then they saw him overtake a comely young female and seize her by the hair.

They gathered around him, asking many questions in their strange sign language. "I am going to keep her," replied the son of The First Woman. "She shall cook for me. If she refuses" —he made a jab at the ape's ribs with his spear. She dropped fearfully upon one knee.

The others taking their leader's example, now rushed off after the fleeing women. Along with his ape, the son of The First Woman turned upon her, demanding: "You will cook for me!" To his signs she sorrily turned a snarling face. With his spear shaft he then knocked her down.

Then she crawled to his knees and hugged his legs. "You will cook for me!" he demanded again. "Forever!" she replied. . . . Meanwhile Tarzan was again entering the wizard's chamber. Zoanthrohago motioned him to approach its table, behind which sat King Elkomelhago.

"It was to discuss this experiment in changing stature," said the king, "that I came to your laboratory." Bonthrobogo well knew that the king only wanted a detailed explanation of how Tarzan had been reduced to one-quarter his original proportions.

He knew, too, that the foxy monarch would give him no credit for the discovery. "Here," he said, placing his fingers at the base of Tarzan's skull, "there lies a small, oval, gray body containing a liquid that influences the growth of tissues and organs."

"I first experimented with small animals and achieved remarkable results; but the thing I wished to accomplish, the increase of man's stature, I have been unable to achieve. In some cases, subjects have not regained their normal size under thirty-five years."

Tarzan listened eagerly. The king interrupted with what he thought was a brilliant idea. "You say that to reduce this subject's size you struck him with a rock upon the base of his skull. Therefore, to enlarge him, let us hit him upon the forehead. Fetch the rock!"

Luckily for Tarzan, one of the courtiers present suggested that Zoanthrokan show them his experiment, whereupon the wizard, glad to escape from following the king's silly idea of striking Tarzan, produced a cage of rodents and a complicated arrangement of pegs and cards.

Selecting one of the larger animals, Zoanthrokan fastened its lower jaw upon a small metal plate. Another large disc, mounted vertically, was revolved rapidly by a hand crank. A single wire was fixed in a metal plate attached to the base of its skull.

Now Zoanthrokan set the mechanism in motion. The king watched intently, and Tarzan, unobserved, had moved nearer to watch the uncanny experiment which might mean so much to him. At last the mighty warrior appeared satisfied. The result was astonishing and thrilling!

Before his very eyes, Tarzan now saw the recent shriek rapidly in size while retaining its proportions unchanged! The ape-man learned far more than he might, impress the method upon his memory. The king cried sagely, "Have this fellow sent away at once!" Tarzan was taken to an inner chamber.

Tarzan and Komodoflorensal were thrust within a small room, and its heavy door was barred behind them. Only a faint ray of daylight illuminated the chamber. "We are alone," whispered the prince, "but we must be cautious when we talk." "Where are we?" asked Tarzan.

"We are upon the highest level of the Royal Dome," replied Komodoflorensal, "next to the central shaft. But tell me, what happened in the wizard's laboratory?" "I nearly discovered how they reduced my stature," replied Tarzan, "and that at any time I may resume my full size."

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"Don't worry about that, my friend," chaffed the prince. "Look at these bars on the window." Tarzan came to the side of Komodoflorensal and took hold of the bars. "They do not seem over-heavy," he remarked and at the same time exerted pressure upon them. They bent.

The specimen threw all his weight and strength into the effort, with the result that two bars were torn from their setting. Komodoflorensal gazed at him in astonishment. "Tarzan, through reduced your size but left you with all your former strength, prodigious!" he cried.

Quickly Tarzan replaced the bars at the window so that it had the appearance of not having been disturbed. Two more entered with a slave carrying food and water. Seeing the prisoners were evidently safe they were departing, when one said, "Tomorrow you return to the quarry."

The two slaves heard the heavy bolt shot in its place. In the gloom they felt about for the receptacles containing the food and water. "If we their like to remove us soon," said Tarzan, "it follows that we must escape tonight." At this Komodinformant only laughed.

Tarzan went to the window where again he removed one of the iron bars. He found himself looking out into a black void. It was but a short distance to the apex of the dome, but below him the shaft dropped some 100 feet. "It will be safer to attempt escape down the shaft," he announced.

"Could you find the quarry chamber where Talaskar is imprisoned?" asked the newcomer. "Why?" demanded the prince. "We are going after her," explained Tarzan. "We promised we would not leave without her." "I can find it," said Komodinformant, rather sullenly, Tarzan thought.

Tarzan worked a little longer in silence. "Done!" he said presently, "we are ready to go. I choose tonight for our dash to liberty because tonight is our last one above ground. We will make a bold attempt down the central shaft."

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Carrying the iron rods Tarzan had wrenched from the window, the two men crawled toward the mouth of the embrasure. Each rod had been bent into a hook by the ape-man. Then Tarzan said, "Wait a moment. I am making a hole in the ledge. Pass along the rods."

Tarzan dropped into the black shaft, clinging to its ledge with one hand. "Come to the ledge here," the ape-man said. "When I whistle once, follow me." "Yellow whistle?" asked Komodoflorneat. "Down the shaft to the first embrasure that will give us foothold," replied Tarzan.

"I have hooked the rods together," explained Tarzan. "The upper end is hooked into that hole I just made." Below him dangled the slender linked chain of iron bars, and below its end, four hundred feet of pitchy darkness hid the stone flagging of the inner courtyard.

Slowly and very carefully Tarzan lowered his body down the iron link ladder he had made. As he descended he felt in both directions for an embrasure but he was almost at his ladder's end before he felt himself swing into one of these openings. The ape-man whistled once, very low.

Soon after this signal, Komodoforessel also crept carefully down the ladder and joined the ape-man. Grasping their crude weapons, the two walked stealthily the length of the embrasure to the chamber beyond. At last Tarzan whispered "I have found the passageway leading to the door."

Tarzan gently tried the latch of the door. It gave! Directly in line of vision the body of a man lay sprawled, face down, upon the floor! A pool of red stained a white rug beneath his head. Three other bodies lay upon the floor.

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Suddenly Tarzan flung the door wide open and leaped quickly into the center of the room, his iron bar raised and ready. But only a tomb-like silence reigned within that magnificent setting! A quick glance about showed him the bodies of six men that had not been visible from the threshold!

Tarzan looked at the prince. "Who are these men?" he demanded, "and why have they been killed?" "They are not dead, my friend," laughed the prince. "They are only those who indulged in a drunken orgy. And the stain beneath that fellow's head is red wine, not blood."

Scarcely had he ceased speaking when a door opposite them swung open and two armed warriors stepped within the chamber. They took a quick look around, then demanded "What do you here, slaves?" "Sh-sh-sh!" cautioned the ape-man. "Come in and close the door."

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"What is the meaning of this?" demanded one of the warriors. "That you are our prisoners!" yelled the ape-man, leaping past them and placing himself before the door. The Veltorismakolaire leaped toward Tarzan, Komodoforesal snatched a rapier from one of the drunken nobles.

No sooner had the prince gained the rapier, than he leaped forward and attacked one of the warriors. The other pressed Tarzan fiercely. "Your prisoner eh?" he sneered as he lunged at the ape-man. In sword play Tarzan was less skilled but his strength was undiminished.

At the first onslaught of the warriors, Tarzan leaped to one side to avoid the blade thrust. As much to his own astonishment as theirs, what he had intended for but a nimble side-step had carried him the length of the room! Then a thrust missed him by a mere hair's breadth.

It was a close call for the ape-man—and death for his opponent! As the point lunged at Tarzan's heart, he swung his rod upon the unguarded head of the Veltorismakorian. Then he turned to old Komodoflorenal, but the prince had his man against the wall and was running him through the heart.

"We are going to trade clothes with these gentlemen," said Tarzan, proceeding to take off his green tunic. Komodoflorenal followed his example. Tarzan then slipped his discarded tunic upon the body of one slain warrior. "Why this?" questioned the prince.

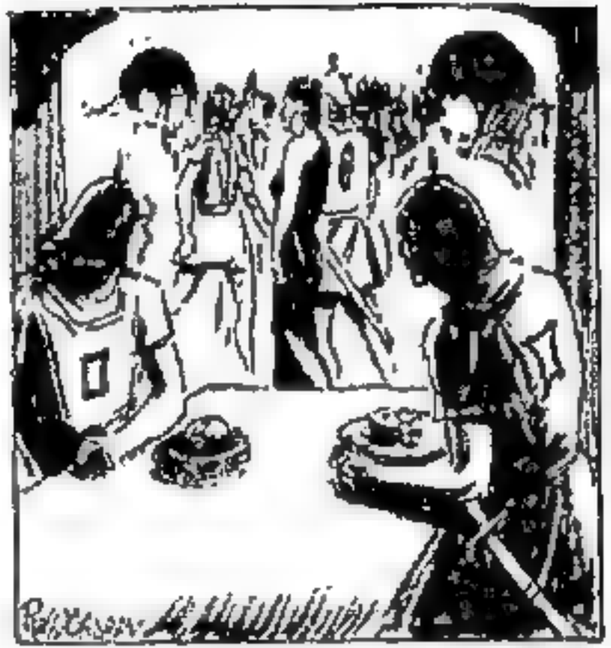
When the change had been completed Tarzan carried one of the corpses through the window embrasure to the edge of the great shaft, and hurled his burden into space. Then he pitched the second bodyguard after the first, and dropped two of their hooks after the corpses.

"If they do not examine them too closely," said Tarzan after hurling the bodies of his dead foes down the shaft, "they will think we died in attempting to escape." The prince began to rifle the fat money pouch of one unconscious fellow. "Gold will open many doors for us," he remarked.

In silence the two traveled far from that portion of the Royal Dens in which they had been incarcerated, meeting few because of the early morning hour. The two realized, however, that soon the corridors would be filled. "We had better hide awhile," advised Komodolorchak.

"Here is just the place," he said, "a common chamber where any man can purchase lodgings." They entered and a slave came forward. "Candles for two," demanded Komodolorchak, handing the fellow a coin. Soon the two fell into much needed sleep.

Later they boldly went out into the dense broad thoroughfare, now filled with humanity. Here Tarzan saw the women of the warrior class, for the first time. The women were painted deep vermilion, their ears blue, and their appearance such that the left leg and arm were bare.



Tarzan and Koondoflosemal now sought their way downward through the dome to its lowest level, always mingling with the crowds so that detection was less likely. At the first level they found their way completely blocked by an excited mob congregated at the intersection of two corridors.

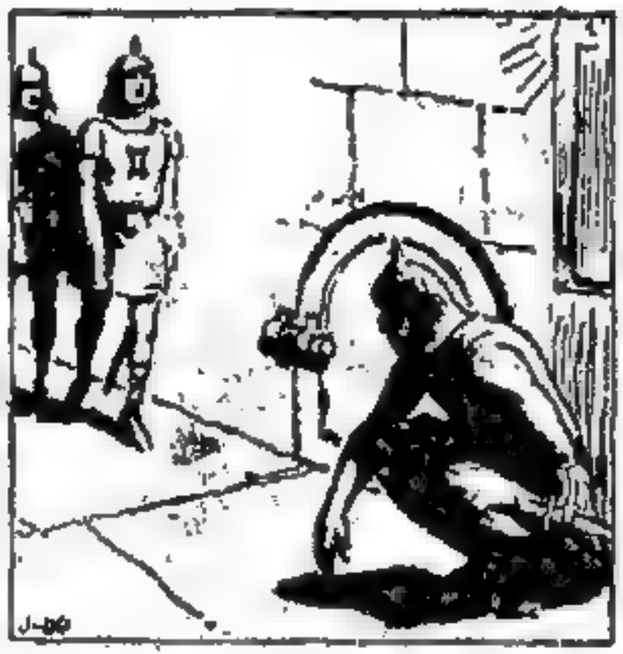
A fellow showed his way from the center of the jam and explained that those in front had halted to view the remains of two slaves who had lost their lives trying to escape. "They were locked in one of Zoanthrobago's slave cells at the very highest level," he said excitedly.

Another witness reported breathlessly, "Their ladder broke and both slaves were hurled to the roof of the throne room. They are being carried to the beasts now." Treading out of the crowd, Tarzan and the prince rushed along the slaves' corridor just ahead of them.

It was down this avenue that the bodies of their victims of the night before were now being carried. "What meant that fellow by saying they were being carried to the beasts?" asked the ape-man. "That is the way Mbunulana dispose of their slave dead," replied Koondoflosemal.

"Lead the way to the quarry chamber where we slept," said the ape-man to the prince. "We are returning for Talaskar, as I promised her." "It matters even to attempt it?" replied the prince. "Nevertheless, I am going," Tarzan said. "Give me the necessary directions."

"No!" cried Komodofkrazzak. "Where you go, I will go." "Lead the way, then," answered the ape-man, "and use your best wits to gain an entrance." Taking their places in a column of guards flanking a line of slaves, they came to the entrance-way of the quarry.



Once past the guard room, prince and ape-man fell gradually to the rear of the column. At the level which they wished to reach, the two detached themselves without detection. Before the chamber where Talaskar was confined, a single guard challenged them.

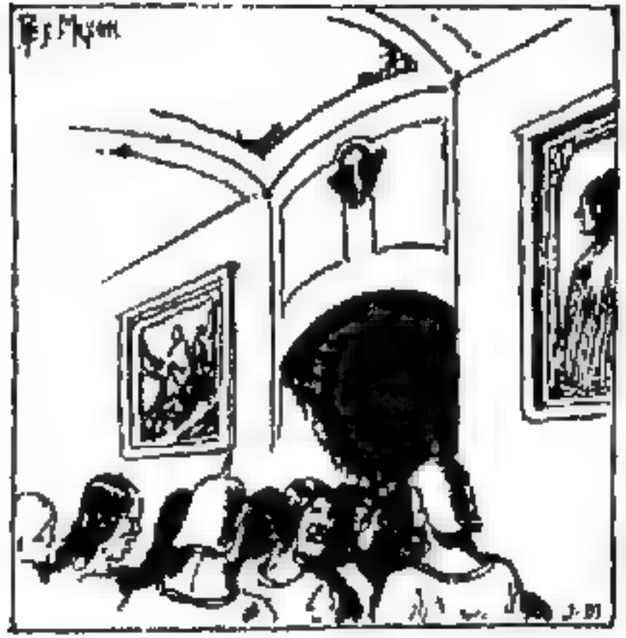
"We have come for the slave girl, Talaskar," said the prince; "Zoanthrohago, her master, sent us." "Go in and fetch her," said the guard, swinging open the door. Komodof-krazzak crawled through the low aperture, but Tarzan stood where he was. For an instant the warrior hesitated.

Suddenly the warrior closed the door behind Komodoflorensal and turned toward Tarzan, now with a naked sword in his hand. But he found Zunthrol. The Ghat, facing him with drawn rapier. "Surrender!" cried the warrior, "I recognized you both instantly!"

Lieutenant Paul D'Arnot of the French navy had long before reported to his friend, Lord Greystoke, a great measure of his skill with the sword. Tarzan soon realized that, though his antagonist was a master of the fencing art, he was not wholly outclassed.

The Veltlanwaka in realized he was at a great disadvantage in being unable to fall back, while the spearman had at his back the whole length of the tunnel. He commenced to call for help. Tarzan stepped quickly in and passed his sword through the soldier's heart.

Tarzan swung wide the door. Beyond crouched Komodoflorensal. As he saw Tarzan and the slain warrior behind him, the prince smiled thankfully. "What of Zalaster?" asked Tarzan. "She is not here," replied Komodoflorensal, "Kallerchan took her away."



"We must find Kalfastoban's quarters," said Tarzan. A column of slaves happened to cross the runway ahead of them. Just for an instant a slave's eye met Tarzan's. Then the line passed into the tunnel's mouth and the fellow disappeared.

"We must hurry," whispered Tarzan to his companion. "That fellow who just passed and turned to look at me was my old enemy of the quarry, Corcoltap, and I think he recognized us." Quickening their pace, they inquired at every safe chance for guidance.

At last they entered Kalfastoban's chambers. The room was vacant. Several closed doors opened from it. The ape-man stepped quickly to the nearest and pushed the door slightly ajar. An instant later he heard two men's voices. One he recognized for that of Kalfastoban.

"She is the greatest bargain I have ever seen, Hamadoban," Kalfastoban was saying. He stepped to another grated door. "Come out!" he roared. The hulking prince and ape-man now saw a girl step slowly into the larger room. It was Talashan.

As Komodiferenal peered through the grating, he knew that never before had he realized how truly lovely was the little slave girl. "She belongs to the walmak," whispered Kalfactoban to his fat friend, "but I doubt if he ever saw her or he would not have parted with her."

"You will take her for your own women?" asked Hamadelhan. "No," replied the Vestal. "I shall keep her awhile, then sell her at a pretty profit." At this point two guards were announced, bringing a quarry slave bearing important tidings.

Caraftap, under guard entered. "Ah! What brings you here?" exclaimed Kalfactoban. "Information of great value," answered Caraftap. "Reward me with the white tonic. I beg so that hereafter I may be free." "You are free," said Kalfactoban. "Now speak."

Whereupon Caraftap disclosed how he had seen Tarzan and Komodiferenal alive, dressed as warriors. Kalfactoban sprang up and gave orders that all the adjoining rooms be searched. The guards departed, leaving Caraftap behind to aid in the search there.

"Get a sword from yonder rack!" said the Vestal to Caraftap, and himself followed Talaskar to her room. Caraftap crossed to the storeroom door behind which he would find a weapon. Behind it also, crouched Komodoltarenal and Tarzan of the Apes.

The Vestal caught Talaskar by the arm. "A kiss before you leave me," he said. Talaskar wheeled and struck him in the face. The two struggled until they disappeared within the cell and at the same moment, Caraftap slipped within the storeroom.

As he did so steel fingers reached forth and closed upon his throat. A low voice whispered in his ear. "Die, Caraftap!" it said. "And know before you die that he whom you would have betrayed is your slayer. You searched for Zuanthrol, and—you have found him!"

The terrible fingers closed upon the man's neck. Throwing the corpse aside, Tarzan, followed by Komodoltarenal, sprang toward the door of Talaskar's cell. Kulpatchen was raining blows upon her. "You seek us!" a low voice whispered in his ear. "Here we are!"

Kulanchan released the girl and reached for his sword. Zuanthrol, The Giant, who held him, was saying, "Your brutality to this girl deserves but one punishment—death!" "Caratap!" screamed Kulanchan, no longer bold voiced and swaggering. "Caratap! HELP!"

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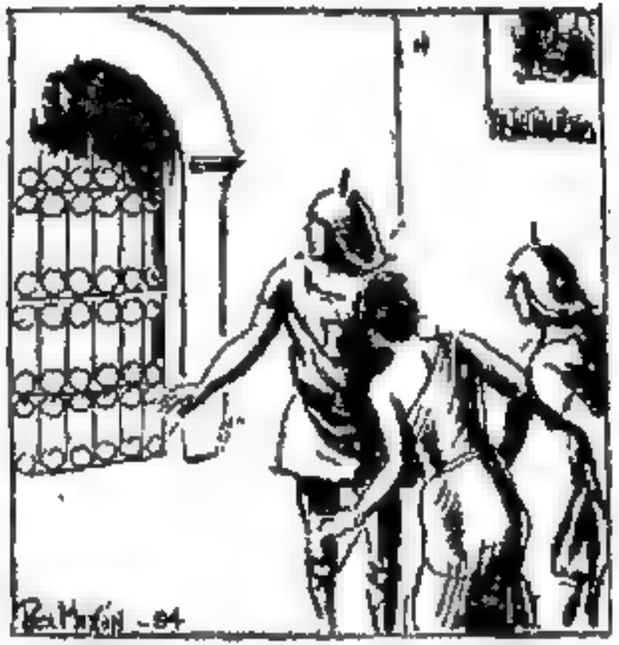
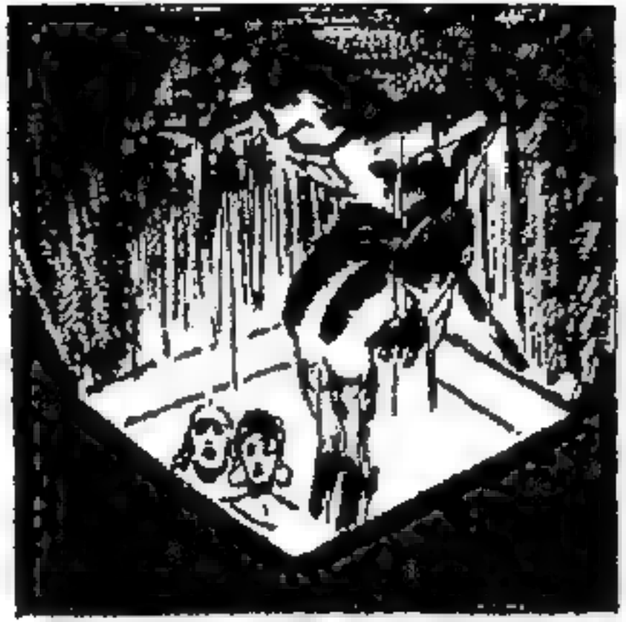
"Caratap is dead," said Tarzan. "Run into the hall. Komodoflorensal!" As the body slid to the extra floor, Talashar ran forward and fell at the ape-man's feet. "Zuanthrol—and Apenaro!" she cried. "Go quickly; do not let them find you here. I cannot understand WHY you came."

"We are trying to escape," explained Komodoflorensal, "and Zuanthrol would not go without you." "Why did you do this for me?" asked the girl, looking wonderingly at Tarzan. "Because you were kind to me when I was brought to the chamber of Zuanthrokaro's slaves," replied the ape-man.



Komodoflorensal stood a little aside, his eyes downcast. "Komodoflorensal," said Tarzan, "there is an opening in the east. Where does it lead?" "Anywhere—or nowhere," answered the prince. "I care not, now—" Suddenly they heard a terrific pounding upon one of the doors



Now to the pounding upon one door was added the noise of similar knocking on the opposite one. Tarzan measured the distance from the floor to the trap in the ceiling. Then with a little jump he sprang lightward upward. He shot entirely through it, allighting on his feet in a dark chamber.

Twenty, he looked down at his friends below. The ape-man swung, head downward through the opening, catching the edge of the trap in the hollow of his knees. At the gallery door the knocking was becoming insistent. Angily a man's voice shouted, "Open! In the name of the King, open!"

"Lift Talaskar to me," Tarzan directed. As the prince did so, he grasped the girl's wrists. Then he raised her until she could clamber into the chamber above. The door threatened to splinter at any moment as the angry warriors battered their way into the room.

The ape-man seized Komodoforynal's outstretched hands. An instant later as both men looked down, they saw ten warriors burst into the room. For an instant all of them looked about the room in blank surprise. "Search the quarters," commanded the Yentai.

Tarzan and his two companions had eluded the warriors in the pack of Lamu. "Look!" cried one warrior. They dragged forth the body of Gazelgan. Then another found Kulanakan, run through the heart. "It could have been nothing human!" whispered one awed fellow to another.

Cautiously Tarzan and the prince felt their way in opposite directions around the walls of the dark, stuffy pit. Presently the prince heard the ape-man's call. "Come here, both of you. I have found an opening large enough for one man to crawl through."

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The ape-man dropped upon his hands and knees and disappeared. Now the prince and Talaskar could tell that the searchers had discovered the trap-door in the ceiling. "You care very much for him, don't you?" asked Nomadotheronsal. "Why should I not?" answered the girl.

They heard a low whistle. "Come!" whispered the ape-man. They followed him upon hands and knees until at last they saw Zunathrot lighting a candle in a small chamber. The tunnel began to drop sharply and soon the three emerged into a larger chamber. Talaskar gave a half-gasp of dismay.

"What is that, Zunthrol?" whispered Tabaksar, pointing to a crouching figure close to the wall. The ape-man stepped quickly forward, his candle held high in his left hand, his right upon his sword. He laid his hand upon the figure and it fell into a heap of dust.

"It was a man," said Tarzan, "but it has been dead many years. It was chained to this wall." "There are several of them," said Komodoforemal. "They tell us that this corridor connected with the quarters of a very powerful Veltorbucakstan."

The tunnel dropped rapidly to lower levels, entering, at last a third chamber larger than either of the others. Upon the floor lay the bodies of many men. As they paused to look about the room there fell upon their ears the sound of a human voice.

As the days passed and Tarzan did not return to his home after his airplane flight, his son became more and more apprehensive. At last Korak the Killer, son of Tarzan, took the trail with a score of the swiftest and bravest of the Waziri in search of his vanished father.

Long and diligently, Korak, the son of Tarzan, assisted by the ape-man's faithful Waziri, searched the jungle and forest, until they had covered a vast area. Yet for all their care and toil they uncovered no single clew as to the fate of whereabouts of Tarzan of the Apes .....

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And in the Royal Home of King Elkomochiaro, three people halted in a rock-walled, hidden chamber and listened to a human voice that appeared to come to them out of the very rocks, surrounding them. "It is a woman's voice," said Komodo-fiorenzat.

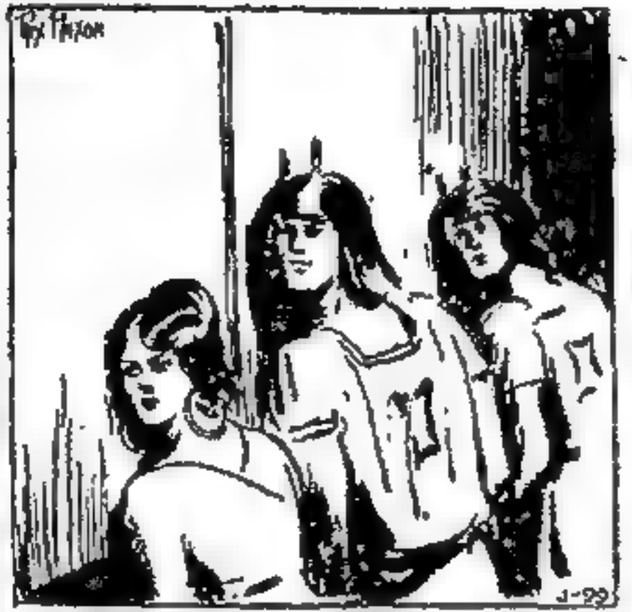
They saw an opening in the wall several feet above his head. The ape-man sprang lightly for the opening. "It is pitch black beyond," he said. "Whoever owns that voice is in another chamber." "If it was absolutely dark, how could you know that?" demanded the prince.

"Had there been anyone there I should have smelled him," replied the ape-man. "My friend," said Komodo-fiorenzat, "I can believe much of you but not that!" Tarzan smiled. "I can prove it," he said, "and I am going over there to investigate."

Tarzan stepped again to the wall below the aperture. A few minutes later the three stood upon the opposite side of the wall. Their candles revealed a narrow passage that showed signs of much more recent use than those through which they had passed from the quarters of Ka'fastaban.

The wall opposite them now was built of rough boards. "This is a passage constructed along the side of a paneled room," whispered Komodoflorensal. "There should be a secret panel or door opening into the adjoining chamber." They crept along the passageway, listening intently.

"Zuanthrol is a fool and deserves to die," said a woman's voice. "But my illustrious father, the king, is a bigger fool. He will kill Zoanthrohago and with him the secret of making our warriors giants. Had they let me buy this Zuanthrol, he would not have escaped."



"That is the Princess Janiara speaking," whispered Tarzan to Komodoflorensal. "She is the daughter of King Zikoomohago whom you would have captured and made your prisoner! But you would have had a handful!" "It would have been my duty to take her," said Komodoflorensal.

The voice spoke again: "You may go, slave, and see that I am not disturbed." They heard a door close. Tarzan crept along the passage, seeking the secret panel that connected with the apartment of the Royal Princess, Talaskar found it.

"Wait here!" said Tarzan to his companions. "I am going to fetch the Princess Janara. We should be able to buy our liberty with such a hostage." Tarzan felt for the catch and pushed the panel slightly ajar. Upon a marble slab lay the princess with closed eyes.

Tarzan had crossed half way to her when a sudden draught closed the panel with a bang! Instantly Janara was on her feet facing him. For a moment she stood in silence gazing. Then she moved slowly toward him. "It is you, Zunthrol!" she breathed. "You have come for me!"

"I have come for you, Princess," replied the apeman. Janara glided to him and threw her arms about his neck. Tarzan drew back and gently disengaged himself. "You do not understand, Princess," he told her. "You are my prisoner." "Yes," she breathed, "I am your prisoner. I love you!"

"I love you," breathed the witness. "I have no time to waste," said Tarzan. "Come!" "Can it be that you do not know who I am?" she demanded. "You are Jandera, the daughter of the king," replied the age-mate. "And you dared to spurn my love!" she echoed.

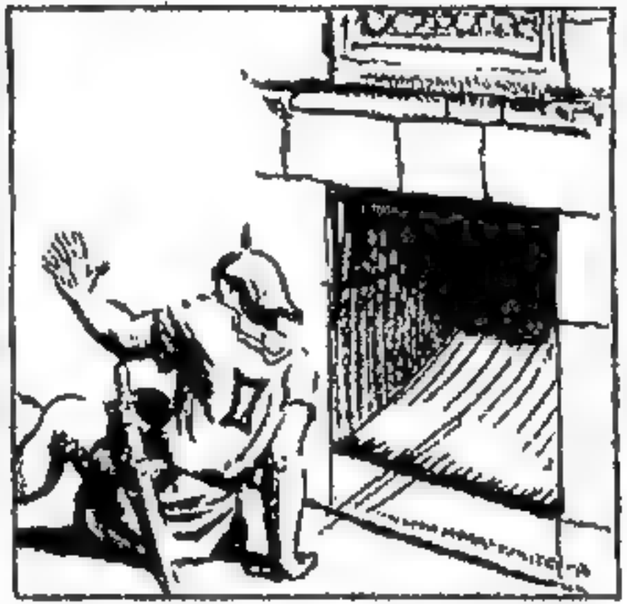
"It is no question of love between us," replied Tarzan. "To me it is only a question of liberty and life." For a moment the woman stood silently, her dark eyes two blazing wells of fire. Then slowly her expression changed, her face softened, and she stretched one hand toward him.

"I will help you to escape, Zanthrol," she said. "Come, follow me!" She turned and moved softly across the apartment to the passage behind the panting Talaskar and Komodoborenal awaited the outcome of Tarzan's venture and unfamiliar heard the conversation.

"He loves you," said Komodoborenal. "Because he does not love the Princess Jamara is no proof that he loves me," retorted Talaskar. "But he does—and you love him!" taunted the prince. Talaskar laughed and then suddenly sobered.

As Tabaker laid her fingers upon the spring of the secret panel, on the other side of it the Princess Jantara was leading Tarzan toward a doorway. "You are afraid," she said. "You do not trust me? Well, look yourself into the chamber before you enter."

Komodoflorensal and Tabaker saw the floor give suddenly beneath Tarzan's feet. Zeanthool disappeared. As he shot down a polished chute he heard a wild laugh from Jantara. The floor that had given way slipped quietly back into place!



The princess stood scrutinizing to question Tarzan, she saw Komodoflorensal and Tabaker. Tarzan reached the bottom of the chute and picked himself up from the earthen floor. He found himself in a room, and for a brief second he thought it was unoccupied.

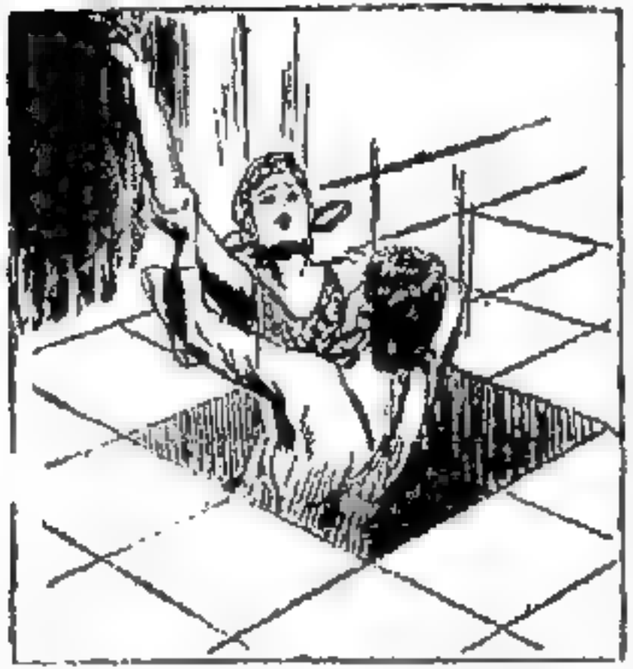
Komodoflorensal looked for the spot at which Tarzan had disappeared. It gave beneath him, and he heard the Princess scream, "So it is you he loves! But he shall not have you!" Jantara rushed upon Tabaker with drawn dagger, screaming, "Die, slaver!"

Behind a gated gate a man sat dejectedly as in the adjoining chamber Tarzan shot down, a victim of the Princess wrath. "Quick!" he shouted, when Tarzan burst into view. "To your left!" Turning swiftly, Tarzan beheld two huge African wild cats crouching to spring.

Tarzan whipped out his sword. "If you can hold them off until you reach this gate," cried the man in the next chamber "I can let you through." Even as he spoke the cats charged, for both were half starved. Then Kumodelelemu shot into the den from the trap above.

In the room above, Jonara sprang for Tarzan's throat, he slave girl caught her wrist and a moment later they were locked in one another's embrace, heavily they fought as wildcats in human form, Jonara screaming, "Die, slave! You shall not have him!"

Kumodelelemu, with drawn sword, landed almost upon the second beast. It turned full and sprang to a far corner. The prince leaped to aid Tarzan and together they drove off the first cat as they backed toward the gate to safety. But now the second beast suddenly sprang.



In the royal apartments Janzar and Talaskar fought furiously. They toiled upon the very spot that had let Tarzan and Komodoforenal into the pit. Janzara screamed with terror. "The Cats!" she cried, and then the two girls disappeared.

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Both wild-cats charged. The two men were almost at the gate. Another instant and they would escape through. The man in the next chamber swung open the gate. At the same instant two figures shot from the mouth of the chute, directly in the path of the charging carnivora.

Tarzan and Komodoforenal both sprang on their toward the two girls. The cats, startled by their sudden appearance, leaped again to the far end of the chamber. Janzara had dropped her dagger, and now Talaskar seized the weapon and leaped to her side.

Janzara, half bewildered, looked about upon the marvelous beauty and as she did so the man in the adjoining room saw her. "Janzara!" he cried. "My princess, I come!" and seizing a wooden bench, he swung wide the gate and ran to their side.

Mad with rage, pain and hunger, the two wild cats threw themselves upon the swords of Tarzan and Korondiolomal. With the two girls behind them they were backing slowly toward the gate. At this moment the man with the bench joined them.

Suddenly both beasts leaped quickly to one side and darted behind the party at the women. One of them would have seized Jazzara, had not the man swinging the bench leaped with a dreadful fury upon the cat. With his strange weapon he beat the creature back desperately.

To escape him both cats dodged suddenly into the chamber the man had occupied. He quickly slammed the gate. "Zoanthrobago!" cried Jazzara. Then Tarzan recognized the great warlock who had reduced the ape-man to one-fourth his natural size.

"You have saved my life, Zoanthrobago," said Jazzara. "How can I reward you?" "I love you, Princess," replied the man; "not important. I die by the king's will!" "He is my sire," said Jazzara, "but I love him not. He killed my mother in a fit of unreasoning jealousy."

A change of heart seemed to come over Janzara, Princess of Veltorismakus. "These slaves would escape, Zuanthohago," she said. "With them we, too, may find happy asylum." "Provided one of them is of sufficient power in his native city," replied Zuanthohago.

"This one," said Tarzan, indicating Komodoflorensal, "is the son of King Adezdrahhkk." "I was wicked, Zuanthol," said Janzara, "but I have seldom been denied anything I desired." And then to Talaskar she said, "Take your man, my sick."

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"You are mistaken, Janzara," said Talaskar. "I do not love Zuanthol, nor does he love me." "Do you mean," demanded Komodoflorensal of Tarzan, "that you do not love Talaskar?" "On the contrary, I love her very much," replied Tarzan, "but not in the way you feared."

Komodoflorensal said no more but he thought a great deal. He thought of what it would mean to return to his own city where he was the Zertolopha, and where by all the customs of ages, he would be supposed to marry a princess from another city.

Kemodofkrosal knew now that he would [illegible], the little slave girl. But if he could not make her his princess, he would not have her at all. Kemodofkrosal's new order: "The serpers come down to feed the zoss on this side," and he indicated a small door.

Tarzan soon forced open the heavy door, one after another he five crawled through, finding a narrow corridor beyond. They ascended upward, until another door opened into a wide corridor, a short distance down which stood a warrior. Jantara looked out.

"Good!" exclaimed Jantara. "It is my own warrior. Come! We have nothing to fear." The fellow, seeing them, was about to raise an alarm, when he recognized the princess. She told him she wanted six dibuts and some heavy warriors' wraps.

"Remember, you are dibuts!" Jantara cautioned him. Then to Kemodofkrosal she said, "Prince Horas of Tchoundalamakos, I will show you the way to liberty you will not escape me!" "I shall take you to the city as my own slaves and then liberate you," he replied.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

Through the Warriors' Corridor

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Princess Janzara still hesitated. "I think you may feel assured of a friendly welcome at the court of Adendrohahkis," declared Komodoflorensal. Janzara seemed reassured. After a long time his warrior returned with the diadets, and he was covered with blood.

"I had to fight for them," he said. He also brought weapons for Zoanthrohago. They mounted quickly. "They will be following me from the King's Corridor," explained the warrior, whose name was Orathare. "It would be best, then, to leave by one of the others."

"Our only hope lies in deceiving them," said Zoanthrohago. "Let us leave by the Warriors' Corridor, then," suggested Janzara. "Go first, with the princess," Zoanthrohago ordered Orathare, "perhaps the guard will let her pass with her party."

The others muffled themselves in their warriors' cloaks as Orathare led the way. Never had they wished to race their diadets as now, but they dared not, keeping to an even pace. They were almost at the exit when their pursuers, entering the corridor, sighted them.

As the six approached the corridor's exit, a sentry stepped out to bar their progress. "Aside for the Princess Janzara!" commanded Urethare. The fellow hesitated. "Arise, man!" cried the princess, or I shall ride you down!" The beard warriors galloped toward them.

The sentry was [illegible] as. "Halt, child! I call the Novand of the guard. Princess!" he cried. The party saw a Novand coming from the guard room, followed by a number of warriors. "Ride!" cried Janzara, and spurred her chalet straight for the startled sentry.

The Novand and his men rushed forth just in time to collide with the pursuers, whom they immediately assumed were the fleeing party. The brief moments of confusion gave the fugitives time to pass out of the city and make for the hills.

Orathaur, who knew the hill trails perfectly, led the way. The others followed as closely as they could. Twice and thrice difficulties bring up the rear. Thus they pressed on in a place among precipitous rocks and all night long no sign of pursuit developed.

At dawn the six fugitives, crossing a ridge, saw below them a broad plain. Shortly after noon-up they made camp, knowing they were secure for the time being. Oratharo went out and snared a number of quail while Tarzan speared some fish.

They kept north a furlong and then took up their flight again. Toward night, Kotolothrassal and Zontheolaya found a camp site. Let Tarzan saw nothing of advantage in it. "Perhaps they are going into the trees," thought the ape-man.

How enormous Gilar looked beside Kotolothrassal as he stepped aloft! "I will go in first," Kotolothrassal said, standing at the mouth of a large hole. It was the mouth of a small animal burrow. The prince, with drawn sword, crawled into the opening.

"Why is he doing this?" Tarzan asked Zontheolaya. "We will spend the night in the inner and chamber of the burrow," said the wizard, "safe from attack of the cat or the lions. It would be better were we in it now, for it is at this hour that the gigantic lion hunts."

Soon Kerandoffeensal emerged. "The burrow is deserted," he said. One by one they disappeared into the hole, until Tarzan stood alone in the gathering night. It seemed ridiculous to him to be hiding from Numa in the burrow of some little animal.

As he stood there and saw the cadets, standing very unruffled, shouted and waved away Tarzan wheeled to face a lion that towered near twice the man-man's height above him. Even as the great cat sprang he turned and dove head-foremost down the hole of the rambon.

Three days the six traveled east. Upon the fourth they turned south. A great forest loomed upon the horizon beyond which was the city of the Apt Men, still a good two days' journey for their tired dladis. Tarzan often wondered what sort the little creatures obtained.

The fourth day's afternoon, they saw a small cloud of dust far to their rear. All six watched it intently as it increased in size and drew nearer. "We can reach the forest before they overtake us," said Orachara. "Oh, not that!" cried the princess. "I fear the forest."

We have no alternative," said Zontrobanga. "Come! We must be quick." So in spite of the protest from the six fugitives headed their chariots for the enemy wood. Behind them the dust cloud now disclosed a dozen armored warriors of Veltorismakaniate.

Their one hope, therefore, lay in reaching the forest ahead of their pursuers, and they almost flew toward the trees. Behind, the enemy was gaining. They cried aloud for the fleeing apes to stop, rather than by none as one of the pursuers forged ahead of the others.

He came into close behind the party and raced around to Jantara. "Prisoner! The King's person for you all if you return the slaves to us!" Tarzan wondered what the three Veltorismakaniate would do. Had it not been for Talaskar he would have advised them to fall back.

Never would he are-man see the slave girl encircled. "Surrender, and all will be forgiven!" shouted the leading pursuer. "Never!" cried Zontrobanga. "NEVER!" echoed the Princess Jantara. On they rushed toward the dark and savage forest.

Tarzan was glad to hear the refusal to surrender by both Zontchabago and Jamara. The whole attitude of the Princess Jantara had changed. No longer was she the spoiled daughter of a desiccate king, but a woman seeking happiness through her old love.

She seemed now to be trying to make up to Tarzan for the severity of her attack upon the dark girl. Her mind underwent a fascination for Tarzan she now knew in its true light. It was differences and Tarzan always rode together; but no word of love did the prince speak into her ears.

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Now it was forgotten except the future course of capture and death or escape. The six urged their straining mounts ahead. The forest was no come now. Ah, if they could but reach it! There, one warrior might be as good as three, and put them on even terms.

A great shout rose to the lips of Orathaire as his dinder leaped into the shadows of the first trees. The others took it up, and then it died as they saw a giant hand reach down and snatch Orathaire from his saddle! They tried to stop, but it was too late!

All about them was a horde of hideous Zertacots. One by one they were snatched from their mounts, and their pursuers whipped away. Tatakae, writhing in the grip of a she-Alali, turned toward Komodoforemak. "Goodbye!" she cried. "This, at last, is the end!"

"I love you!" cried the prince. In death they were alone with their love. Tarzan found himself in the hand of a male. He wondered how it occurred that this great band of male and female Alali should be hunting Zertacots. Then suddenly, he noted the weapons of the males.

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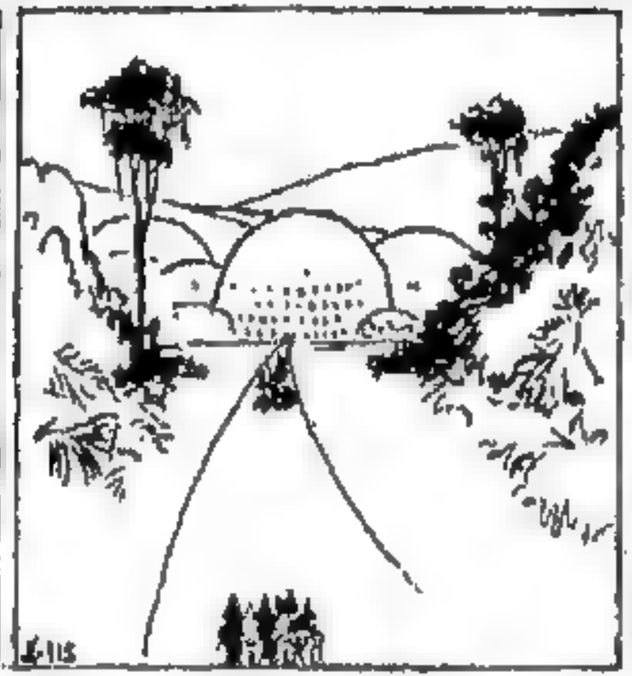
They had lone, lithe arms and legs and arrows. Now the creature that held Tarzan lifted him even with its face and was scrutinizing him. A look of recognition and amazement crossed the bestial features, and Tarzan, in turn, recognized his captor as the Son of the First Woman!

"Put me down!" he signed. "and tell your people to put down all of my people." Instantly the great creature set Tarzan gently upon the ground and signaled his fellows to do the same. One woman hesitated. He leaped toward her, spear raised, and she set Tatakae down.

Very proud, the Son of The First Woman explained the great change that had come upon the Ahtl since the newman had given the men weapons. No longer were the men all-powerful. Now the former down-trodden mates each had a woman looking for him.

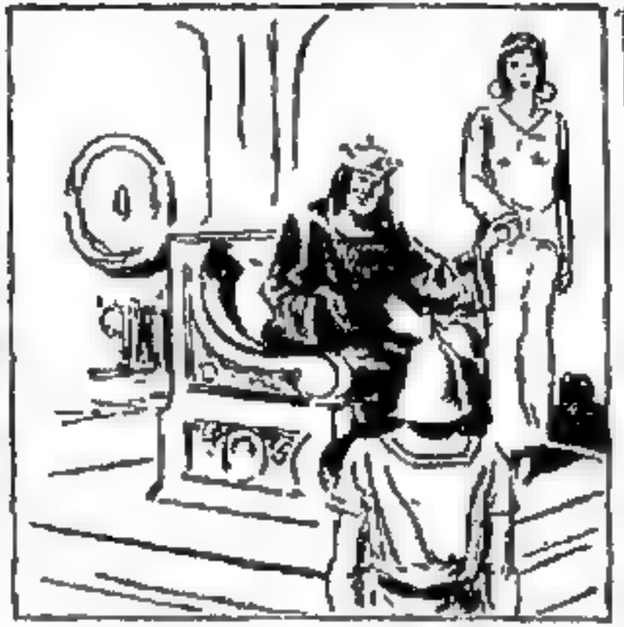
The next day the six fugitives started across the plain toward Trohanadalaahan. In that city Tarzan resolved to remain until he regained his normal size. Then he would make a determined effort to cut his way through the thorn forest to his own country.



Two days later the fugitives reached the domain of Trohanadalaahan. They were conducted at once to the throne room of Adendrohahla. There that mighty ruler took his son in his arms and wept, so great was his happiness at having Kotolo-Hosmai returned.

Adendrohahla called Tarzan to the foot of his throne. There, before the entire court, he made him a earl, or prince, begging him to stay among them always. To Jamara, Zutathohago, and Graiharo he gave their liberty and permission to remain in the city.

"Now for myself I ask a boon, Adendrobhiki," said Komodoforenal to the king. "As Xerkoksio, I am bound to wed a princess; but in this slave girl have I found the one I love. Let me renounce my rights to the throne and have her instead."



"You are bound by custom only, my son," said the king. "But custom is not law. Wed whom you please." Then Tainikhego spoke: "And even though he were bound to wed a princess, still he might wed me. I am the daughter of Tainikhego, king of Mandalemakus."

"My mother taught me to take my life before mating with any one less than a prince; but I would have forgotten her teachings had Komodoforenal been but the son of a slave." ... Weeks passed and still no chance came to Tarzan of the Apes.

The ape-man was happy, but he longed for his own people. He would trust to chance that he might come to his normal size somewhere during the long journey. At last he set out toward the point where he thought he had entered the land of Manuni.

A hamak of one thousand mounted warriors accompanied Tarzan from the city of the Ant Men to the great forest. There the Son of The First Woman found him. He and his savage band escorted Tarzan to the edge of the thorn forest.

Further than that the huge creatures could not go. For two days, Tarzan, no larger than a Minimian, made his way through the thorns. At night he slept in the burrows of burrowing animals. During the second night he awoke with a strange feeling creeping over him.

It was pitch dark in the burrow. Suddenly the thought smote him that he might be about to pass through the ordeal of regaining his normal stature. Already he felt dizzy. He stumbled to his knees and clawed his way up the steep sackcloth that led to the surface.

Would he reach it in time? Desperately he stumbled on and then, suddenly, a burst of fresh night air smote his nostrils . . . He was free! . . . Behind him he heard a low growl . . . His muscles failed to obey his will . . . All went black before his eyes . . .

A Waziri, returning from the village of Obebe, the cannibal, saw a bone lying beside the trail. This particular bone caused him to pause. Usula had heard strange tales in the village, where rumor had brought him in search of his beloved master, Tarzan, the Big Bwana.

Obebe had seen *not* heard nothing of Tarzan of the Apes. But the Waziri learned that a white man had been kept a prisoner by Obebe. When he verified the time that had elapsed, he knew it could not have been his master and so he turned toward home.

When he saw the child's bone along the trail several days out, he recalled the story of the missing White. He saw something else—a small skin bag. Usula poured some of the contents into his palm. He knew what the things were and he knew that they belonged to his master.

These were the diamonds stolen from the Big Bwana by the white man who found Opar. Usula put the jewels into his loin cloth. Three days later he suddenly saw an almost naked man lying upon the ground. The man was alive but what was he doing?

Usala, the Wasiri, crept closer, peering no calm. The man was white and he was eating the carcass of a free-fed buffalo. Usala gave a cry of horror. It was the Big Swamp Uncle sent to him and raised him upon his knees.

At his side was the Big Swamp's golden locket with the great diamonds set in it. For many days Usala remained until the man's strength came back; but his mind did not come back. And thus, in this condition, the faithful Usala led home his master.

They sent to England for a great surgeon to mend the poor thing that once had been Tarzan of the Apes. Jad-bal-ja, the Golden Lion, growled when the man was wheeled near his cage. Korak, the Killer, paced the floor in dumb despair . . .

Khamis, the witch doctor, had searched vainly for Ubha, his daughter, since the River Devil had stolen her from the village of Obelo. Khamis was returning from another fruitless search, when his keen old eyes discovered something.

What Khamis' keen eyes had discovered lay at the edge of a small clearing. Moving cautiously nearer he presently identified the thing as a human knee. He crept closer and suddenly he gave a surprised start, for what he saw was the body of the River Devil.

The River Devil lay upon his back, one knee flexed. Placing his spear-point against the naked brown chest, Khamis prodded. The Devil did not awaken. He was not asleep. Then Nor did he appear to be dead. Khamis knelt and placed an ear above the other's heart.

In his heart Khamis did not really believe a River Devil's Bill; there was a chance that there might be such things. But, too, it was the abductor of his daughter. That thought filled Khamis with rage and also with pastime. He must force the truth from those lips.

The witch doctor quickly found the River Devil's wrists. It was an hour before the River Devil opened his eyes. "Where is Ulika, my daughter?" demanded Khamis. The River Devil made no reply to Khamis' question. It was as though he had not heard it.

"Get up!" commanded the witch doctor, and prodded his prisoner with his spear. The River Devil finally got to his feet. Toward dusk they arrived at the village of Obebe. When the warriors saw who it was that Khamis was bringing, they became very much excited.

Had it not been for the witch doctor, they would have knifed and stoned the prisoner to death. But Khamis wanted first to force from him the truth concerning Ubha. Incessant questioning, emphasized by many prods of the spear point, brought no replies.

The prisoner was securely bound and two warriors placed on guard, for Khamis had no mind to lose his prize again. Obebe too, questioned him, but the River Devil only looked blankly in the face of the chief. "I will MAKE him speak," said Obebe.

The prisoner saw them heating irons in a fire near the hut of the witch doctor. The latter was squatted before the entrance working rapidly with numerous charms—bits of wood wrapped in leaves, pieces of stone, some pebbles, and a zebra's tail.

Tarzan was pushed roughly toward the feet of the witch doctor. Obbo was there, as he saw after the guards had opened a way through the throng, and he stood beside the fire in the center of the circle. The fire was just large enough to keep two irons red-hot.

"Where is Ubha, my daughter?" demanded the witch doctor. The River Devil did not answer. Not once had he spoken since Khamis had captured him. The witch doctor struck The River Devil a heavy blow in the face. Now Khamis did not fear even a river devil.

"You will answer me now!" screamed the witch doctor, and stooping, he seized a red hot iron. . . . A day's march to the south, a mood of depression and sorrow hovered over the bungalow of Tarzan, Lord Greystoke. The doctor came to the home of the ape-man.

There were three—the famous London surgeon, Lady Greystoke, and Flora Hawkes, her maid. The patient sat in a wheelchair and looked up at them blandly as they entered. "Don't you know me, John?" asked Lady Jane. "He does not know any of us," Korak said.

The great surgeon made his examination. There was pressure on the brain from a fracture of the skull. An operation MIGHT restore the patient's mind and memory. It took place the following morning. Lady Greystoke and Kerak awaited the verdict.

At last the surgeon entered the room. Their eyes asked him the question that their lips dared not voice. "I cannot tell you anything as yet," he announced, "other than that the operation was a success. What the results will be only time will tell!"

"I have given orders," said the surgeon, "that no one is to enter the room, other than the nurses, for ten days. They are instructed not to speak to him or allow him to speak. I assure you that your husband has every chance for complete recovery." . . .

Off in Obeha's village the witch doctor had laid his hand upon the shoulder of the prisoner; in his other, he clutched a red-hot iron. Suddenly the muscles of the prisoner leaped into action, and the cannibals went popeyed with amazement and terror.

There was a snapping sound at the prisoner's back as the strands about his wrists parted. A second later steel-thewed fingers fell upon the right wrist of the witch doctor. Khamis dropped the red-hot iron and screamed, for he saw death in the face of the god.

The cannibals had never been certain of the safety of tempting Providence in any such manner as Khamis and Obebe had been about to do. The wrath of the River Devil would fall upon them all. They fell back. Then they turned and fled to their huts.

Obebe turned now to flee also. The River Devil picked up Khamis and holding him high above his head, ran after Obebe. The latter dodged into his own hut. With a terrible crash upon the light, thatched roof, a body descended upon the chief.

Now, was he convinced that Khamis had been right and that the creature they had so long held prisoner was The River Devil. Obebe drew the knife at his side and lunged it again and again into the body of the creature that had leaped upon him.

Obeba dragged the supposed body of The River Devil from his hut. "Come, my people," he cried. "I have slain The River Devil with my own hands!" And then he looked down and gave a gasp. For the body at his feet was that of Kbomu, the witch doctor.

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Obeba examined the ground around the hut. The stranger had departed. Before the closed gates was the imprint of naked feet in the dust—the naked feet of a white man. "Obeba was right," he said, "the sorcerer was not The River Devil—it was Tarzan of the Apes."

The tenth day had come. The great surgeon was still at Greystoke bungalow awaiting the outcome of the operation. The patient was slowly regaining consciousness. Suddenly the door opened a nurse appeared. Behind her was the patient!

There was a puzzled look upon the sick man's face. "There are many things that you may have to tell Lord Greystoke," said the surgeon. "He did not know who he was." The patient took a few steps into the room. "There is your wife, Greystoke," said the surgeon.

Lady Greystoke moved toward her supposed husband, her arms outstretched. But suddenly there came a scream and someone was between them, holding them apart. It was Flora Hawker. "He ain't your husband!" she cried. "It's Miranda, the Spaniard, as sure as I'm alive!"

The devoted Flora talked rapidly on: "Don't you suppose I'd know that fellow in a million? Wasn't he part of my gang in London when I had that wicked plan to steal Lord Greystoke's jewel mines?" "Flora!" cried Lady Greystoke, distractedly. "Are you SURE?"

"Sure?" replied Flora Hawker. "The minute he stepped into the room and smiled, I KNEW!" "Not! Not! You must be wrong," cried Lady Greystoke. "John! Tell me! Is you?" The man before them swayed, to and fro, as in weakness.

"Possibly I have changed," he faltered, "but I am Lord Greystoke." "He lies. Flora speaks the truth," said a quiet voice behind them. A slight white man stood in the open French window. Then with a glad cry, Lady Greystoke ran toward the speaker. Tarzan of the Apes sprang forward and covered her lips with kisses.

THE END.

Beginning Monday

TARZAN *the* UNTAMED

THE RED WAR ADVENTURES OF THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE

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TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

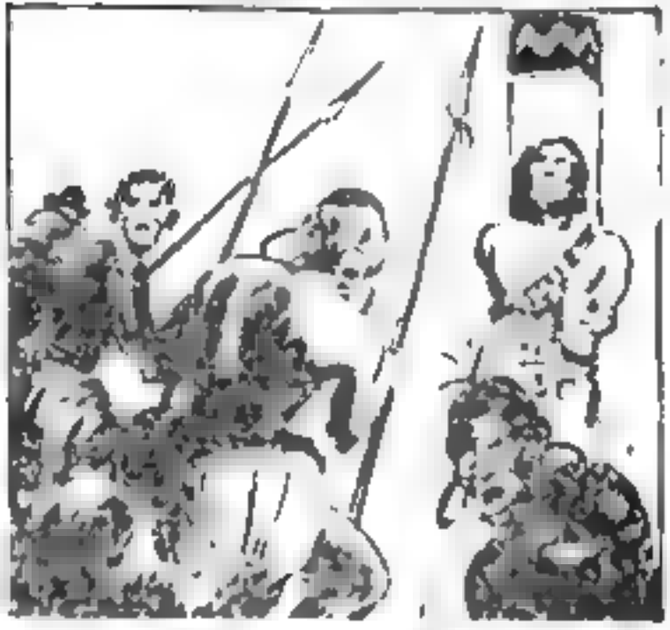
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

After Olga, one by one, came the nine apes. Searching quickly she discovered a spear and with this to lead the attack she again approached the entrance. Tarzan of the Apes and Lieutenant Jerry Cecil were securely bound to the stakes.

Neither had spoken for some time. Now the Englishman turned his head to see his companion in misery. Tarzan stood straight against his stake. Only indifference showed on his countenance, though both men knew of the torture to come.

"Good bye, old top," whispered the young lieutenant. Tarzan turned his eyes in the direction of the other and smiled. "Good bye," he said, "if you want to get it over in a hurry, inhale the smoke and flames immediately."

"Thanks," replied the aviator, and though he made a wry face, he drew himself up very straight and squared his shoulders. The hideously painted warriors were forming slowly now to commence the dance of death!



[illegible] would like to [illegible] their fun [illegible] and Tarzan did not make [illegible] no fuss no matter how much [illegible] suffer. Good boy again and good for [illegible] Jerry made no cry but by the grim set of his jaws [illegible] dent the cannibals would get little enjoyment out of him.

The warriors were [illegible] would draw [illegible] blood [illegible] his sharp spear. This would be the signal for the beginning of the torture. After that the fires would be lighted around the victims feet.

Closer and closer danced the hideous [illegible] leaping into the air [illegible] and [illegible] stamping the ground. At last his spear reached out touched the ape man's breast, and drew a little trickle of blood.

Almost [illegible] from the [illegible] of the expectant audience a woman [illegible] a series of hideous screams a [illegible] barkings and a great commotion upon that side of the circle. The dancers stopped short.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The victims of the attack could not see [illegible] of the [illegible] bedroom but [illegible] to see? [illegible] apes, wondering what had brought them for he could not believe they had come to rescue him.

Numaba and his warriors broke quickly from the circle of their dance to see [illegible] them. In the ranks of these [illegible] and terrified people the very white girl who had escaped them a few nights before.

Behind her came what appeared to be a horde of the huge black forest men whom they [illegible] to feared and hold in awe. Slash on right and left with heavy fists and leaping with his great lance came Ja-tag, the young bull. At his heels surged straight toward Numaba the girl fought. When Tarzan heard them he was [illegible] to see who led the rescuing [illegible] "Ja-tag" he said. "Go for the [illegible] while the [illegible] he called to the girl ape.

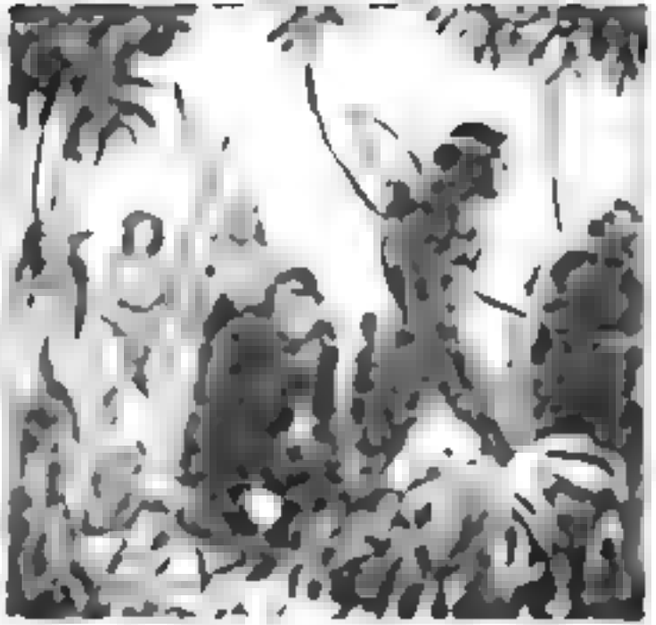
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

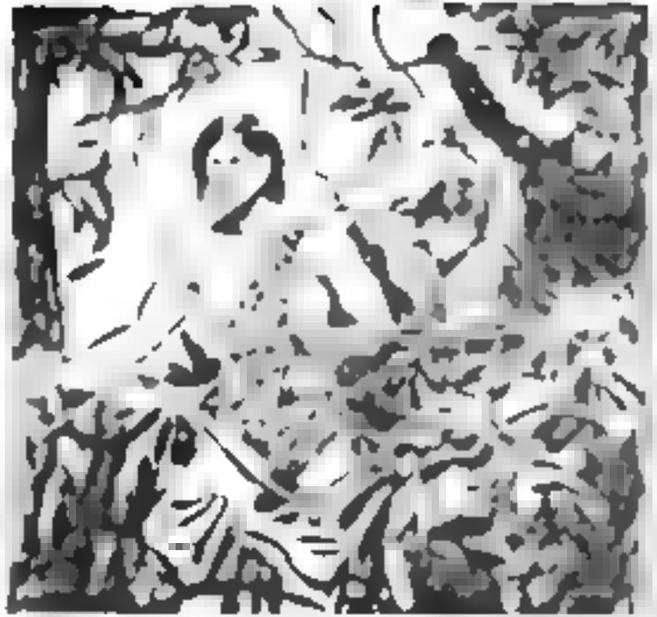
"Quick! Cut these bonds! The apes will take care of the blacks." After Tarzan shouted this, Olga, working quickly and coolly succeeded in loosing the ape-man's bonds sufficiently so that in another moment he had freed himself.

The apes closed with the warriors. "Unbind the Englishman!" he cried, and leaping forward, ran to join the battling bulls of Zu-lu-land. The cannibals, realizing now the relatively small numbers against them, made a determined stand.

With spears and weapons they were overcoming the savage [illegible] apes when [illegible] Tarzan, seeing how the fight was going, looked about for some means of [illegible] A grim smile touched his lips as he spied a vessel of boiling water.

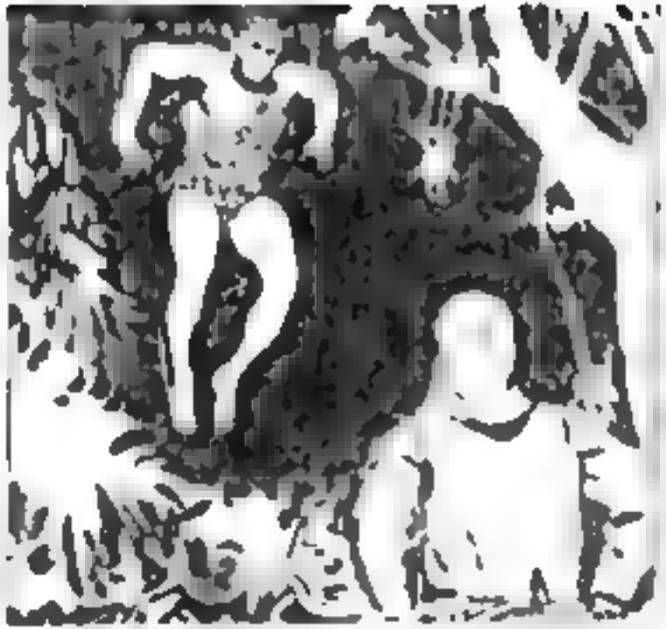
Snatching it from one of the fires, he hurled it full in the warriors' faces. Screaming with pain and terror they fell back, though Numabo urged them forward. Scarcely had the first cauldron of boiling water spilled its contents upon them than another followed.





[illegible] Through the jungle Tarzan made his way [illegible]

[illegible] Through the branches and down [illegible] the white man paused and [illegible]



Alarmed and helpless for the place where Tarzan had appeared [illegible] strange to them. Tarzan at least about [illegible] would abandon him to death.

Women first in shipwrecks and in love affairs he thought [illegible] that the [illegible] girl who had brought the apes to [illegible] and Tarzan was the latter's mate. Anything better for me than staying here, he concluded, getting out into the jungle.

He struggled only a short distance when a [illegible] in the [illegible] man dropped down from the trees [illegible] before him. Half smiling at Rogers's amazed expression Tarzan said: "Come back, my friend. I had to get the girl away quickly. She seems [illegible] about something."

"It's the result of what's up from the [illegible] hole," he [illegible]. "Never mind, no [illegible] thanks for the [illegible] [illegible] merely [illegible]. What now?" "Now," said Tarzan, "we're going to do a thing you probably won't relish, but it is impossible to proceed other wise."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"Get a steady hold around my shoulders," commanded Tarzan. "I'm going to take you through the air." Roger, protesting he was no child, nevertheless obeyed. Instinctively he felt that when this half naked giant gave orders, nobody dared question his purpose.

Then came an experience the British aviator never forgot. It was almost like flying in his beloved airplane. The ape-man carried him easily, swinging from one high branch to another in dizzying sweeps, poising an instant, then taking off again. Many miles were quickly covered.

At last the two men dropped to earth outside the protected hut. "Here is my 'manor' house—for the present," remarked Tarzan, entering the hut. "You had better sleep now. I'll be back later." Exhausted, the young aviator needed no second invitation.

He flung himself upon the bed of boughs outside the hut and the ape-man turned away. Wondering idly what had become of the woman and who she was, Roger sank into deep and dreamless slumber. Meanwhile, from the hut two dark eyes watched him with troubled intensity.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Olga, the spy, [illegible] a cry that rose in her throat as [illegible] waved before a [illegible] and dismay she recognized the sleeper. In [illegible] it seemed there lay her long lost Roger. In the [illegible] face of the cannibal village she had not previous seen his face.

[illegible] uncle when she heard him speak to Tarzan, the sound of his voice [illegible] weeping over her. Though then she believed he [illegible] but a prey to her imagination, the sudden shock made her faint.

"When [illegible] her thoughts were once of [illegible] days in India and the man she had loved too late. And now as by some wonderful miracle he was here near her. She could not even guess what strange events had happened to bring him into war torn Africa.

[illegible] of showing Roger [illegible] was shaded by [illegible] fear. What would he say—or do—when he knew that she, Patricia Canby, even if she still loved him, was now known as Olga, the Belgian, a woman in the secret service of his country's enemy?"

The rays of the jungle's setting sun filtered through the boma wall as Roger Ceed awoke to find he had slept all day. Bestirring himself he looked about for the ape-man—nowhere in sight. But to his utter amazement, he heard a woman's voice call his name, softly.

Turning, he saw the girl of the apes, standing in the hut's doorway, smiling at him. A long moment their eyes met. Roger's heart beat furiously. He could not believe his eyes nor find his voice at first. Then, with a glad cry, he ran to her outstretched arms.

He held the girl in his warm embrace. "Patricia—Pat, my darling. To THINK I have found you again!" he cried, covering her yielding lips with kisses. This moment, he told himself, was worth a lifetime of danger. At last the girl freed herself from his eager arms.

"No more—PLEASE, my dearest," she said. "HE must not find us this way." Roger knew she meant Tarzan but at the moment he did not care—no, NEVER would she be the apeman's again. "Tell me," he said when he could control his emotions. "WHERE have you been? How did you get HERE?"

"No Roger" replied the girl "I cannot tell you everything now. Some things I can tell nobody yet. You will have to trust me blindly. But I will tell you what happened after you made me leap into space from that airplane burning over the India mountains."

Tarzan had seen to it that plenty of fruits nuts and plantains had been left within the boma (hut) night fell and while the British aviator made a fire Olga, the spy prepared food. Meanwhile Tarzan of the Apes, returning from a successful hunt, paused in the branches of a great tree.

The ape man shook his tousled head and sighed. A growl of anger even rose to his lips as he chafed over the fact that fate had thrust upon him these two humans. The man, he might have tolerated, but the girl—NEVER. He had contemplated leaving her to the jungle's mercy

But that was before she had been instrumental in saving him from torture at the hands of the black Wamabes. He hated the obligation she had placed upon him but no less did he acknowledge it. Suddenly he made his decision. At the same moment Olga was unfolding her story to the man who loved her.

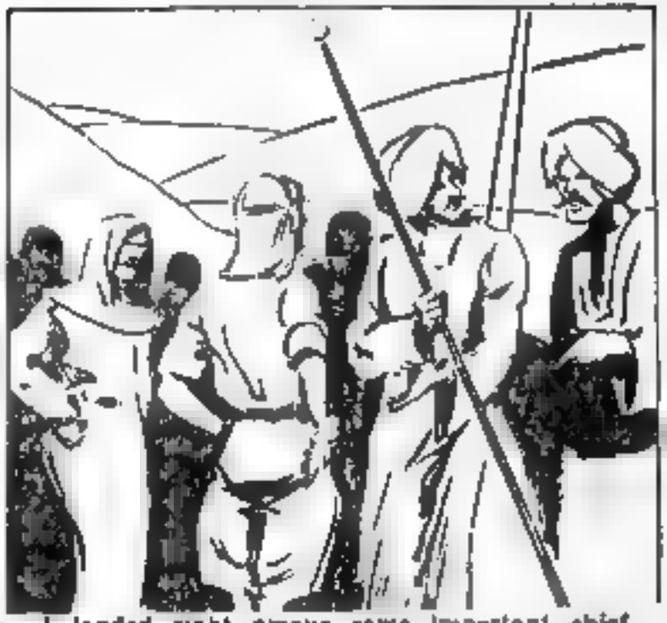
TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"How long I drifted in the storm-tossed parachute I do not know" said Olga. "When I regained consciousness, I had no idea where I was. The country looked strange a half-civilized mob surrounded me. My brains slowly cleared. . .

"I tried to make myself understood It was useless. Later I found that chance had thrown me into the midst of one of those tremendous migrations by which certain Asiatic tribes of nomads sustain life for themselves and their herds.

"A vast multitude of animals and wild looking people were slowly moving down a mountain pass bound for the grassy steppes to the north. They had already been weeks on the march when I dropped as mysteriously from the sky .



I landed right among some important chief tain's family From the hub hub, I soon gathered that this grizzled fellow was deciding whether I should be taken along or done away with at once. You can imagine my feelings, Roger, as I awaited my fate."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"The Turcoman chief, half-civilized himself," said Olga to Roger, "seemed filled with superstitious awe at this uncanny addition to his tribe, and so my life was spared. I was given food and drink.

"I became another human drop in the moving tide of life seeking the green steppes ahead. I was not treated unkindly nor given much notice as days went on. With recovering strength, my spirits also revived.

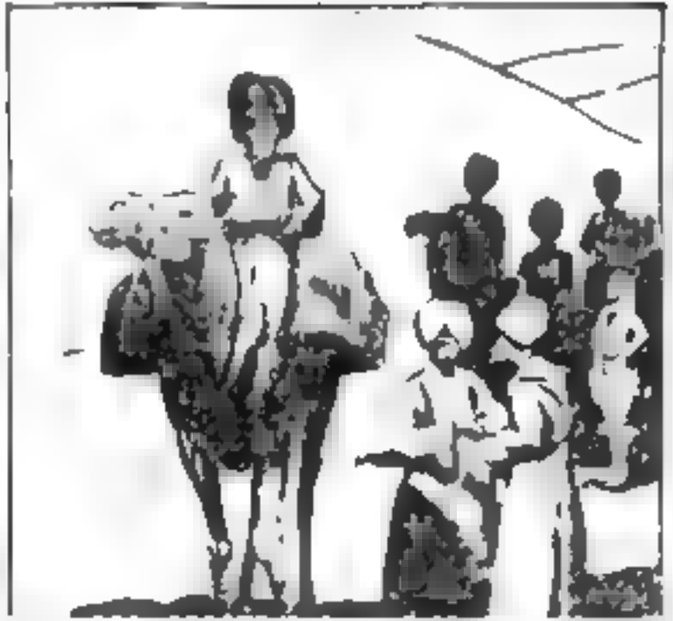
"Love of life was strong within me, even though it was filled now with toil and monotony. The youths and maidens of the tribe became my companions and time, lost track of, meant nothing to me.

"Though I lived each day not knowing what the night would bring courage and hope never failed me, until my fortunes dropped to even lower depths." The girl paused before continuing her story, as if the thought of those past days was painful to her.

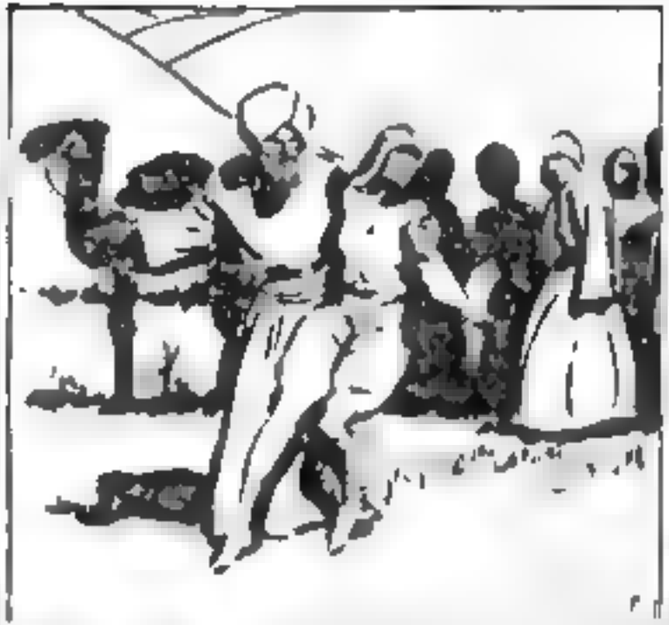
TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Many weeks the tribes of Tarzan [illegible] slowly over the grass [illegible] grazing their animal [illegible] the girl [illegible] the [illegible] days spent tending herds and sunbathered nights in the open.



[illegible] came [illegible] whom her [illegible] [illegible] parting in [illegible] lingered in hope [illegible] goods with the Turcomans in exchange for food and live stock.



And when the camels moved with slow grace, one of the [illegible] men [illegible] had [illegible] together [illegible] the goats and sheep [illegible] gold the dark-eyed girl who had [illegible] wicked fancy. Unprotected, she now had a brutal master.

He intended taking her with other white slaves to the Bagdad market. [illegible] she protested, pleaded, [illegible] upon heart that did not [illegible] He [illegible] and toward the sun that was sinking on the girl's hopes . . .

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Doomed to be sold into Oriental slavery! With no one to understand her language or take pity on her sad plight—no wonder Patricia Cumby was desperate! When all else failed—then, she told herself, would she use . . .

the poison ring, fateful gift of the murdered maharajah's wife. Death would be more honorable than what might lie before her. Often she thought of Roger, wondering if he could have escaped his burning airplane.

Never would she see him again, and now she knew she loved him. Meanwhile, the caravan plunged into the burning desert, braving the fierce sand storms and climbing with difficulty over the loose sand hills. The sun poured down its intense heat.

The sand was too hot to touch. They reached a welcome oasis and made camp. Pat, dismounting, faced her master who motioned her to his tent. As she drew back, dismayed, he raised a whip, determined to force her to obey him.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The slave owner's whip fell once upon the fair white captive and was raised to lash again, when Pat heard a commanding voice cry out sharply "In Allah's name, strike not the woman in anger, brother!"

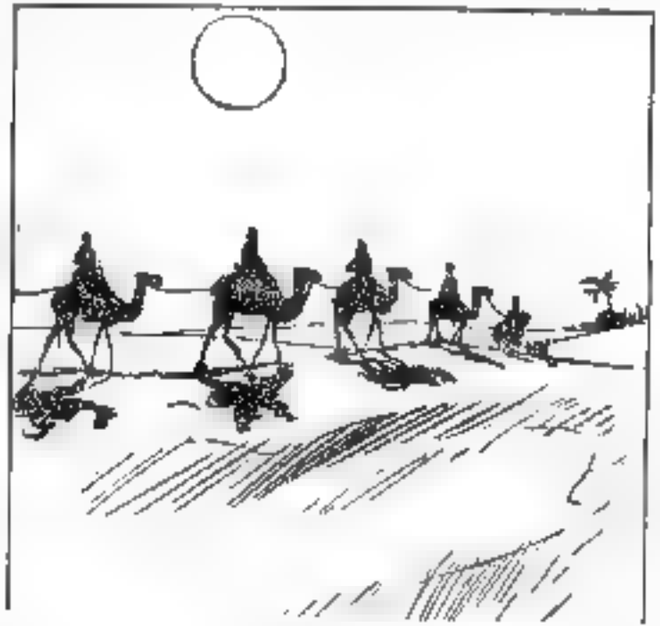
"Remember—part of the gold you paid for her was mine. Put down your whip!" The girl, not understanding, stood between the two brothers. A moment the older man hesitated, while the younger's hand gripped the knife at his belt.

Then, in a sullen mood, muttering, the older brother strode from the tent. Pat wondered if she would be any better off now. Often during the desert journey she had seen this young man watching her.

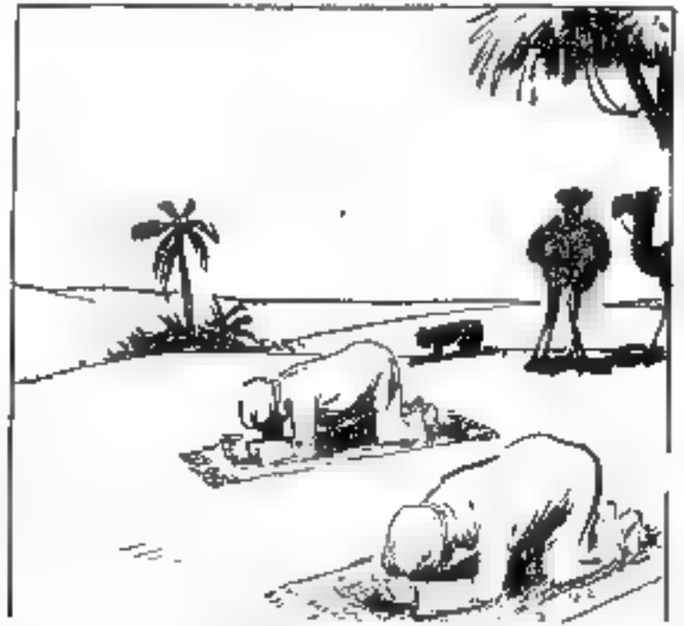
Once even, he had brought the weary girl a gourd of cooling water. Now his tone was gentle as he spoke some words and signed her to follow. And Pat, being no idle native, followed her protector toward the most secluded section of the sleeping caravan.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

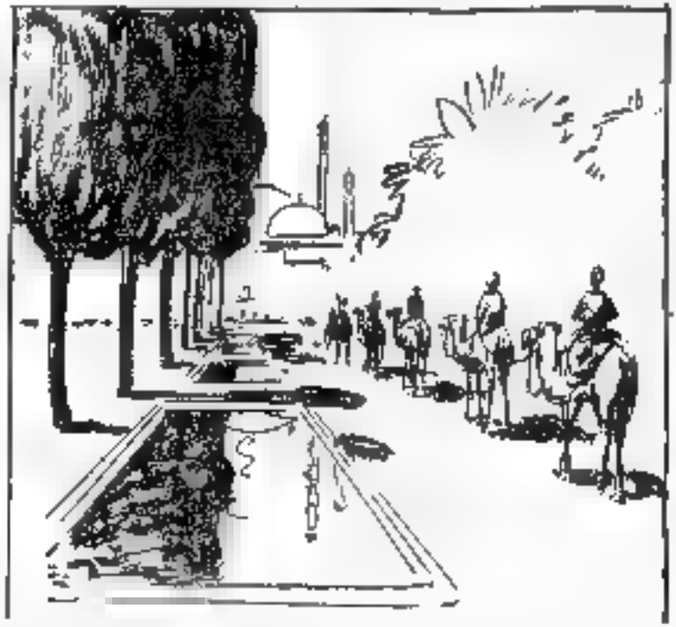
Conducting Pat through rows of tethered camels, the young Moslem led her to the women's quarters at the caravans rear. There smiling as though to reassure the girl, he departed without speaking.



After a day's rest the camels, ponies and asses, laden with their precious goods, again toiled over the ancient route from oasis to oasis. They traveled now by night, for then the air was crisp and dry and the deep sky blazed with stars.



Only haulting when the hours for prayer toward Mecca came, two more weeks passed. At last the ever-rolling ocean of sand and the smarting heat was left behind, and the domes of the mosques of Ispahan gleamed in the distance.

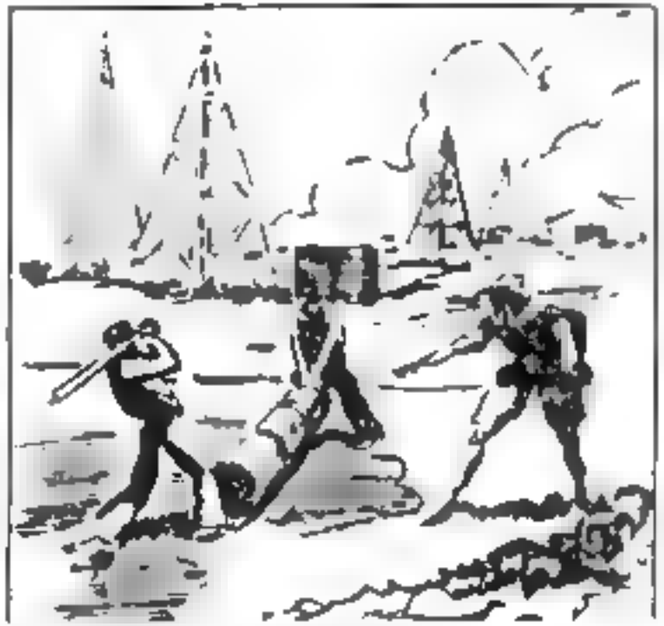


Entering through fields of roses and white poppies, past gardens, pale green canals and the buildings of the great Shah Abbas, the scene thrilled Pat, though she knew that misery awaited her at journey's end.

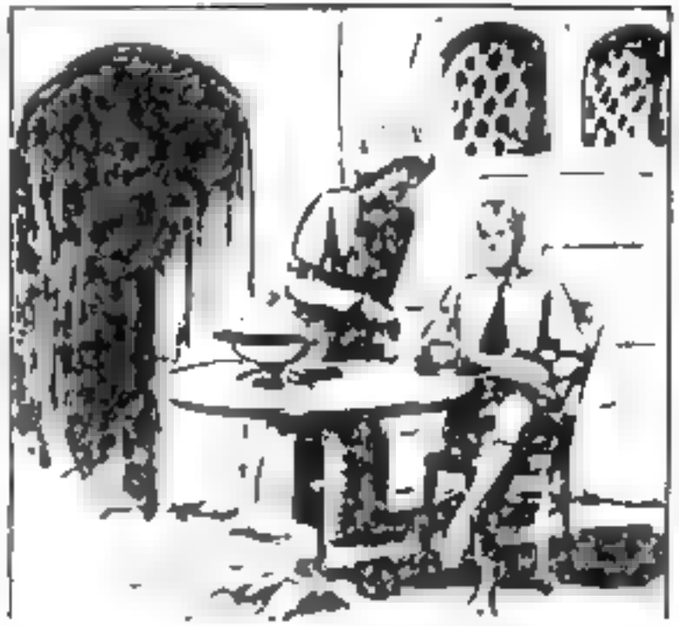
TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Within the ancient Persian city Dick Terrel, rich young American, was enjoying the last of his well earned holiday. The colorful surroundings and the strange peoples swarming the narrow streets interested and amused him.



Even the Oriental odors and squalor were welcome relief after the drab monotony of the Black Sea country. There, for the last ten months, he had been in charge of engineers drilling for oil under contract with the Soviet States.



Today chance led him into a congested quarter where few foreigners penetrate. Lingering in a native shop leisurely sipping syrupy black coffee his attention was caught by the nearing shouts of dragomen and the musical tinkle of camel bells.

Soon a travel worn caravan rounded the corner. "Come from Turkestan—yes! far!" volunteered his native boy. "Bring much riches—jade, carpets, monkeys—maybe pretty girls." Terrel laughed at the last suggestion.

Having nothing better to do, the American followed the caravan toward the bazaars. Perhaps, he thought, "I can pick up some souvenirs or a rug, cheaply." An hour later, satisfied with his bargaining, he was departing.

Then a great commotion amid an excited crowd about a silk draped platform attracted him. Edging through the throng he saw a number of girls reclining upon cushions or undulating about, obviously displaying their charms.

They were of various ancestry, color and comeliness. One by one as he watched, each slave girl fell to the highest bidder, claimed by some Turk, Arab, or other bearded son of the Prophet. Now the "auctioneer" began a long harangue.

Evidently he was holding the buyers in antic pation. Then the silken curtains parted and Dick saw a lovely, slender, dark eyed girl appear. As her veil was thrust aside, in startled amazement he cried, "My God! A European woman!"

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

At Dick Terrel's astonished cry rising in English over the babel of alien tongues the girl, startled out of her calm despair glanced toward the speaker. For one tense minute her dark eyes met the American's, sending their pleading message.

Her glance expressed more than words. Now the slave sale reached its climax as the bids for Patricia Canby rose high, for it was she whose beauty was being bartered for silver and gold. Above the tumult she stood, the deep flush of outrage mounting her cheeks.

And Dick Terrel's anger nearly choked him when at last Pat had a new owner whose pock-marked face showed plainly his breed. As the fellow came to claim his prize Pat cried in anguish "SAVE ME!" The American did not hesitate.

Quickly he vaulted to her, paying no heed to the infuriated cries. Down with the Christian dog! nor the knives thrust out to detain him. Terrel was fearless by nature. He had muscles like steel. And a ready pistol!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Knocking down the burly desert-man, Dick Terrel whirled with drawn pistol to face the clamoring mob. The American's determined stand and his shining weapon halted them more than his threats, which they did not understand.

Several minutes he held them at bay, when suddenly the girls' warning cry caused him to wheel about. He saw Pat's owner, senses recovering, creeping upon him with a wicked looking knife. Dick's back was now turned toward the mob.

One bold tribesman seized his chance to attack. But another enemy [illegible] quick. [illegible] forever low, and the other, screaming, fell before the pistol's second.

Now, indeed, was the situation perilous! "QUICK," he whispered to Pat, back through the curtain. I'll follow. So saying, he hurled a handful of jingling coins into the crowd. They paused to fight greedily over the loot. . Olga hated the telling of her story.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"How did you and that American chap manage to escape the Persian mob?" Roger asked as Olga paused in her story, hesitating to tell him what followed. Roger wondering what the girl's handsome rescuer meant in her life, found himself jealous of this unknown man.

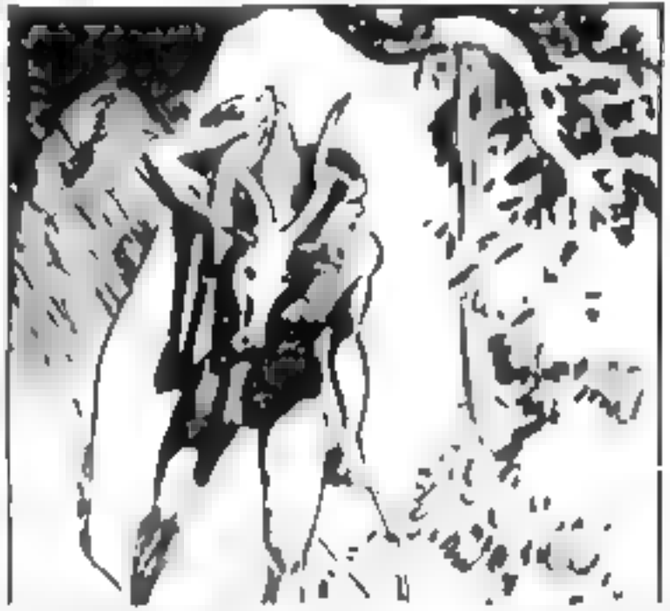
Olga reading his thoughts, arose and laughing lightly, said "That's enough for tonight's bedtime story. The rest will keep. It is late. We both must sleep. Who knows what tomorrow will bring? I believe we are prisoners of these apes and their wild man companion.

The fire had burned to embers. The jungle sounds rose as about as the Red spy entered the hut. A moment after, Roger stretched himself on the bed of boughs outside. He thought of the incredible happenings of the past days, especially of that giant forest-god.

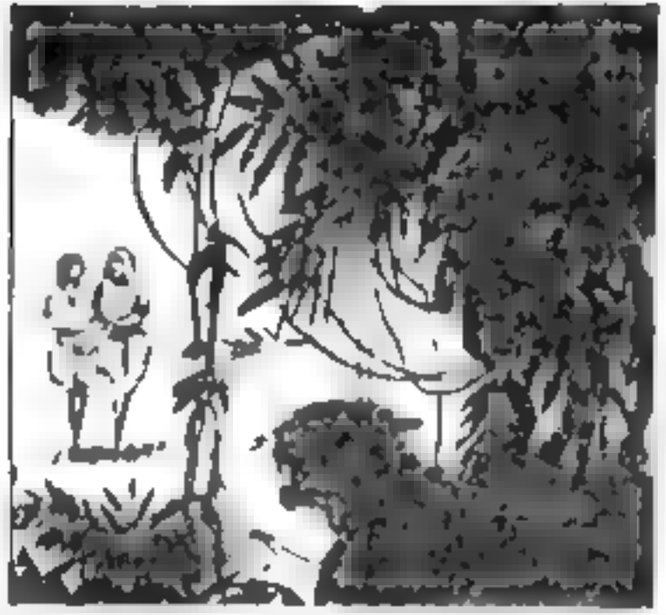
"What does this creature, Tarzan, intend to do with us?" he wondered. Meanwhile the same thought was bothering the ape man also. Without him, he knew these two would perish. Should he save them or go his own way? The question decided itself soon!

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Next morning as Tarzan was returning to the boma restricted hut he saw the Red ape and the English aviator walking from the river. As they crossed the clearing they did not know his sharp eyes were watching them. Nor that other were glaring from a clump of bushes.



Neither could Tarzan see the crouching hid creature. But he knew it was there and what it intended doing. A slight movement of a muscle long had told him. A faint breeze brought to the ape man's sensitive nostrils the recognition of Sheeta.



The panther waited for the two moving slowly to and fro as slowly and as he plays as he is the instinct. Tarzan called to them to stop surprised they looked in the direction from which his voice had come then saw him drop lightly to the ground and advance.

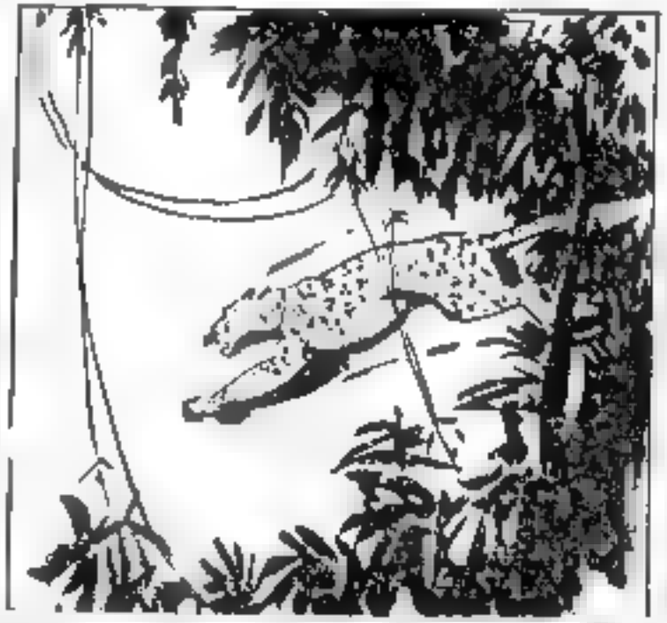
Come slowly toward me! he called. If you run, Sheeta will charge. They obeyed wondering what was the danger. Who is Sheeta? asked Roger. For answer Tarzan hurled Bolas rattlesnake to the ground and leaped quickly toward them his eyes looking past them.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

The Red spy and Roger turned quickly seeing a devil-faced cat charging rapidly toward them. As Tarzan sprang through the air the panther with rising anger saw him. Sheeta's instinct told him this giant Tarmangani was about to rob him of his prey

Sheeta was hungry he had no intention of being thus easily robbed of the flesh he already considered his own. The girl stifled an involuntary scream as she saw the closeness of the fanged fury bearing down upon them. Unarmed as he was Roger pushed her behind him.



Shielding her with his body Roger stood squarely in the face of the panther's charge. Tarzan noted the act and though accustomed as he was to acts of courage he experienced a thrill from the hopeless and futile bravery. The charging panther moved rapidly.

The distance between Sheeta and his prey was not great. In a few seconds the strong limbed cat could have covered the distance and made his kill. Yet if Sheeta was quick, quick, too, was Tarzan. The English lieutenant saw the ape-man flash by him like the wind!

Roger saw the great cat veer in his charge as though to elude the naked savage rushing to meet it. Sheeta's intention was to make good his kill before attempting to protect it from Tarzan. Then, with increasing wonder, the British Lieutenant saw the ape-man swerve!

He saw him leap for the spotted cat as a football player leaps for a runner. He saw the strong brown arms encircling the beast's body. With the impact, the two rolled over and over upon the turf. He heard the snarls and growls of bestial combat.

Horror-struck, he realized that the sounds coming from the man could scarce be distinguished from those of the panther. "Can't we help him before that beast KILLS him?" cried Olga. A thought came to her and the Red spy ran toward the hut.

Roger saw the raking talons of the panther searching for the man's flesh. The man used every artifice to keep his body out of their range. The muscles of his arms knotted under the brown skin. The veins stood out upon his neck and forehead. He looked to be the loser!

With increasing power Tarzan strove to crush the life from the great cat. His teeth were fastened in the back of Sheeta's neck. Now he succeeded in encircling the beast's torso with his legs which he crossed and locked beneath the cat's belly.

Leaping and snarling Sheeta sought to dislodge the apeman's hold upon him. He rolled upon the ground, reared upon his hind legs, and threw himself backward. But always the savage creature upon his back clung tenaciously to him. The mighty arms crushed tighter.

And then the girl, breathless, returned with the short spear Tarzan had given her for protection. Roger ran forward to take it. But she brushed past him and leaped into close quarters beside the growling tumbling mass of yellow fur and smooth, brown hide.

Several times she attempted to press the spear into the cat's body. Fear of endangering the apeman caused her to desist. At last the two lay not unless a second, resting from the strenuous exertions of battle and Olga seizing her chance, sought to pierce the panther's side.

With all her strength, the Red spy drove the spear deep into the panther's savage breast. Tarzan arose from Sheeta's lifeless body and shook himself after the manner of wild beasts. He looked at the girl, a quizzical expression upon his face.

Tarzan of the Apes did not wish to be obligated to a Red spy! Yet in his honest heart he had to admit admiration for her courage, a trait that always impressed the ape-man most. "Here is the kill," he said, picking up the deer's carcass.

"YOU will want to cook it, probably. Tarzan does not spoil his meat with fire." In silence they followed him to the boma. As they prepared the simple meal, the girl worked a little apart from the others. "Isn't she WONDERFUL!" murmured Roger.

A low growl issued from Tarzan's clean cut lips. "She is a Red and a spy!" he replied. The Englishman turned quickly upon him. "What do you mean?" he cried. "I mean what I say," replied the ape-man. "She is a Red and a spy." "I do not believe it!" exclaimed the aviator."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"Believe it or not," said Tarzan to the English aviator, "it is nothing to me. But I saw this girl in conference with the Red staff. They called her by name and she handed their general secret dispatches. Next time I saw her, she was inside your British lines, in disguise.

"Again, I saw her with a Red officer at Wilhelmstal. She is a Red and a spy! But she is a woman, therefore I cannot destroy her." "You really believe all that is true?" asked the young lieutenant hoarsely. "I cannot believe it—she is so sweet and brave and good."

The ape-man shrugged his shoulders. "She is brave," he admitted, "but even Pamba, the rat, must have some good qualities. She is what I have told you and I hate her. You should, too. War is going on and she is tricking your countrymen."

"God forgive me!" cried Roger, burying his face in his hands. "I can't hate her." The ape-man cast a contemptuous look at his companion. "You have enough food for two days," he said, "by that time I will return." The man and girl silently watched him leave.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

After Tarzan left the girl said to Roger "I wish he had stayed. He is grim and terrible, yet I feel safer with him than any man I've ever known. He seems to dislike me—but I know he would let no harm befall me. I cannot understand him." "Nor I," replied Roger.

"Our presence here is interfering with his plans. He would like to be rid of us. I imagine he rather hopes to find when he returns that we have succumbed to one of the dangers that must always confront us in this savage land. We should try to return to a white settlement."

The girl remained silent. Roger continued "If we can survive a day's march, I think we can find the means to escape. My aeroplane must still be in the same place that I landed just before the savages captured me. They probably would not dare approach it."

"We cannot leave," said the girl, "without at least thanking him. We are under too great obligation to him." Roger looked at her in silence a moment. He began to speculate upon the truth of the ape-man's charges. He still could not believe that Pat was the enemy's spy.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

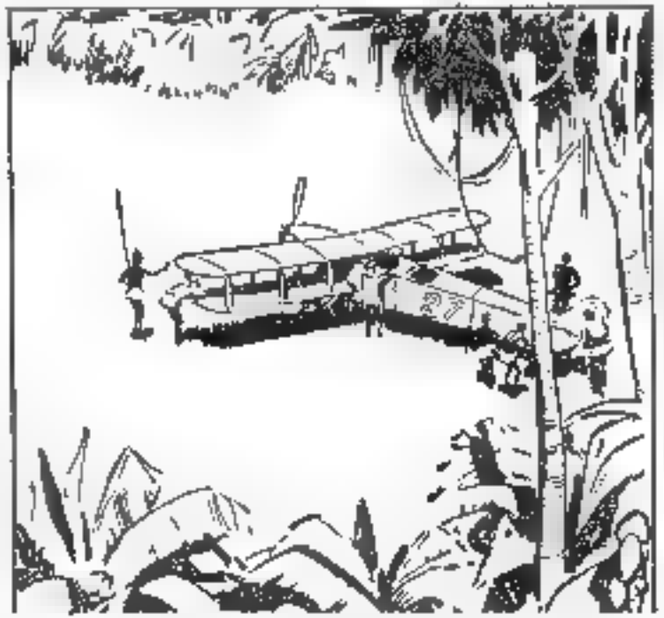
"You have more than balanced your obligations to this ape-man," Roger said. "From what he told me I feel that you, especially should not remain here longer." The girl looked up at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?" "I do not like to tell you," replied Roger.

Then Lieutenant Roger Cecil squared his shoulders and raised his eyes to those of the girl he loved. "He said he hated you" he blurted. "He has only aided you at all from a sense of duty, because you are a woman." The girl paled and then flushed. "Let us leave."

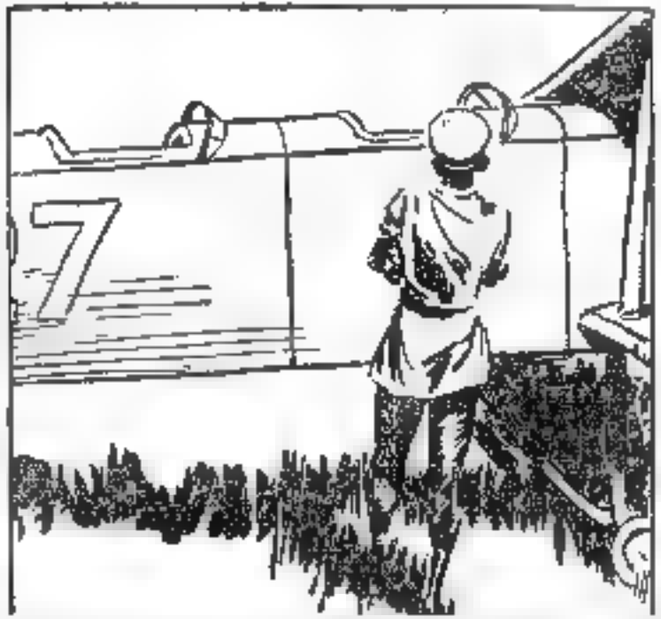
And so the two set out down river toward the south. Before departing, she insisted that the man leave a note for Tarzan. It was necessary that they be constantly on the alert. Especially fearful was the ever-present danger that some of Numabo's black warriors might be nearby.

"I am not so much afraid of the cannibals," said Olga, "as of Usanga and his people. They have been attached to a Red native regiment. They have the advantage of European military training and modern weapons." Nor was it long before they wished they had never started.

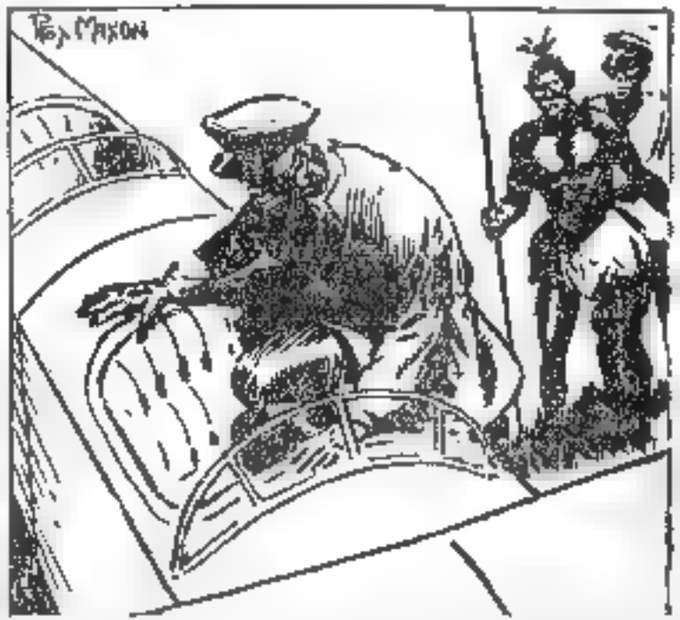
"That it was not Usanga who discovered and made their way safely miles from the boma. "that it was not Usanger who discovered and captured me. He would have felt less fear of the giant machine and known how to wreck it."



Into the trackless jungle the man and girl penetrated, worming their way over fallen tree trunks and through tangled underbrush, often on their hands and knees South of them, a number of savage warriors were gathered about a British airplane.

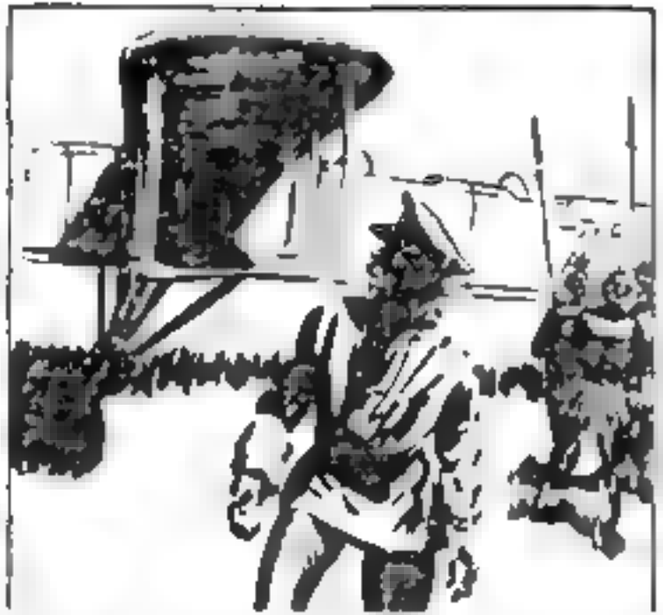


After the aviator was brought to Numbo's village and Usanga heard how Roger had been captured the desert sergeant went out to search for the plane intending to destroy it. But when he located it, a new thought entered his brain. Perhaps he could profit by this.



Daily he returned to it. First the thing filled him with considerable awe. But eventually he came to look at it with the accustomed air of its owner So fearlessly he clambered into the fuselage even wishing he might learn to operate it. Then another thought came to him.

Usanga fingered the instruments and control in the airplane half hoping and half fearing he would alight upon the combination that would put the machine in flight. If he could but fly how mighty would he become among his tribesmen. They would pay tribute to him.



Often had he watched the British airmen soaring above the Red lines. It looked so simple he was sure he could do it himself if only someone would show him how. He hoped that the white man who came in the machine and escaped, might fall into his hands.

On this very day after he had quitted the plane and was now concealed in the jungle's edge Usanga heard voices. Presently his joy was unbounded for suddenly he saw the British officer coming down trail. And with him was the white girl who also had escaped him.

Lieutenant Roger Cecil and Olga, the Red spy all unconscious of their peril, reached the trail's end and saw the plane that would spell life and liberty for them. Exclamations of relief and delight broke from their lips. At the same instant Usanga and his warriors rose.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Olga was almost crushed with disappointment. To have been this close to safety and then have all hope snatched away by a cruel stroke of fate seemed unendurable. The man was disappointed, too, but more was he angry. He demanded to know where were their officers.

She repeated the white man's question in native dialect. Usanga grinned. "I DO know where they are, woman," he replied. "They are killed. And if this white man does not do as I tell him, he, too, will be dead. I want him to teach me to fly like a bird."

The Englishman meditated a moment. Then he said: "Ask him if he will give us our freedom if I teach him." Cunning and unprincipled, Usanga was always ready to promise anything. "Let the white man teach me to fly," he said, "and I will take you close to the settlements."

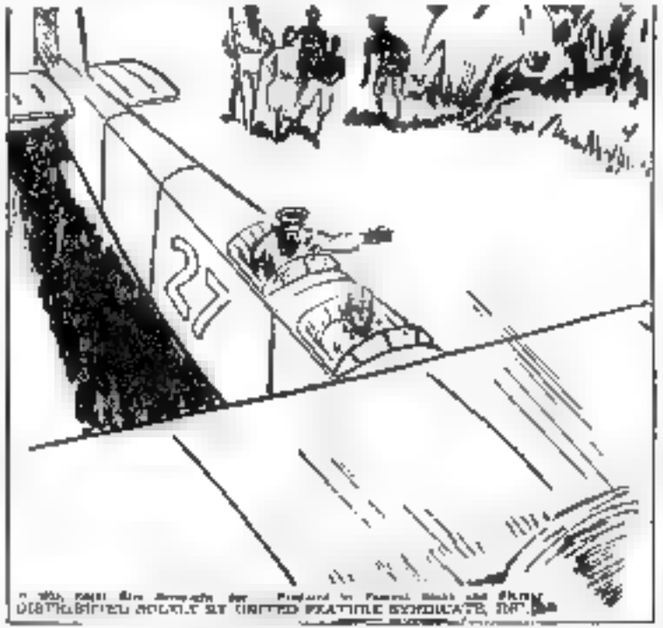
When Roger heard this he shrugged his shoulders and agreed. "There is no way out of it," he told Olga. "If I refuse the scoundrel, he will make short work of me. If I accept, it will be the means of assuring your safe return to civilization. That is worth more to me."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Usanga was for taking his first lesson in aviation immediately. The Englishman attempted to dissuade him. Whereupon, the sergeant became threatening. "All right, old top," muttered Roger. "I'll give you the lesson of your life!" Then, to Olga, "Ask him to let you come."

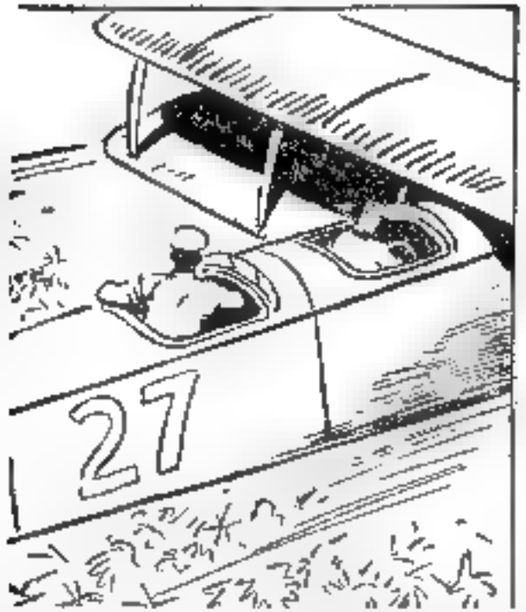
Usanga glowered savagely and refused. "She stays here," he said. "My people will not harm her unless you fail to bring me back safely." "Tell him," said Roger, "that if you are not standing in plain sight when I return, I will carry Usanga back to the British camp."



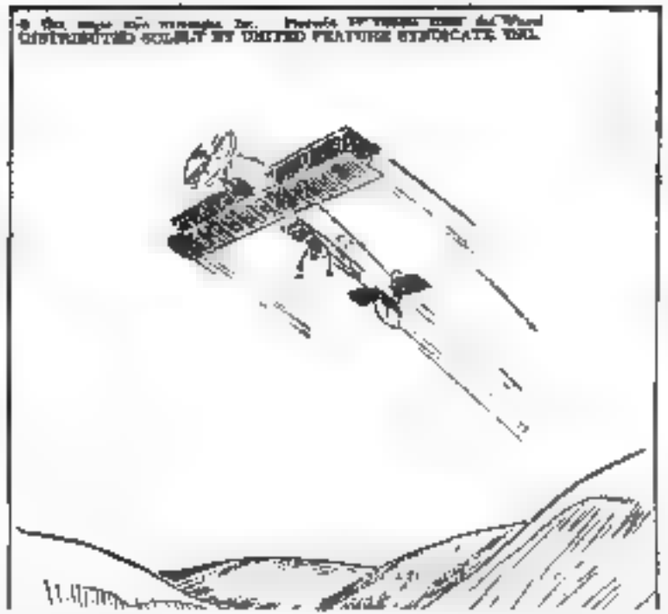
Usanga agreed and explained this to his warriors. Once seated within the plane, however, his courage began to wane. When the motor was started and the great propellor commenced to whir, Usanga screamed to Roger to stop the thing and let him out.

By this time the plane was moving along the ground. As it arose and soared gracefully over the trees, the sergeant was terrified. He saw the earth dropping rapidly away from him. Higher and higher Roger drove the plane, swinging in a wide circle above the forest.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

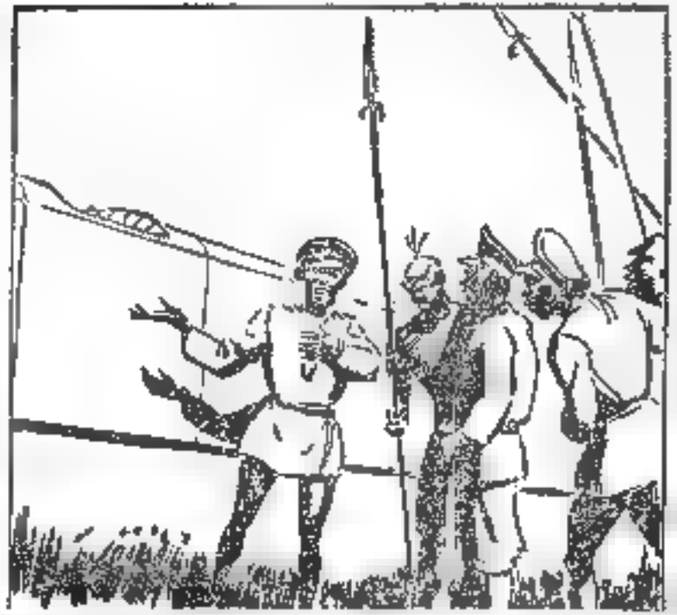


Much to his own surprise Usanga discovered his terror was waning as the plane soared above Numaho's village. He began to take notice of the manner in which the white man guided and manipulated the great bird. After half an hour, Roger rose rapidly



Suddenly without warning he looped, and flew with the plane upside down for a few seconds. "I said I'd give him the lesson of his life," he murmured as he heard, even above the propeller's whir, the shriek of the terrified Usanga. Roger righted the machine.

He circled slowly a few times above the meadow until he had assured himself that the girl was there and evidently unharmed. Then he dropped gently to the ground stopping the plane near Olga and Usanga's warriors. Usanga tumbled out of the fuselage, trembling.



With solid ground under foot, Usanga quickly regained his composure. He strutted about "showing off" before his admiring warriors. He insisted on making camp beside the plane, lest it be stolen. Two days they camped there and Usanga compelled Roger to instruct him.

Recalling his own months of arduous training, Roger smiled at the ignorant African's conceit, for Usanga was already demanding that he be permitted to make a solo flight. "If it were not for losing the machine," the Englishman explained to Olga, "I'd let the bounder take it up."

"He'd break his fool neck in two minutes," said Olga. However Roger persuaded Usanga to wait a few more days instruction. In Usanga's cunning brain came the idea that the white man was 'stalling.' He determined to outwit the aviator, and hit upon a plan.

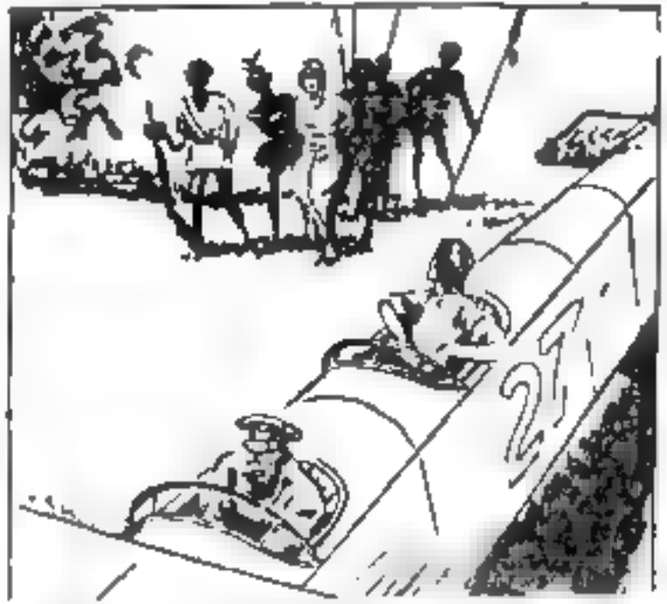
This plan would also leave him in possession of the white girl whom he was determined to have. He hardly slept that night as the idea unfolded in his excited brain. At dawn, Usanga could scarcely wait to commence his scheme. He gave orders to certain warriors.

Roger, who usually kept an eye upon his captor, saw that something was up. Evidently Usanga was persuading his followers to some new plan. Several times he saw the savage's eyes turned toward himself and Olga. Everything suggested that trouble was brewing for them both.

Without a word of explanation a number of Usanga's warriors seized the young officer and threw him face downward. Three others went directly to the girl. Roger struggled uselessly while he was being bound. He saw Olga had been similarly treated. Also that Usanga was talking to her and she was angry.

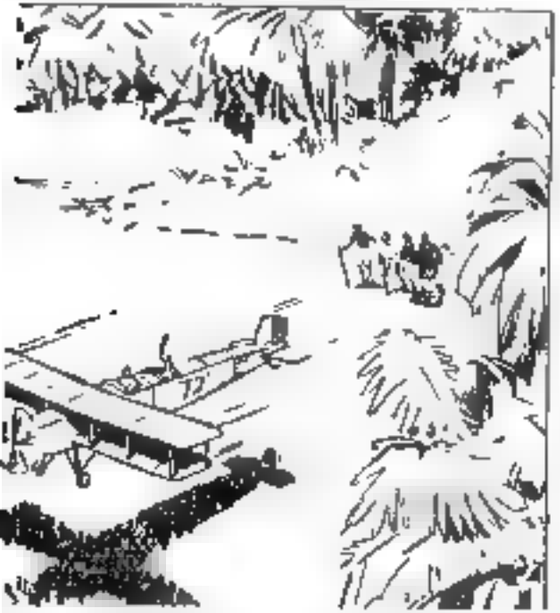
"What is he saying?" called the Englishman. "That he is going to take me far island," she called back. "There he says he will be king and I am to be one of his wives!" Then to Roger's astonishment, she smiled and continued. "There is no danger if he can get the plane under way. Then we shall both be dead."

"Promise him anything money can buy," cried Roger. "That is useless," replied Olga. "It is better thus. I am only sorry you cannot go with us for my death will be much easier than that which probably awaits you." Usanga demanded she translate the talk. "He is wishing me fare well," she replied.



Grant the white man his life and I will go willingly with you," she begged. "You'll go anyway willingly or not," growled Usanga. They carried her to the airplane where Usanga seated himself ahead of her. Her wrists were then unbound. Pale but smilingly bravely she looked toward Roger and cried "Good-bye."

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



"Good bye!" again called Roger his voice a bit husky. The words were drowned in the propeller's roar. Usanga had learned his lesson sufficiently well so that he started the motor without bungling, and the airplane was soon under way across the level meadowland.

A groan escaped Roger's lips as he watched the woman he loved being carried to almost certain death. He saw the plane lift as it rose from the ground. It was a good take-off but he knew it was only by chance. At any moment the machine might plunge to earth.

Distracted the young lieutenant realized that if by some wonderful luck, Usanga could succeed in rising above the tree tops, there was but one chance in a hundred thousand that he could ever land again without killing his fair captive and himself. . . . But what was that?

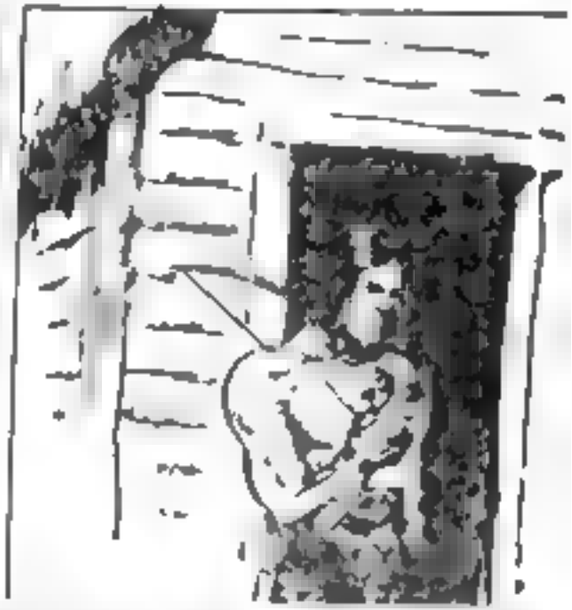
Tarzan of the Apes had been hunting for two days. Swinging in a large circle he had returned to near where he had left Oga and the British lieutenant. Motionless as a bronze statue, he crouched above a path. Suddenly there was a crashing in the underbrush.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan, growling, wheeled about to face whatever creature might be menacing him. He saw the author of the disturbance was Zu-bwat. "Where is the tribe?" asked Tarzan. "Hunting in the forest." "And the Tarmangani she and he?" questioned Tarzan, "are they safe?"

"They have gone away," replied Zu-bwat. "Kudu, the sun, has come out of his lair twice since they left." Tarzan swung quickly through the trees toward the clearing. The hut and items were as he had left them but there was no sign of either the man or woman.

Tarzan entered the hut. He trained [illegible] Nemitchi had been gone at [illegible] days. Then he saw the note Roger had left. It stated that "because our presence is keeping you from your westward journey and because you told me that . . ."



"[illegible] you do like the woman whom you claim is a Red [illegible] me hope luck well and [illegible]." Tarzan shrugged his broad shoulders and tossed the note aside. He felt a certain sense of relief from responsibility.

Tarzan felt uneasy and restless. Once he started north. But he came to a sudden stop. "He is an Englishman," he muttered, "and the other is a woman. They can never reach the settlement alive without my help. Tarzan is a fool for caring." Nevertheless he started at a brisk trot, southward.

Mangu, the monkey, had seen the two Tarmangani pass, a couple of days before. Chattering and scolding, he told the ape man all about it. Then Tarzan swung on through the jungle. He found some conclusive evidences that Roger and Olga had gone in the direction of the cannibal village.

He was certain that the white man and the Red spy were in dire need of his help now. Racing along the wide elephant path bordering the river he continued south for several miles. At last there came to the ears of the ape-man a peculiar whirring, throbbing sound. For an instant he paused.

When Tarzan of the Apes finally reached the edge of the meadowland where Lieutenant Cecil's plane had landed, he took in the entire scene in one quick glance and grasped the situation. Although he could hardly believe the things he saw. Coming toward him, down the meadow, was an aeroplane!

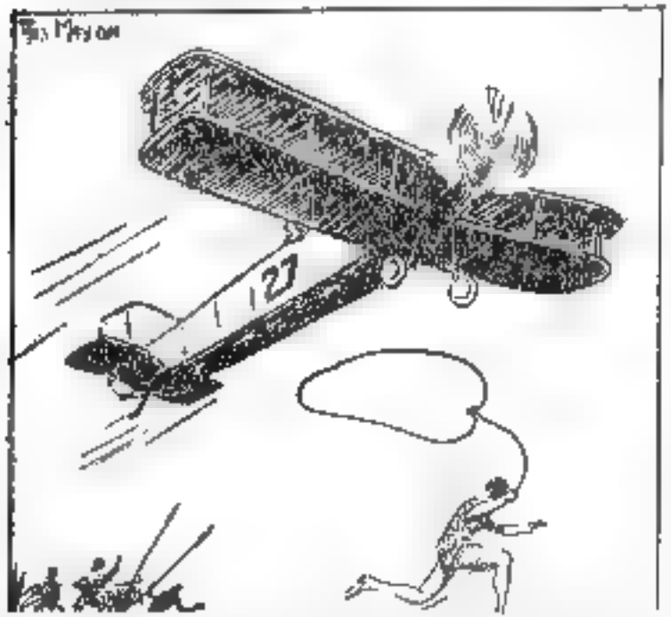
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan saw the English officer lifeless upon the ground surrounded by the deserters from the Red army. He knew who these men were. He saw the plane coming toward him was piloted by the arrogant Lumga, and seated behind was the white girl whom Tarzan only knew as the Red spy.

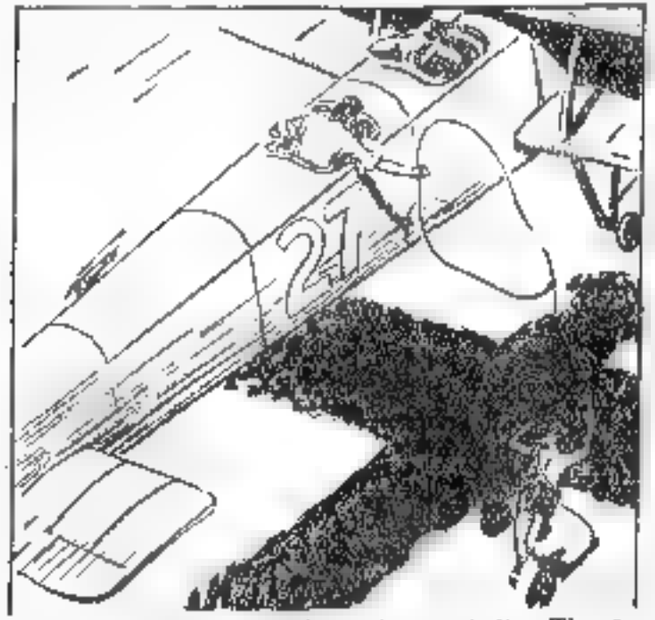
Even it befell that the ignorant savage could operate the plane Tarzan could not guess. But his knowledge of Lumga, together with the position of the white man told him the black arrogant was attempting to carry off the white girl. Already the machine was slowly leaving the ground.

At first Tarzan thought of firing an arrow to his bow and slaying Lumga. He abandoned the idea when he realized that the moment the pilot was slain the machine would dash the girl to death. There was but one way in which he might hope to aid her!

Lumga did not see him being too intent upon the unaccustomed duties of a pilot. But the blacks across the meadow saw a giant white man leap from the trees and race rapidly toward the plane. With loud and savage cries and menacing weapons, they ran forward to intercept him.

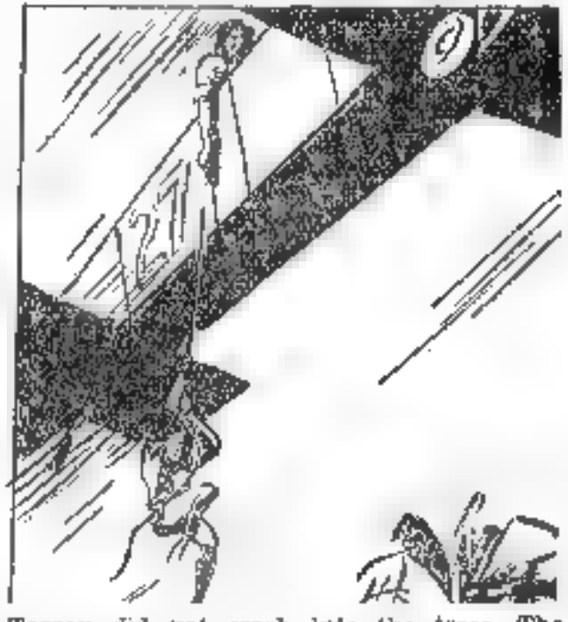


As they raced toward Tarzan, Usanga's warriors saw him take a long grass rope from about his shoulders as he ran. They saw the noose swinging in an undulating circle above his head. They saw the white girl in the machine glance down. Twenty feet above the running ape-man soared the plane.

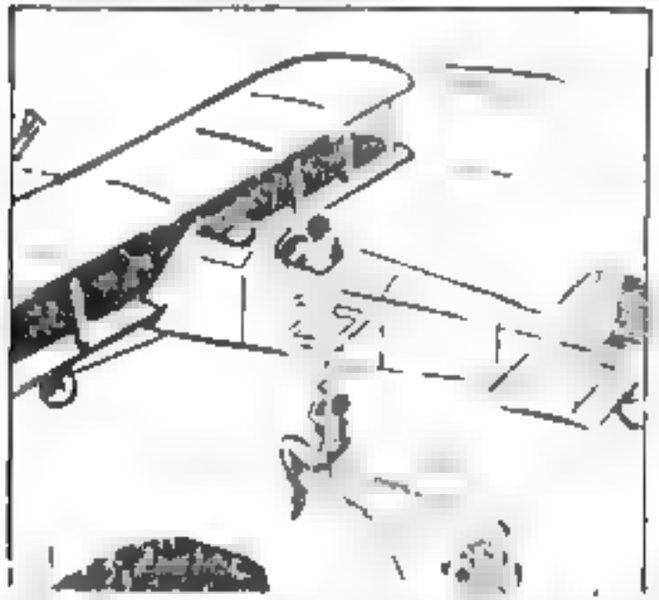


Now the open noose shot up to meet it. The girl, half guessing the ape-man's intentions, reached out and caught the noose. Bracing herself she clung tightly to it with both hands. Simultaneously, Tarzan was dragged from his feet. The plane lurched sideways.

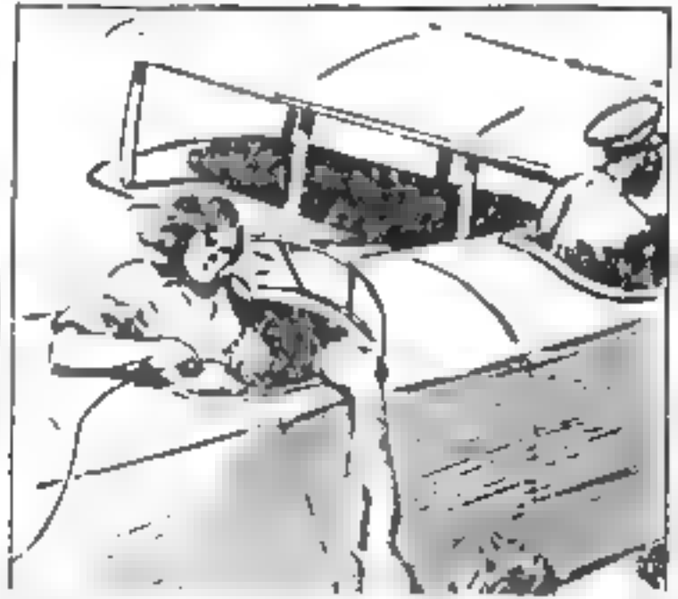
Usanga clutched wildly at the control and the machine shot upward at a steep angle. Dangling at the end of the rope, the apeman swung, pendulum-like, in space. Roger bound and helpless, witnessed all. His heart stood still as he saw Tarzan's body hurtling through the air.



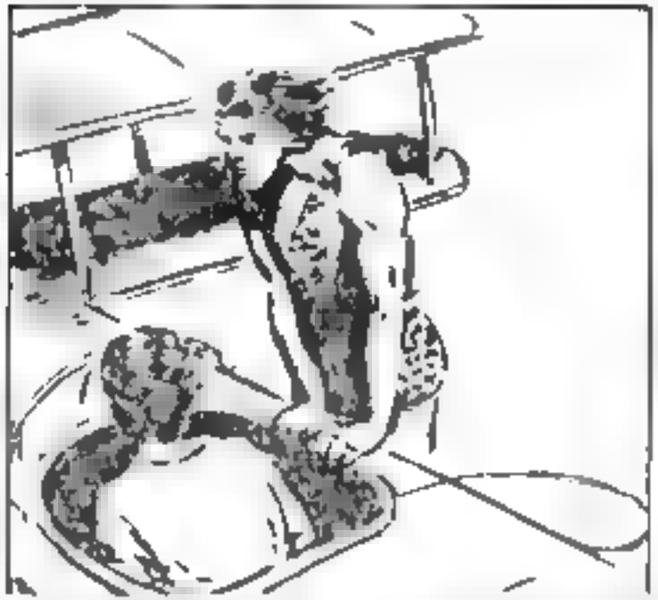
But Tarzan did not crash into the trees. The plane was rising rapidly so that the beast-man cleared the topmost branches. Then slowly, hand over hand, he climbed toward the fuselage. The girl, clinging desperately to the noose, strained every muscle to hold his weight.



Usanga, unconscious of what was going on behind him, drove the plane higher and higher into the air. Tarzan glanced downward. Below him the landscape passed rapidly. Only a slender grass rope and the muscles of a frail girl stood between him and the death yawning there thousands of feet below.

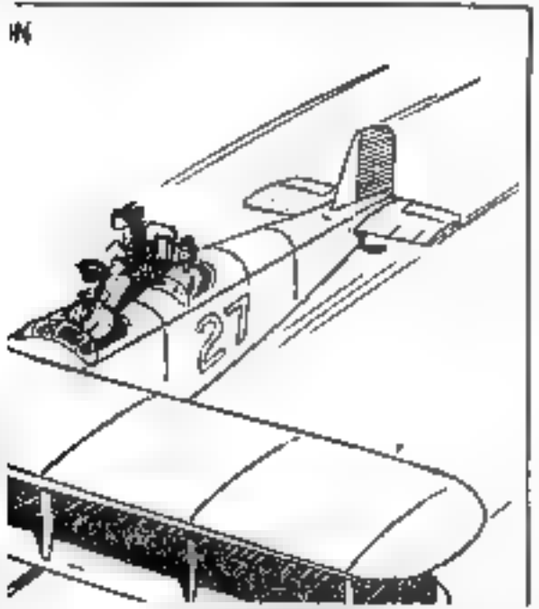


It seemed to the girl that the fingers of her hands were dead. How much longer she could cling to the straining strands she could not guess. It seemed to her that those numbed fingers must relax at any instant and then, when she was about to give up all hope, she saw a strong brown hand reach out and grasp the side of the fuselage.



Instantly the weight upon the rope was removed and a moment later Tarzan of the Apes raised his body above the side and threw a leg over the edge. He glanced forward at Usanga and then placing his mouth close to the girl's ear he cried "Have you ever piloted a plane?" She nodded a quick affirmative.

"Have you the courage to climb up there beside Usanga and seize the control while I take care of him?" The girl looked toward Usanga and shuddered. "Yes," she replied, "but my feet are bound." Tarzan drew his hunting knife from its sheath and severed the thongs that bound her ankles.



Tarzan steadied Olga by the arm as both crawled slowly across the few feet that lay between the two seats. Tarzan knew that only luck would enable them to reach Usanga and effect the change in pilots.

The first inking Usanga had that all was not well with him was when the girl slipped suddenly to his side and grasped the control and at the same instant steel-like fingers seized his throat. A brown hand shot down with a keen blade and severed the strap about his waist.

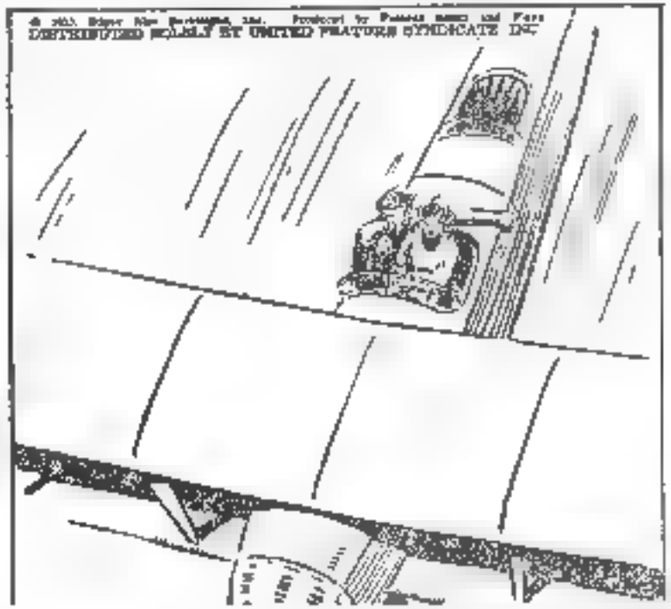
Quickly giant muscles lifted him bodily from his seat. Usanga clawed the air and shrieked, but he was helpless as a baby. Far below the watchers in the meadow could see the airplane careening in the sky for with the change of control it had taken a sudden dive. They saw it right itself, return in their direction.

And then Lieutenant Roger Cecil gave a gasp of dismay as he saw a human body plunge downward from the plane. Turning and twisting in the air it fell with ever-increasing velocity as it hurtled earthward. Spellbound, he watched, then breathed a prayer of thanks as he realised Usanga had reaped his reward!

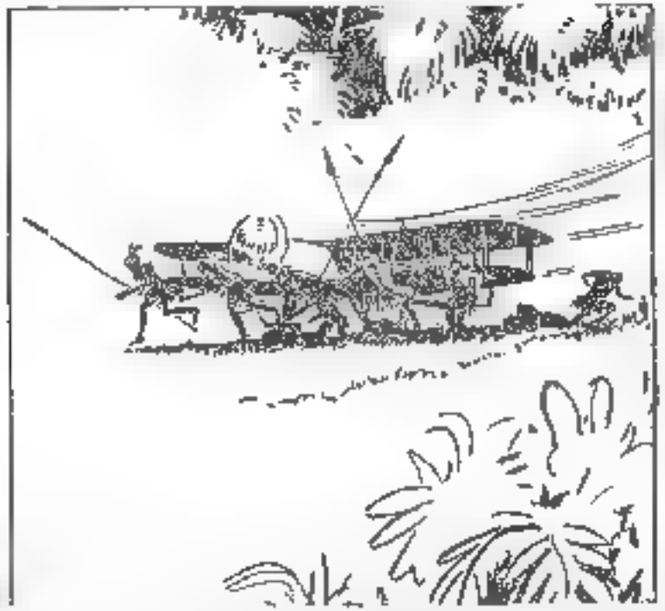
TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

The warriors, at first dismayed at the death of their leader were now worked to a frenzy of rage and a determination to be avenged. Above the roar of the motor Tarzan shouted a few words of instruction into Olga's ear.



As the girl grasped the significance of his words, she paled, but her lips set in a hard line. Her eyes shone with a sudden fire of determination as she dove at the savages with throttle wide open.

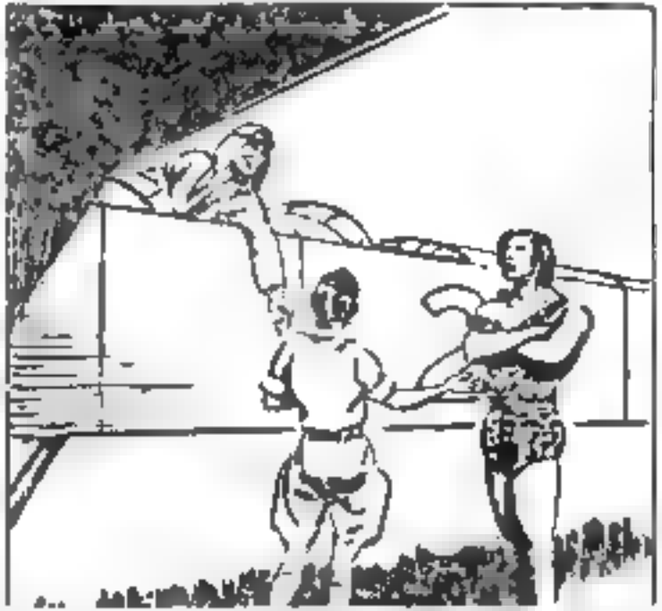


Usanga's men had no time to escape. The plane struck among them and mowed through them, a veritable juggernaut of destruction. When it came to rest at the edge of the forest, the ape-man leaped quickly to the ground and ran toward the young lieutenant.

And as he went he glanced at the spot where the warriors had stood, ready to defend himself if necessary but there was none there to oppose him. Dead and dying they lay strewn for fifty feet along the turf. By the time the ape-man had freed the Englishman, the girl had joined them.

The girl tried to voice her thanks to the apeman but he silenced her with a gesture. "You saved yourself" he insisted, "for had you been unable to pilot the plane I could not have helped you. Now you two have the means of returning to the settlements.

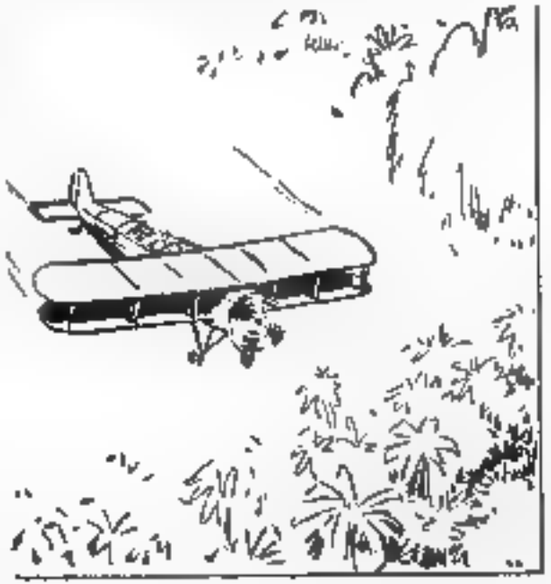
"Go at once" commanded the ape-man. "Neither of you belong in the jungle." "It is no place for us, at least," smiled Roger, "nor any other white man. Why don't you come with us back to civilization?" Tarzan shook his head. "I was born in the jungle. I do not wish to live or die elsewhere.

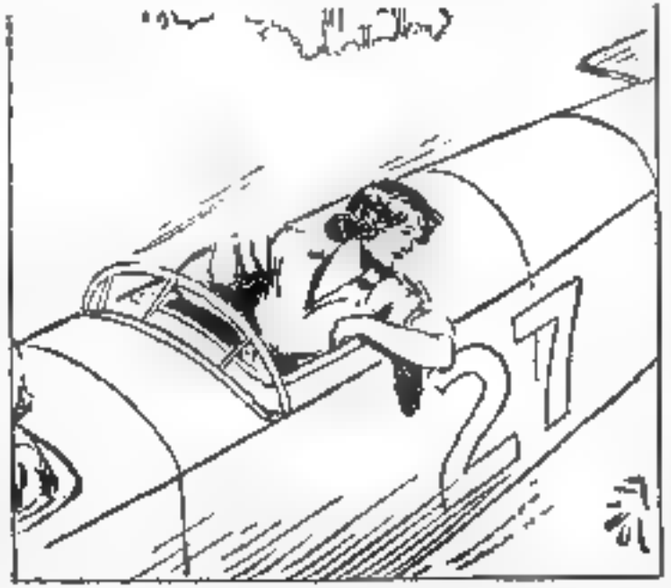


"The quicker you go the quicker you will reach safety" said the ape man. They walked to the plane together. Roger grasped Tarzan's hand, then clambered into the pilot's seat. "Good bye," said the girl as she extended her hand to Tarzan. "Before I go won't you tell me that you don't hate me any more?" Tarzan's face clouded.

Without a word he picked up Olga and lifted her to her place behind the Englishman. An expression of pain crossed the girl's beautiful face. A moment later the two were being borne rapidly toward the east. In the center of the meadow stood the ape man watching them. "It is too bad that she is a Bod and a spy," he said.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED. —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.





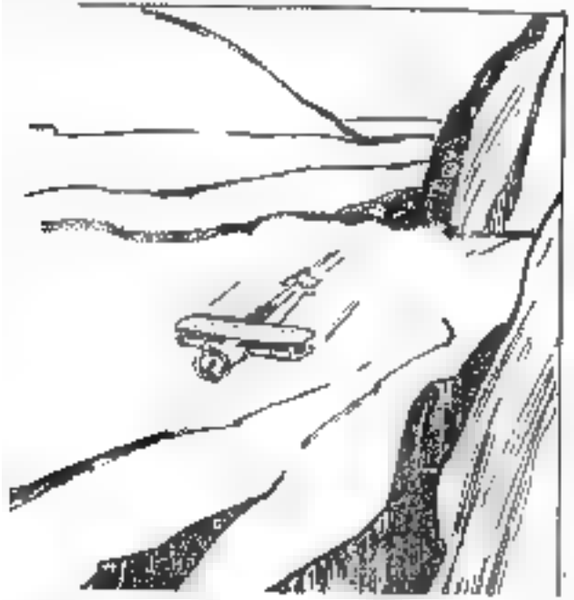
The British plane piloted by Lieutenant Roger Cecil rose above the jungle wilderness and sped east. Olga, the Red spy, sat behind the man who loved her. Each was wrapped in his own thoughts. It seemed strange to her that she should feel and regret at leaving behind such hideous perils.

Yet she realized she did regret leaving that unique figure—Tarzan—who had entered her life, and for whom she felt an unaccountable attraction. Before her sat an English officer who loved her, they were flying to safety, yet she dared feel regret in his company at leaving the stamping ground of a wild beast!

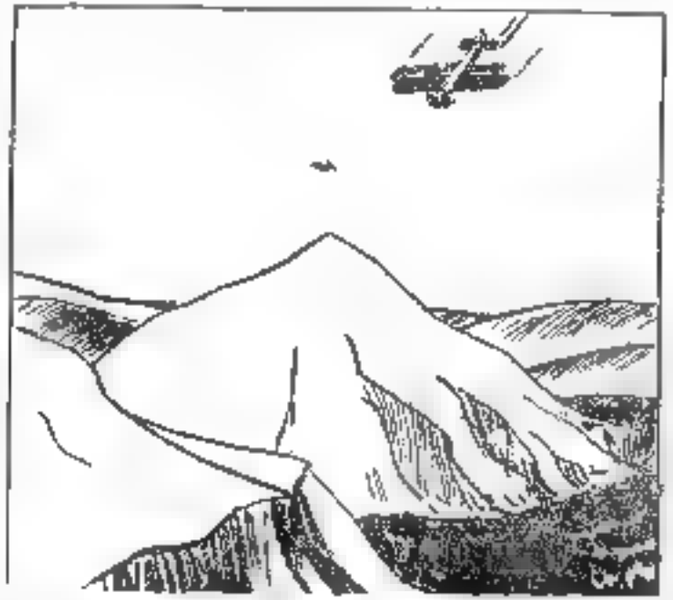
Was it because she was haunted by the secret she dared not tell Roger? Lieutenant Cecil, on his part, was happy in possession of his beloved ship he was flying swiftly in the direction of his comrades and his duty and with him was the woman he loved. But try as he might he could not forget the accusation Tarzan had made against this woman.

The ape-man had said she was a Red and a spy So from blissful heights the English officer was occasionally plunged to the depths of despair in thinking of the consequences if Tarzan's charges proved true. But suddenly all such thoughts were rudely thrust from his mind by a startling and unexpected emergency!

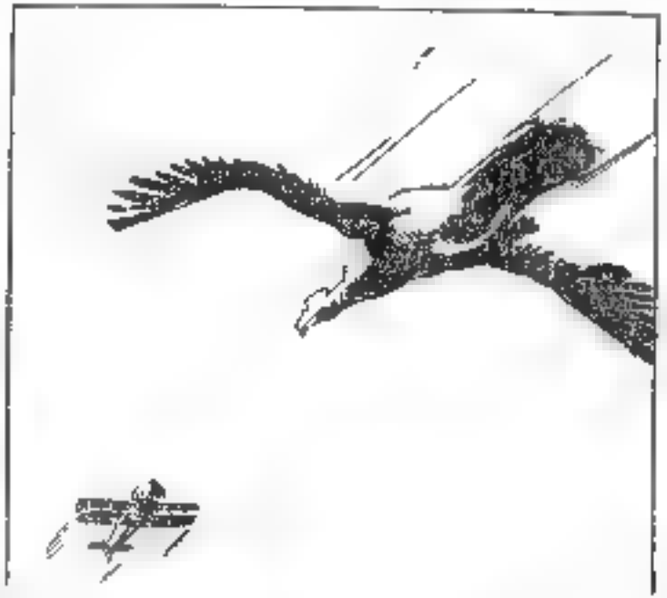
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



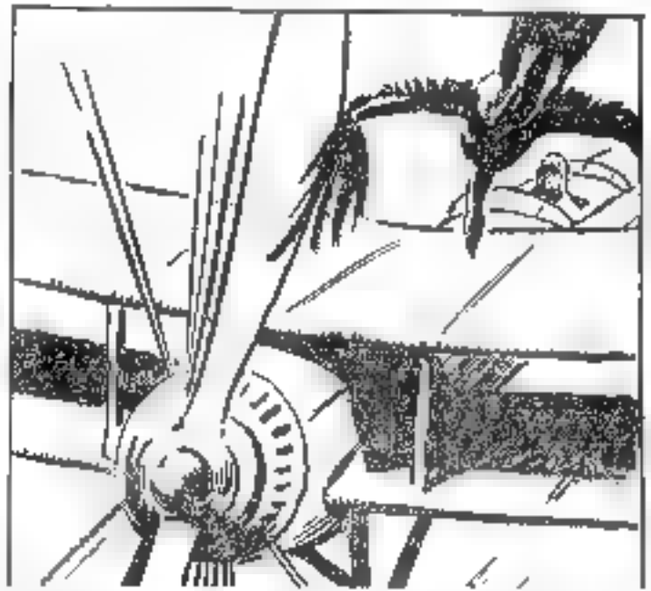
Below Roger's plane the dense jungle passed swiftly, giving place to a wide expanse of arid wasteland cleft by deep, narrow gorges. The young aviator tried to convince himself that Tarzan's charges against Olga were false. "But what if she were really a Red spy?" he asked himself.



On the one hand he could not surrender the woman he loved to the certain fate that would be meted out to her if she were proved a traitor to the British cause. And it would be equally impossible for him as an English officer to give her aid and protection. Now the plane was soaring high over a mountain ridge.



Ska, the vulture, winging his homeward way at a high altitude, caught sight of the strange bird of gigantic proportions. Whether with intent to give battle to this poacher on his domain, or impelled by curiosity, Ska rose suddenly upward to meet the plane. Doubtless he misjudged the speed of the newcomer.



The tip of the propeller blade touched him and simultaneously many things happened. Ska's lifeless body dropped toward the ground; a bit of splintered spruce drove backward, striking the trembled, and Lieutenant Roger Cecil sank forward in momentary unconsciousness.

Tarzan of the Apes watched the plane until it almost disappeared in the eastern sky. He breathed a sigh of relief as he saw it rise safely with the British flier and the Red spy. For weeks he had felt his hampering responsibility for them. Now they were off his hands.

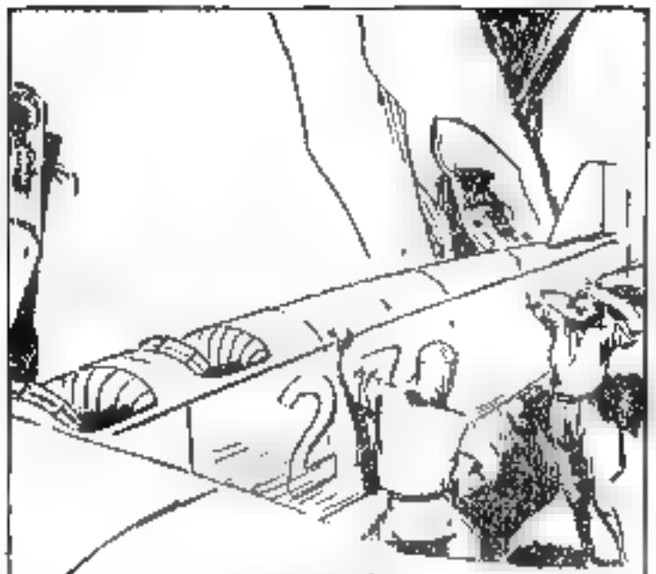
He turned toward the jungle. At its edge he paused. A great tree loomed directly ahead. As though moved by a sudden irresistible impulse he leaped into the branches and swung himself to the topmost limbs. There, a sigh heaved his broad chest.

Far in the far eastern horizon, his keen eyes picked up the British plane bearing away from him the last of his race and kind that he expected ever again to see. A few seconds he watched it speeding evenly eastward when in his horror he saw the speck dive suddenly downward.

The fall seemed interminable to the watcher and he realized how great must have been the plane's altitude before the drop commenced. Just before it disappeared from sight its downward momentum appeared to abate suddenly. But it was still moving rapidly at a sharp angle when it finally disappeared from view.

Only for an instant was Lieutenant Roger Cecil made unconscious from the mid-air accident after the flying splinter struck him. But that instant almost proved fatal to the plane, himself and Olga, the spy. When he awoke to a realization of their peril it was also to discover that his motor had stalled.

The plane had attained frightful momentum in falling. The ground seemed too close for him to flatten out in time to make a safe landing. Directly beneath them was a narrow gorge whose bottom looked fairly level and sand covered. In the brief instant he had to make a decision, it seemed safest to attempt a landing in this gorge.



This he did, but not without considerable damage to the plane and a severe shaking up for himself and his passenger. Though fortunately neither of them was injured, their condition seemed a hopeless one. Roger doubted if he could repair his plane and continue the journey east. And he knew they could not cross the desert on foot.

After the plane came to its disastrous stop, the young aviator turned quickly to see what the effect of the accident had been on the girl. He found her pale, but smiling, and for several seconds the two stood looking at each other in silence. "This is the end?" the girl asked. The Englishman shook his head.

For half a minute Tarzan stood noting distant landmarks that he judged might be in the vicinity of the fallen plane. For no sooner had he realized that the British Lieutenant and the Red spy were again in trouble than his inherent sense of duty to his own kind impelled him once more to forego his plans and aid them.

He feared from what he judged of the machine's location that it had fallen among the almost impassable gorges of the wastelands. And he believed that the slender English youth and the slight girl he had befriended were probably killed. Yet there was a chance that they might have landed without fatal injuries.

And so upon this slim chance the ape-man started out upon what he knew would be an arduous journey that he might attempt to save the two if they still lived. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Cecil worked for two days upon the damaged plane, though from the first he realized the case was hopeless.

At last he told Olga. "I knew it," she said calmly. "I have done my bit for my country. I have found you again, and now all I hope for is a quick release from prolonged suffering. But while we have food and water I must tell you what, 'til now, I have kept secret from all the world."

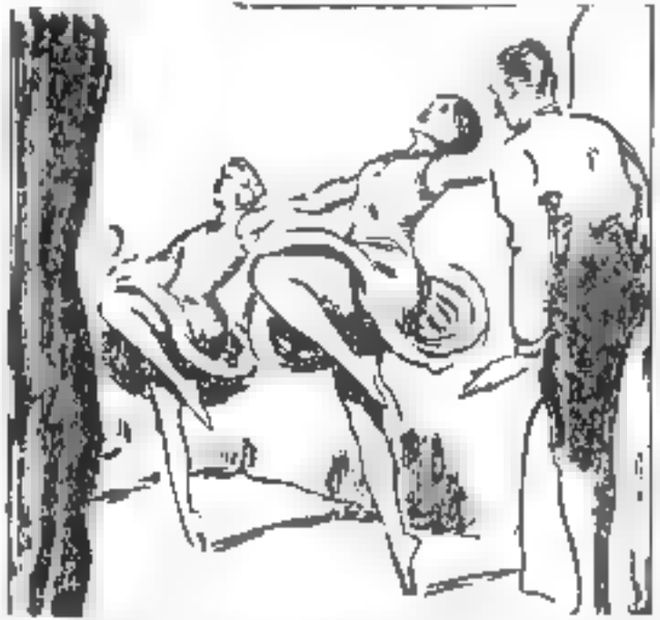
TARZAN THE UNTAMED. —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"Tarzan has told you. I know" said Olga, "that I am a Red spy—a traitor to our country's cause." Roger made a pained gesture of dissent. "He has reasons to believe that—she continued, "but before you judge me—hear the facts. We have but a few hours of life left. It matters not, now, if I break my oath of silence. Listen."

The girl spoke rapidly—without hesitation. "I have told you what befell me up to the time I was sold in the Persian slave market and rescued by the American. How we escaped from that awful situation, seems even now to be beyond belief. But out of it we came—thanks to luck and courage of Dick Terrel, for that was my rescuer's name.

Roger Cecil winced at the fervent tone in her voice as she mentioned that name. He dreaded what he might hear further—jealous of this man he would never know. "All my life I shall be grateful for having known him—continued Olga. Then after a moment's silence. "Somehow he managed to get me through that maze of treacherous by-ways.

At last we believed ourselves safe from pursuit. Only then did I see that his left arm hung limp, while blood trickled down his sleeve. Hastily I bandaged it as best I could though he insisted, it is no bad. It proved to be, however an ugly wound from a poisoned knife thrown by the fellow who had bought me in the slave bazaar."



When the girl he loved told him she was married, Lieutenant Cerf's face betrayed the damage of his heart. After a moment he said tersely. "What then?" "Dick Ferrel died the day of our wedding unexpectedly from a heart attack," she replied softly, "leaving me his wife in name only. As his widow I inherited his considerable fortune. "I did not claim it—then—but a week later went to Moscow. With a little money and letters of introduction I lived there during a bitter winter. I found employment as a governess, teaching my patron's young daughters. Many influential people of the old Russian regime frequented the house and in the spring, came my lucky break.

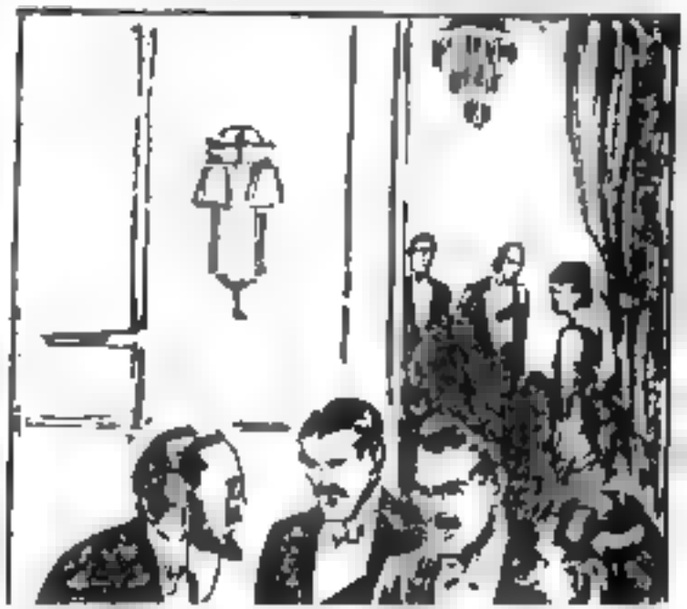
I was given a small role in the Ballet Russe. From childhood I adored dancing. Do you remember, Roger," she said, "how during our life in India you often told me I should be a professional dancer?" She smiled wistfully at thought of those by gone days. "At any rate, they discovered I had promise and talent.

"I succeeded in mastering the Russian tongue. Belief in my natural gifts and luck favored me. I was premier danseuse when the ballet joined an opera troupe touring Europe. My luck was when 'Lakme' became the hit of that opera season. In its second act I had my big triumph interpreting India's famous Nautch dances."

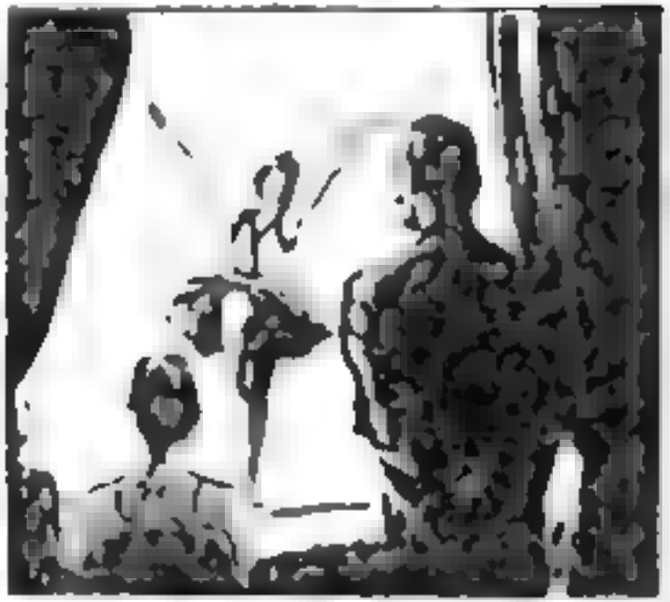
"With the Russian ballet I danced in France Italy and the capitals of south Europe after we left Moscow. It was a wonderful year of new scenes, excitement and near happiness for me." Events of that crowded time the girl did not dwell further upon. It was what they had led up to that she wanted Roger to understand.

Every gala night the beautiful raven haired dancer appeared she received an ovation for her success was as immediate as it was unprecedented. Being the public's latest idol, she was showered with jewels and rich gifts as the most exclusive portals of society gladly opened for her. There she became acquainted with famous men of many nationalities.

Diplomats, army officers and financial wizards delighted in her company. With these varied experiences she acquired a knowledge of several languages. Many sought her hand in marriage lured by her fame, her charm and beauty. And always her glamour was enhanced by the mystery that hovered about her past. For the world at large did not know who she really was.



Because she never saw fit to divulge her past there was much speculation which but served to increase the legends that sprang up about her. Throughout it all she kept her poise and inherent good sense so that never a scandal touched her. And then ugly rumors of international discord began to be whispered about the drawing rooms where she appeared as guest artist.



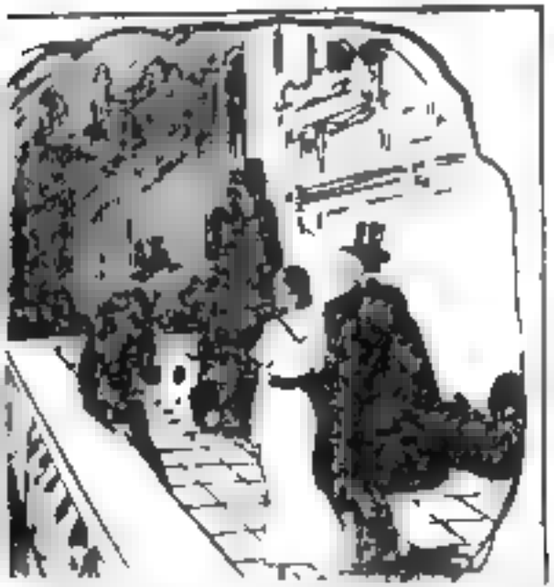
[illegible] night in Boston after a performance [illegible] dined in other [illegible] and [illegible] was handed me.

Reading the [illegible] and [illegible] though I was [illegible] I had [illegible] to a [illegible] [illegible] I recognized him as Prince [illegible] whom I had met in Moscow. [illegible] I [illegible] had never [illegible] the piercing eyes following my every movement.

Speaking in Russian which the French [illegible] did not understand, he [illegible] I [illegible] spoke in the [illegible] following [illegible] midnight [illegible] I [illegible] Prince [illegible] and charming [illegible] good I [illegible] covered [illegible] self.

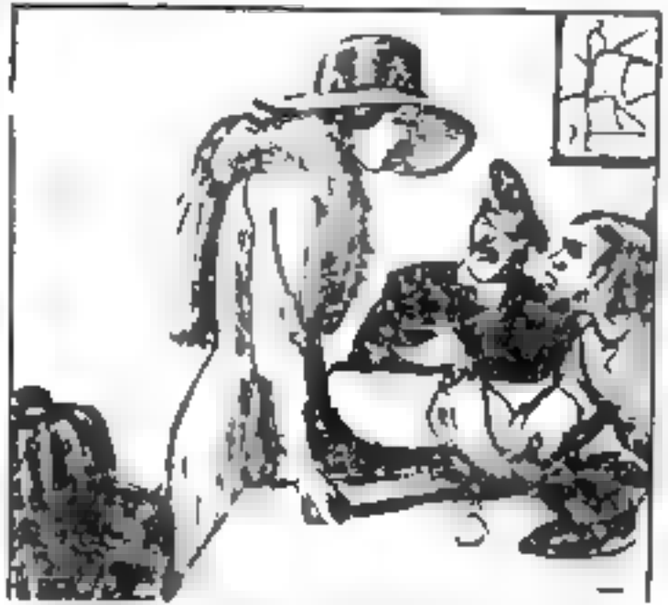
[illegible] I [illegible] dangerous and thrilling game.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

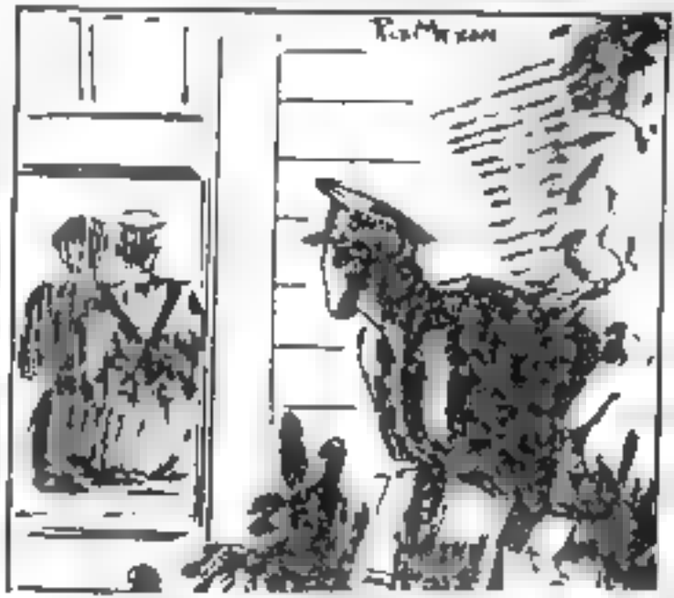


"The opera ballet season closed in Monte Carlo. Springtime and romance was in the velvet night. With Prince Alexis I strolled the terrace when suddenly I saw a man whom I could have sworn—do not laugh at me, fancy, Roger—was you yourself. But that I knew impossible." "So it WAS you, Patricia," cried Roger, "whom I thought I recognized in the beautiful Russian dancer."

"Ah! If I had only known!" he said. "It would have been too late then, to change our destiny." replied the girl, sadly. "Prince Alexis proposed. I promised him my answer when I returned from England. I never saw him again. He was killed in a duel, in Paris, the deserved victim of a Russian exile whose title and fortune Alexis usurped."

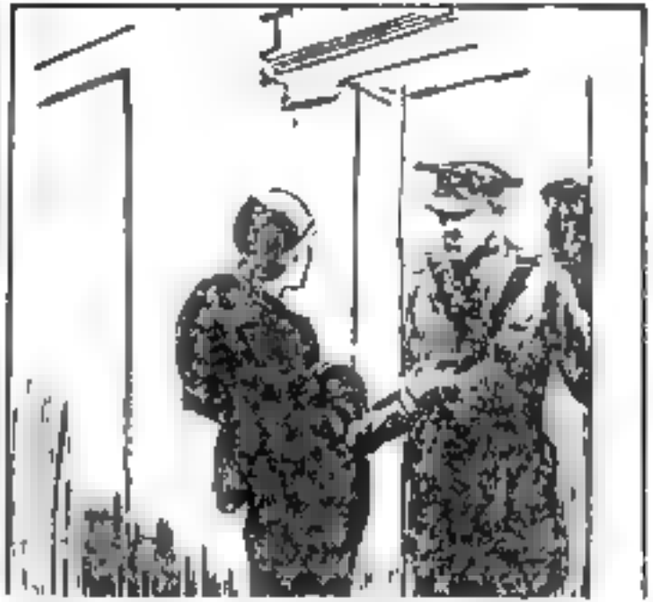


With the Reds' code of communication in my possession, full instructions as to how I was to aid their cause and fully aware of the penalty I must pay if ever they discovered my double role in various disguises I arrived in Leningrad. There I was schooled in all that would be expected of me, a wicked mixture of lies, deceit, betrayal of men and even murder, if necessary.



"Eventually I was to be sent to Africa. Just before the Reds astounded Europe by striking their first blow against the British in the Dark Continent, I was a full fledged spy, supposedly attached to the Red secret service. My first assignment was to get official information from the British war office and in doing so, twice I nearly lost my life."

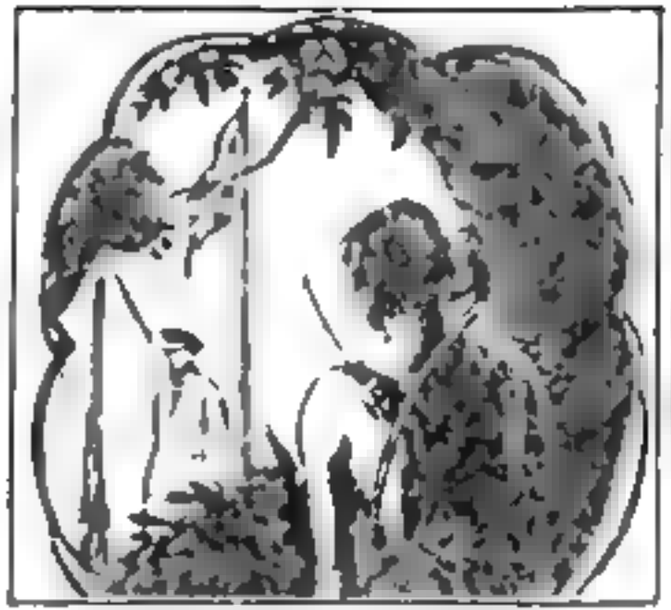
"I went to England supposedly a Red spy. It was the first time I had seen my native land since I left it for India as a small girl. In London I learned of my father's death in the Afghan war. Both my brothers were overseas in the King's service. My only other relative was crotchety Aunt Canby, now quite infirm. She seemed glad to see me, though.



"Even she knew of my 'unholy fame' as I called it, as a celebrated dancer. With no ties to hold me home, restless and surfeited with success, I plunged the more eagerly into the part I was destined to play in the Red war, soon coming. I had no difficulty in gaining the confidence of the British foreign office.

Many of its personnel were old friends of father's, and I was well known to most of them. Other official doors readily opened to me, and in possession of valued facts, and under secret orders I returned to Moscow. I took the name, Olga Borsch. It was my Russian mother's, from whom I inherit my dark eyes and hair.

"I made several trips between the continent and England, serving now [illegible] of the Red traitors and equally va[illegible] the high British command. S[illegible] was at the [illegible] for intrigue and espionage on [illegible] part in Africa. In my favorite disguise, as a big game hunter, I started for the scene of the coming conflict and was leaving Istanbul when war flamed forth."



"For three months since the Red war began I was part of the time in Wilhelmstadt, Red headquarters. The rest of it within the Bolshevik lines. I received my title as a clever spy for never once did the Reds suspect that my real allegiance was to England. Much of all that happened after that Bogani, you know or have heard from Tarzan's own lips.

"It was when this strange ape man's path crossed mine and he saw me in conversation with the Red [illegible] that he believed me their spy. When later he discovered me disguised as an officer under the British flag, who sank blame him for hounding my trail? Before my eyes, he slew Harwood, my valet superior, who had unjustly savaged his home.

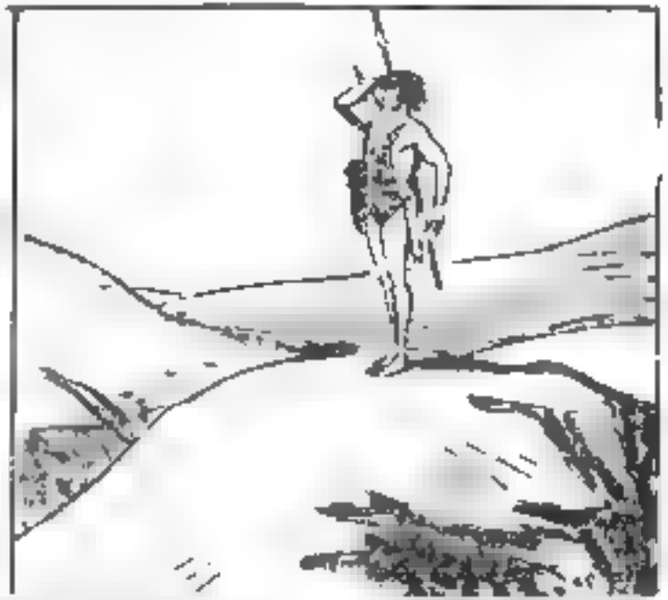
"I tried and I swore me to kill the [illegible] man [illegible] and [illegible] The Reds [illegible] he is an English lord but none of them can solve the mystery of his passage at evenings. And we poor souls never know, for here we are, my dear. Thanks to the tangled web of lust and hate, doomed to perish."

After he ended her story, the girl remained [illegible] silent. The dreaded night was on the third since their wrecked plane fell. Food, water and firewood were almost exhausted. A red moon lighted the desolate landscape where man and girl, there [illegible] here overlooking them, awaited the end. Suddenly she laughed hard on the arm. "Look," she whispered.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

On the surface of the ground or through the swaying branches of the trees the spoor of man or beast was an open book to Tarzan of the Apes. But even his acute senses were baffled by the speechless trail of the airplane as it passed over through the shifting air thousands of feet above the tree tops, before it fell.

Eyes, ears and sense of smell were all useless to the ape man this time. Only on his sense of direction could Tarzan depend in searching for the fallen plane. Before he left the valleys of plenty he made several small bundles and carefully chosen most hopeless cuts with him. Now he had left the dense vegetation of the jungle.



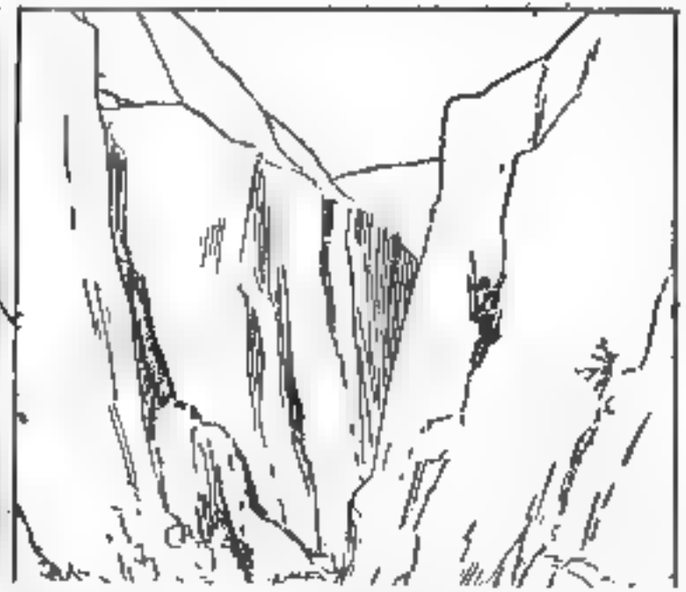
The first day of his search he climbed to the heights. His nearest only spaces were scrub grass. From here he in vain searched the arid land scape before him. He saw again those terrible gorges that had so nearly claimed his life once before and which or more recently. For two days he sought for some clew to the whereabouts of the machine.

He saw nothing that would help him locate it or its occupants. He crossed the first deep gorge and [illegible] for the end of it. He [illegible] portions of his [illegible] different points, building cairns of rock to mark their location. Occasionally he stopped and called aloud [illegible] for some response but only sinister silence rewarded him.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Late afternoon, the second day of Tarzan's search for the fallen airplane, Ska, the vulture, picked up the ape-man's trail. "Waste not your time on Tarzan of the Apes in his full strength," he taunted. But still the vulture circled and soared above him. The apeman felt a shudder of apprehension.

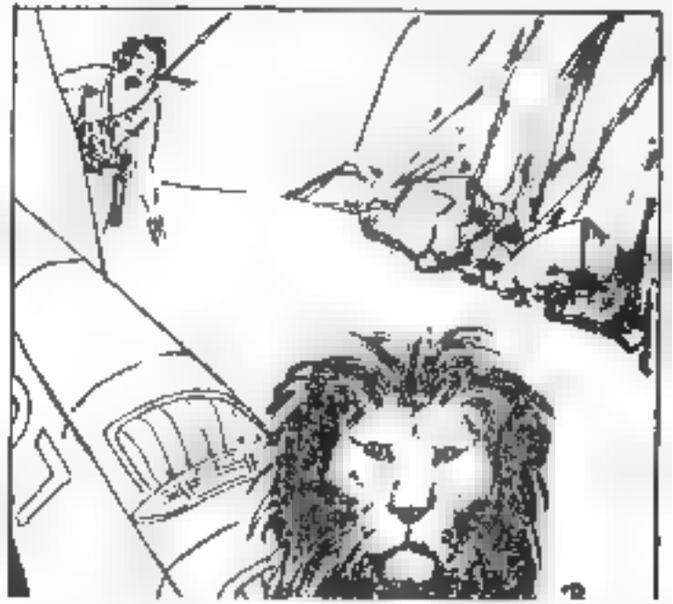


"Ska knows," he mused. "that no one lives to tell the tale of this grim place." Then, shaking himself in anger, he hurled a rock at the grisly scavenger. Lowering himself over the precipitous sides of the gorge, Tarzan half-clambered and half-slid to the sandy floor far beneath.

He saw a mighty man's skeleton and a rotting suit of armor. As he looked curiously at this grim reminder that another super-man had succumbed to the cruel powers of the desert, he was brought to startled attention by the report of a firearm. Its sound came from the depths of the gorge to the south of him.

Its echoes reverberated along the steep walls of the narrow rift. Before they ceased, Tarzan bounded along the smooth floor toward the sound of the pistol shot. It was the first hint that the two he sought were alive. But what was its meaning? As he rounded the bend of the gorge he beheld a strange scene.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



At Olga's sudden cry of alarm Roger Cecil looked quickly in the direction of her gaze to see the massive head of a great lion who was regarding them from a rock protection. The beast advanced slowly now toward them. "Quick!" cried the man. "Climb aboard!"

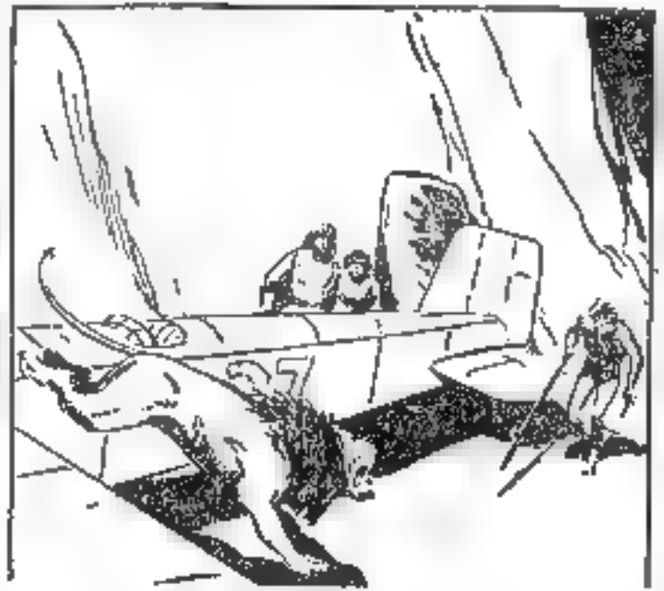
He helped the girl over the side of the wrecked airplane and drew his pistol. Olga laughed. "Small chance," she said calmly. Numa, the lion, came close to the plane and gazed up at them. "Magnificent, isn't he?" exclaimed the man. "Beautiful," she commented. "Why, his coat is almost black!"

Suddenly the lion bared his fangs, emitted an angry roar and crouched for a spring. Immediately Roger discharged his pistol into the ground before the beast. Enraged now, with a horrid roar, Numa sprang as man and girl vaulted nimbly to the opposite side of the plane.

The lion's leap landed him in the forward cockpit. Here, oddly enough, his anger seemed suddenly to leave him for he made no immediate move toward either of them. It was this scene upon which Tarzan of the Apes looked as he rounded the bend of the gorge above the plane.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Lieutenant Cecil and the girl were so intent in keeping out of the lion's reach that they had not noticed the silent approach of the ape-man. It was Numa who first became aware of the intruder. The lion immediately evinced his displeasure by a series of warning cries.



This called the attention of the two behind the airplane to the newcomer. They saw Numa leap from the cockpit and advance upon Tarzan. The ape-man, carrying his stout spear in readiness, moved deliberately onward. They saw the man and lion stop simultaneously not more than a yard apart.

The beast's tail whipped from side to side as deep-throated growls rumbled from his cavernous chest. And then the great black-maned lion charged. To have attempted to meet the full shock of a lion's charge would have been suicidal. Instead, Tarzan resorted to methods of agility and cunning.

With outspread, raking talons and bared fangs, Numa sprang for the naked chest of the ape-man. Throwing up his left arm as a boxer might ward off a blow, Tarzan struck upward beneath the left forearm of the lion, at the same time rushing in with his shoulder beneath the animal's body.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

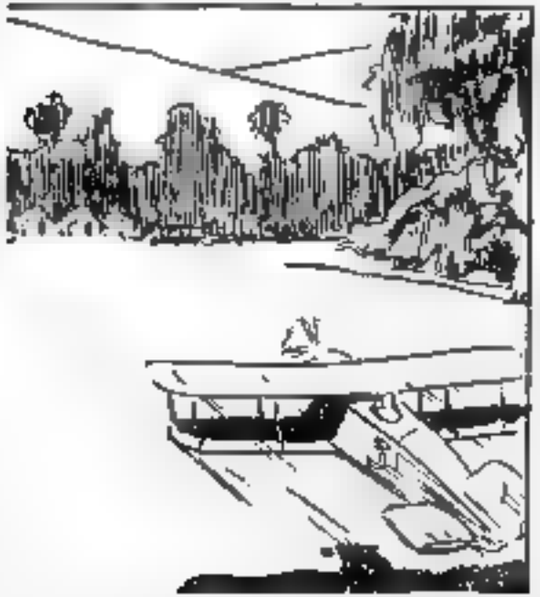
Tarzan drove his blade into Numa's tawny hide behind the shoulder. With a roar of pain Numa wheeled again, the personification of bestial rage. Now, indeed, would he exterminate this presumptuous man-thing who dared to thwart the king of beasts. But as he wheeled, his intended quarry wheeled with him.

Tarzan's brown fingers locked in the heavy mane on the powerful neck and again the blade struck deep into the lion's side. At the same instant the ape-man leaped full upon his back. Easily before had Tarzan locked his legs beneath the belly of a lion while he clung to its long mane and stabbed it to the heart.

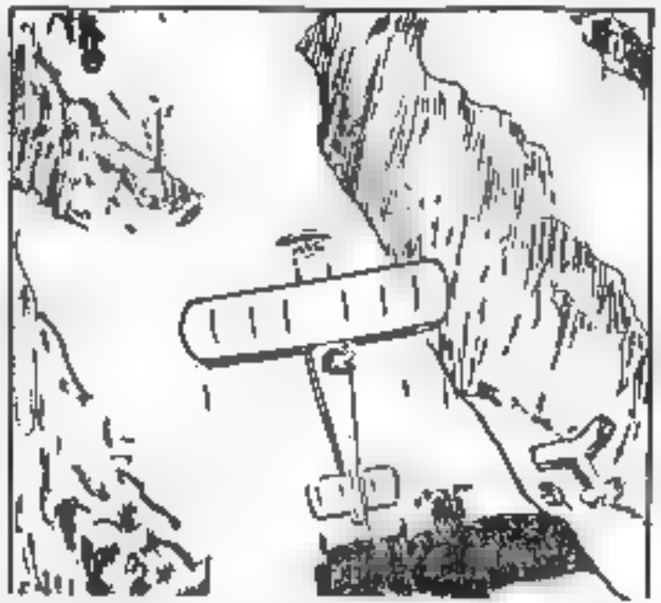
But this he was unable to do, for the quick movements of the lion prevented him. The ape-man realized that he was swinging inevitably beneath those frightful talons. With a final effort he threw himself from Numa's back and sought, by his quickness, to elude the frenzied beast.

If he could do this for the fraction of an instant, it would permit him to regain his feet. But this time Numa was too quick. Tarzan was but partially up when a great paw struck him on the side of the head and bowled him over, dazed and staggering from the impact of the terrible blow.

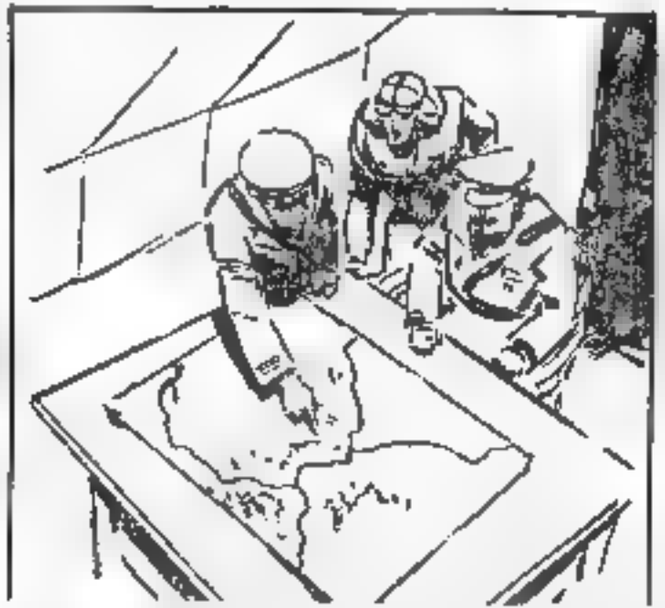
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



Just before dark one evening, an almost exhausted flier entered the headquarters of Colonel Capell of the Second Rhodesians and saluted. "Well, Thompson," asked the superior "what luck?" The others have all returned. Never saw a thing of Lieutenant Cecil or his plane. I guess we shall have to give it up unless you were more successful."



"I was," replied the young officer. "I found the plane." "No!" ejaculated Colonel Capell. "Where was it? Any signs of Cecil?" "It is in the worst hole in the ground I ever saw, quite a bit inland. Narrow gorge. Saw the plane all right, but couldn't reach it. There wasn't a sign of life about it, only a dead lion."



"Wonder if the beast got the lieutenant," mused Capell. He called two officers and with the assistance of the returned flier marked on a map the approximate location of the plane which Thompson reported to have discovered. "It's a mighty rough country," remarked one officer. "I doubt if infantry could reach it or survive during the search."

"We can't leave a stone unturned until we have exhausted every resource to find that boy—or his body," said the Colonel. "Take motor lorries with rations and water. Detail a couple of planes also. Good luck." They saluted and departed to make ready the almost hopeless search for their lost comrade.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan, reeling under the crushing blow of the lion's paw sank to the ground. It was then that Lieutenant Cecil and the girl leaped from the plane and sprang into the conflict. Fearlessly grabbing the ape-man's spear the girl faced the lion, while Roger snatched the knife from Tarzan's limp hand.

Numa turned upon his new assailants. Nearly exhausted he was now no match for them. When Tarzan regained his senses, he saw a lifeless lion lying torn and bleeding upon the sand and over him bent anxiously his friend, the British lieutenant, and the girl he knew as the Red Spy.

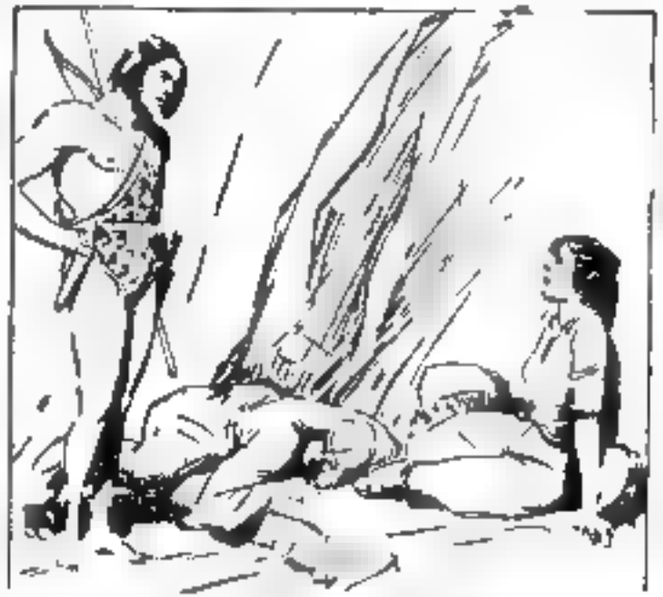
The ape-man looked up at them and smiling wryly said: "I had almost given up hope of finding you." "How did you know we were in trouble?" asked Roger. "I saw your plane fail. I heard your pistol shot. Is your ship beyond repair?" "Yes," replied the British officer. "It is hopeless."

"Then we must trust to luck. I am not badly hurt," said Tarzan, "and it is certain death for us to remain here." Removing the scant water and provisions from the plane, the three set off toward the south. And although he did not tell his companions, Tarzan knew that their situation was more than desperate.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

For several days Lieutenant Cecil and Olga, the spy, followed Tarzan's lead. Exhausted as they were, with the exception of the ape man, they realized they must keep on at all costs. They MUST find a spot where they could ascend the precipitous side of the gorge to the floor of the plateau above. But no indication of any escape appeared.

There were places where the ape man alone might have negotiated the ascent. But powerful and agile as was Tarzan, he dared not venture carrying either man or girl aloft. Fatigue and the dangerous hardships of the past weeks were telling on the two Europeans. For half a day the ape man had been either carrying or supporting the British Lieutenant.



Now to his dismay he saw that the girl, too, was faltering. "It is no use," she said, finally. "I can go no further." "Courage," replied Tarzan. "You are not dead nor is the Lieutenant nor myself. Until then we should plan only upon continuing to live. We rest here awhile. When you are stronger we will push on."

It was then that Tarzan suddenly motioned the others to silence and listened. For a minute he stood motionless, his keen ears acutely receptive to sounds so faintly distant that neither man nor girl detected the slightest break in the utter and death like silence of the gorge. These minutes seemed like eternity to the girl, wondering what was coming.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Finally the ape-man relaxed and turned toward Olga and Roger. "What is it?" asked the girl. "Nothing," he said. "I'm mistaken. I thought I heard the distant drone of airplanes." He saw hopelessness written on their faces. "Courage," he said cheerfully. "Let's take things as they come. Always is there the hope that there is the home that there is a way out of the gorge.

"I wish I had your philosophy," said Olga, "but I'm afraid I have abandoned hope." "You were not born and reared in the jungle by wild beasts and among wild beasts, or you would possess as I do, the fatalism of the jungle," said Tarzan. "Come. We will move on." Though the girl objected saying he must not waste his strength, he lifted her lightly.

Thus, moving off up the canyon, followed by Roger, they had gone but a short distance when the ape man suddenly stopped. Again he listened intently. This time the others also heard. Silently they waited. The distant hum came nearer. Was it to be another forlorn hope? Then, high above the canyon, Tarzan saw a British plane circling.

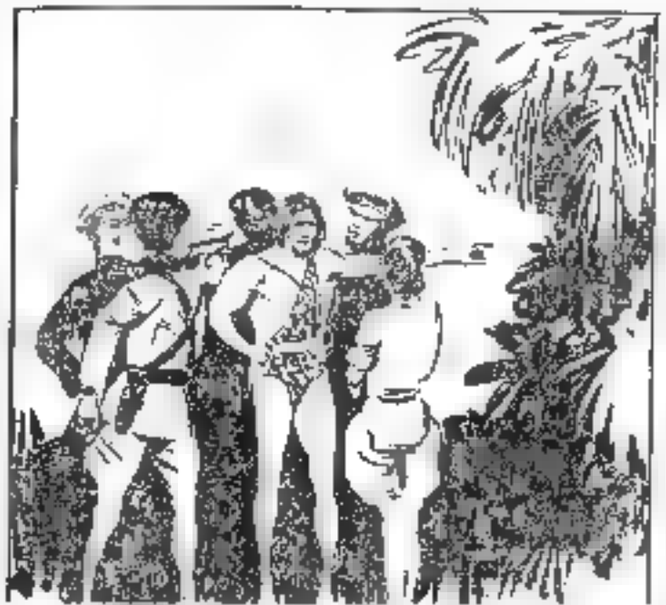
The sunlight glinted on its whiteness as the plane appeared and disappeared twice over the narrow gorge spanning high above the anxious watchers. Then another appeared. Rescue seemed near—and yet so far. "Remain here," said Tarzan, "while I see what's up." They watched him as he clambered up the almost perpendicular cliffs.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

As Tarzan of the Apes drew himself over the topmost ledge the two watchers below him heard a chorus of shouts. And Tarzan, scrambling erect, was astonished to see a British Tommy leveling his rifle at him. Just in time the ape-man cried "Don't shoot we are friends." Hearing English spoken by this naked giant, the soldier ran forward.

Soon the British sergeant in command of the advance guard approached. Explanations followed as the main body of the expedition sent out to trace Lieutenant Cecil came into view. Followed many hours of arduous work before Roger and the girl spy were brought from the gorge's depths. First aid was given, but joy did most to revive the two.



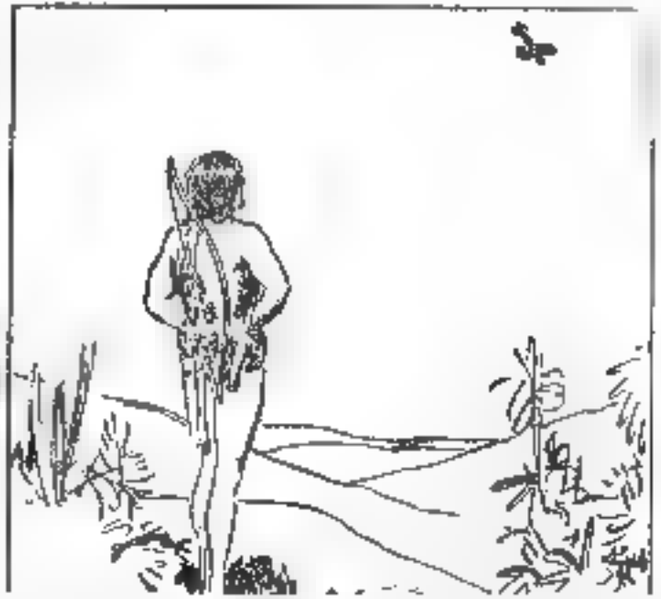
spy s[illegible] on the way to the camp of their rescuers. It was arranged that next morning Lieutenant Cecil and she whom Tarzan knew as the Red spy should be transported by plane to British Headquarters. The ape man declined the offer to accompany them, explaining that his objective lay westward. "You are not going with us?" asked the girl.

"No," replied the ape-man. "I continue my journey alone." She gave him an appealing glance. "You will go back into that terrible jungle?" she asked. "We shall never see you again?" He looked at her a moment in silence. "Never," he replied, and without another word turned and walked away. Just then Colonel Capell arrived by airplane.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan was standing some distance away when Colonel Capell arrived. He saw that officer greet his junior in command then he saw him turn toward Olga. The ape-man wondered how the Red spy felt in this situation, especially when she must know that Tarzan was watching and knew her for a traitor. He saw the Colonel greet her cordially.

He could not hear their words, but all seemed on the best of terms. Tarzan turned away scowling. If any had been close by they might have heard a low growl rumble from his chest. Knowing his country was at war with the Reds, Tarzan also knew it was his duty to expose the girl's perfidy. And yet he hesitated. He did not see her before she left.



Already had he spoken farewell to Roger. Now he stood watching until the plane disappeared a tiny speck high in the eastern sky. The Tommies were waiting orders to begin the return march. Colonel Capell, ready to go with them, sought out Tarzan. "I wish you'd come with us, Greystoke," he said. "Lieutenant Cecil and the young woman want you to.

No," replied Tarzan, "I shall go on my way alone. Cecil and Olga Baresch were only prompted by a sense of gratitude in considering my welfare." "Olga Boresch?" exclaimed Capell. Then he laughed. "You know her, then, as Olga, the Red spy? Is that ALL you know?" "Yes," answered Tarzan, "and that's enough." "You're mistaken," said Capell.

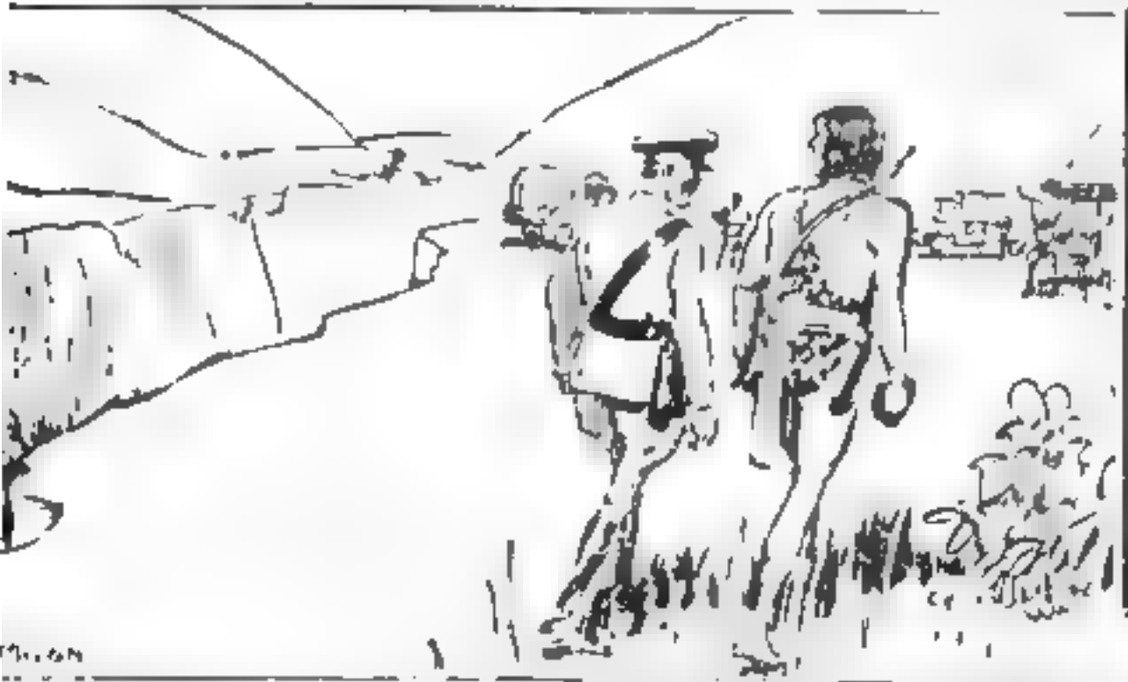
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"That girl whom you believe a spy in the Belgian camp," said I, "must be Tarzan. In reality she is the Hon. Patricia Cecil, one of the most valuable members of the British Intelligence Service, attached to East Africa forces. Her father and I served in India together. I've known her ever since she was born."

Tarzan's face betrayed his amazement as the colonel continued. "Why, here's a packet of papers she took from a Red officer. Been guarding it all through her troubles. Long I've not examined it yet, but as you see, here's a military sketch map, reports, and a diary belonging to one Von Kurzenhoff." At that Tarzan started. "May I see it?" he said.

Kurzenhoff was the Red officer who had killed Lady Greystoke. Quickly the spy man handed the papers, looking for a certain date, the day the horror had been committed, and when he found it he read rapidly. Suddenly a gasp of astonishment burst from his lips. "Good God!" exclaimed Tarzan. "Can this be true?" Lastly "

then aloud he read an excerpt from the closely written page. "Today I played a little joke on the English. When I was introduced, known as Tarzan of the Apes, comes home, he'll find his wife dead. But he'll never think it is his wife. She constituted another body for him. Poor Lady G.! Plays on it, then partly burned it. "



The last sentence of the diary's entry ended "Lady Greystoke we take with us. She will be of more value to the Red Command alive than dead . . ." "She lives" cried Tarzan.

"Thank God" exclaimed Capell. "I will return with you, of course" replied the ape man. "How terribly I have misjudged Patricia Canby. But how could I know?"

"And now" "Why I even told Lieutenant Cecil who loves her said Tarzan, cheerfully that I knew she was a Red spy. Now not only must I return to find my wife, but I must right this wrong."

"Don't worry about THAT said Colonel Capell. "She must have convinced Cecil that she is no enemy spy for just before they left this morning he told me she had promised to marry him."

THE END.

Starting Monday, there will appear on this page, "DICK TRACY," one of the newest and most popular of strips.

The family of Dick Tracy's fiancee suffers a death by gangsters, and Tracy becomes a self-appointed vigilante, star sleuth—determined to end the gang grip on law and order, to punish its practitioners, to free his town from crime. Working with the police against gang leaders, he raids their dens, shoots it out with their gunmen. There is constant action, adventure, suspense, surprise — but nothing cheap or tawdry or merely sensational finds its way into this feature.

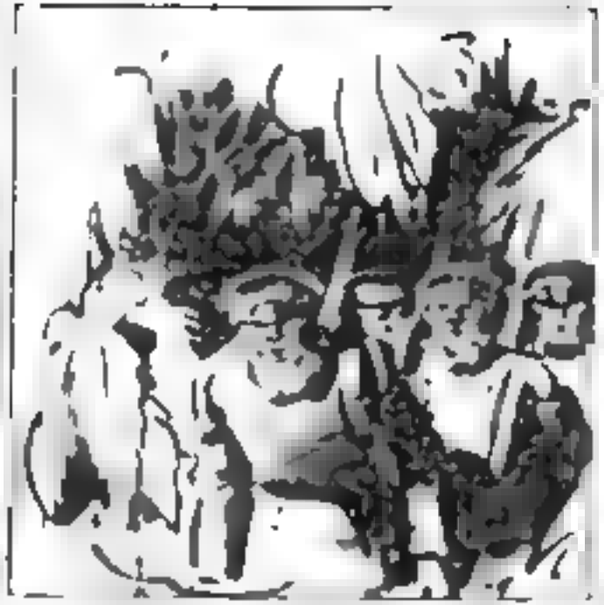
Particularly popular with children, it must be remembered that Dick Tracy is simply the latest guise of hero in modern setting, the newest instance of the old manly virtues that every boy admires. Furthermore, this feature certainly tends to shatter any glamour about gangsters and their careers. Parents and teachers commend it.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Lord Greystoke, Tarzan of the Apes, returning to his estate, received news at Nairobi of the invasion of British East Africa by an army of Huns. He hurried to Kenya but was late to a place of greater or nearly so.

Miss Barnett, Red Cross reported at East African headquarters of the invading army and won the admiration of the staff for her clever work and great beauty. In the meantime



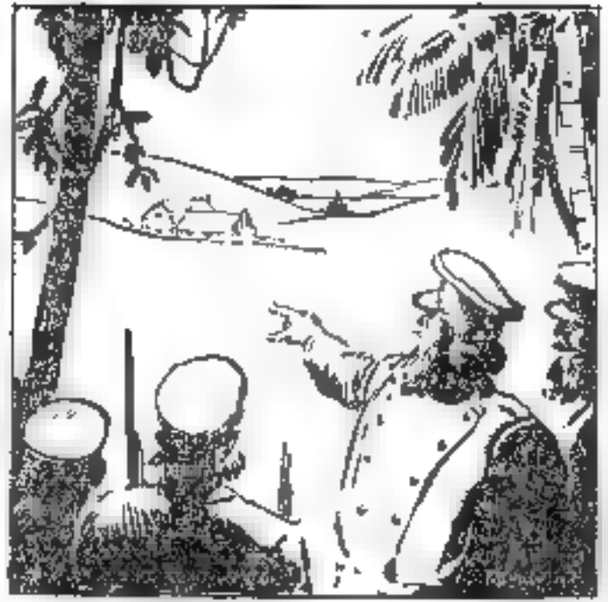
Ivan Karamoff, officer in the invading army, [illegible] and now [illegible] raiding [illegible] through the jungles African forest. They were lost in the jungle.

Lady Greystoke with Tarzan still under away help [illegible] listened to the sounds of a fight at hand in the living room. Then the door of her bedroom was forced open and she struggled with horror.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Lord Greystoke shook off the thin veneer of his civilization, and with it the hampering apparel that was its badge. He reverted to the naked ape-man. Taking to the upper tree terraces, he sped toward his mate.



Karsenoff and his raiding party finally found the trail which led to what he sought. "Tarzan of the Apes will be our first prisoner of war," gloated the officer. "He cannot know that we are at war with his country."

Lady Jane, ignorant of the causes of the Red invasion, welcomed the stranger officers and gave her trusted Wazirl orders to prepare a feast for the black soldiers of the unknown enemy.

While Karsenoff was accepting the hospitality of Tarzan's home, another officer was issuing orders, the result of which, when seen by Tarzan from a distance, caused the ape-man to race onward, goaded by a nameless fear.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As Tarzan came nearer his farm he saw a thin spiral of smoke at the right of the bungalow where the barns had stood. The apeman seemed to possess a sixth sense that already pictured to him the scene that finally broke upon his view

Silent and deserted was the vine-covered cottage. Smoldering embers marked the site of the apeman's great barns. Gone were the thatched huts of his sturdy retainers, empty the fields, the pastures, and corrals.

Here and there vultures rose and circled above the carcasses of men and beasts. It was with a feeling as nearly akin to terror as he had ever known that Tarzan at last forced himself to enter his home.

The first sight that met his eyes set the red haze of hate and bloodlust across his vision. Sprawled, dead and mutilated was Wasimbu the giant bodyguard of Lady Jane. It was a tragic home-coming for Tarzan.

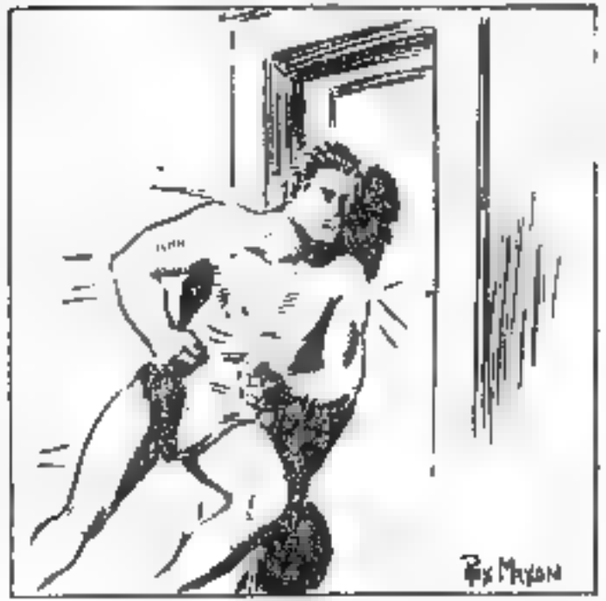
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The overturned and shattered furniture of the room, the dried blood upon the floor, and prints of bloody hands on the walls mutely bore evidence to the frightful battle waged within the living room.

Across the grand piano lay the corpse of one black warrior. Before Lady Jane's boudoir were the slain bodies of three others of the faithful Greystoke servants.

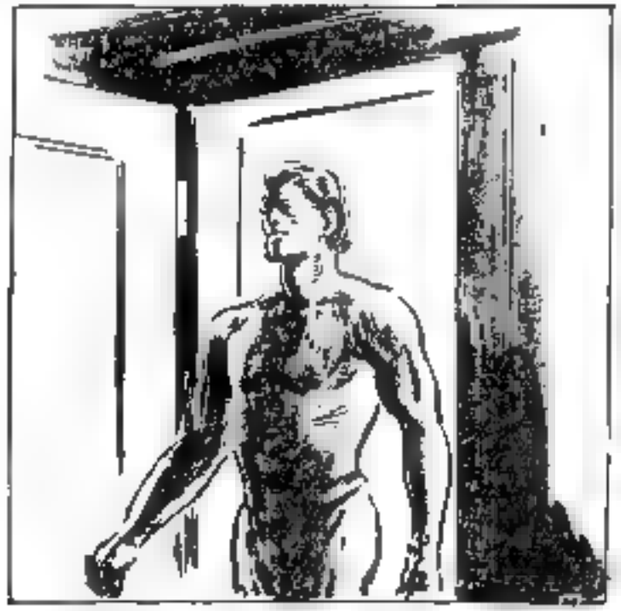
With dull eyes, Tarzan stood gazing dumbly at the door which hid from him what horrid secret he dared not even guess. Slowly, with leaden feet, he moved toward that door.



Then with a sudden gesture he straightened his giant frame, threw back his mighty shoulders and smashed down the barrier to the room in which his wife had been trapped.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

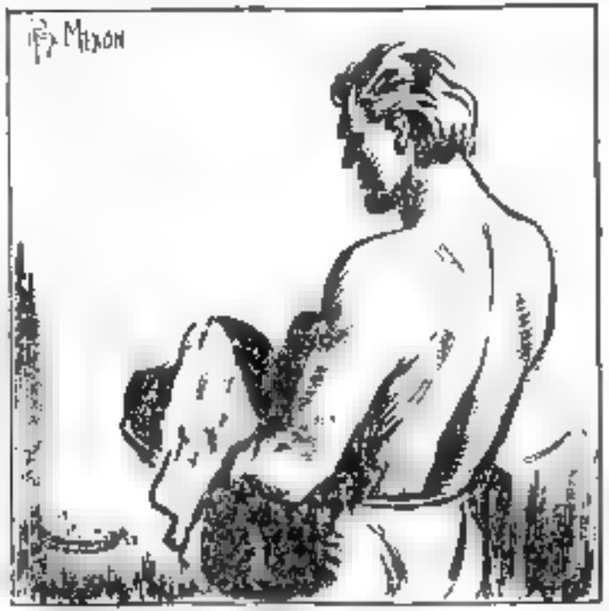
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



With fearless head held high, Tarzan stepped across the threshold into the room which held for him some of the dearest memories and associations of his life.

No change of expression crossed his grim and stern set features as he strode across the room and stood beside the little couch and the inanimate form which lay face downward upon it.

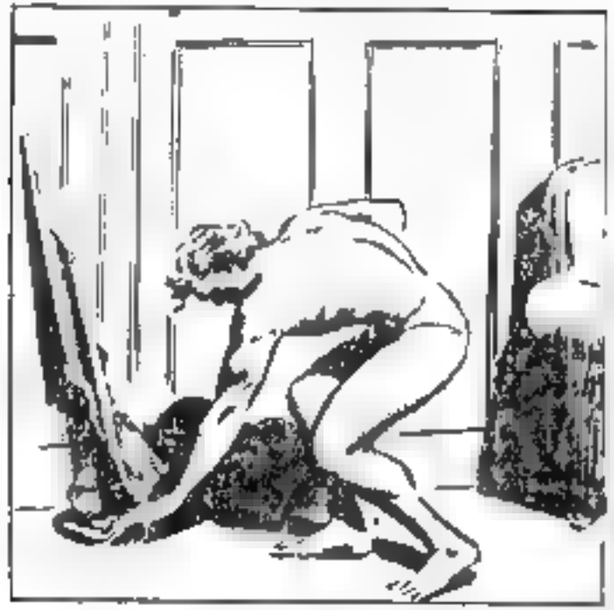
No tear dimmed the ape-man's eyes as he looked upon the still, silent thing that had pulsed with life and youth and hope. For a long time he stood there, looking down upon that body charred beyond recognition.



Then he stooped and lifted it in his arms. As he turned the body over and saw how horribly death had come, Tarzan sank, in that instant to the uttermost depths of grief and horror and hatred.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Tarzan did not require the evidence of the broken enemy rifle or the torn and bloodstained rag upon the floor to tell him who had been the perpetrators of this horrid and useless crime.

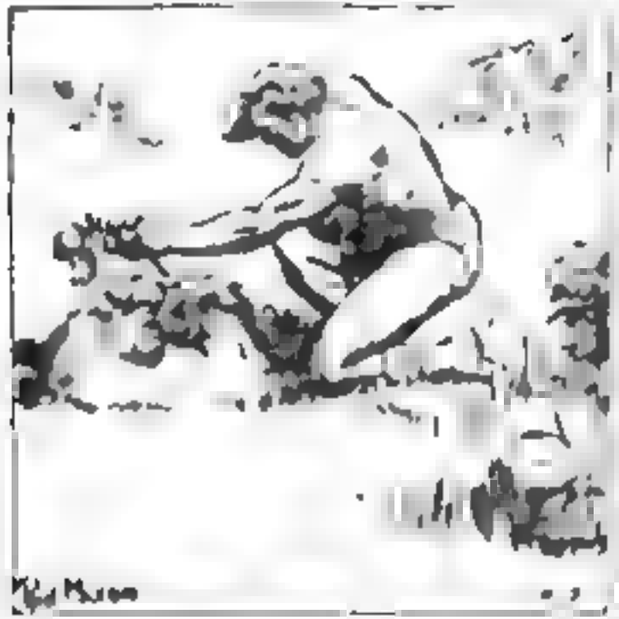
For a moment he had hoped against hope that the blackened corpse was not that of his mate. But when he saw and recognized the rings upon her fingers, the last ray of hope forsook him.

In silent reverence and love, he buried the poor charred form in the little garden she had been his to cherish and joy. Beside it he buried the warriors who had given their lives for their mistress' protection.

Then he searched for a clew that would positively identify the perpetrators of the atrocities committed in his absence. He found it in the marking upon the uniforms of a dozen dead black soldiers.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



TARZAN THE UNTAMED

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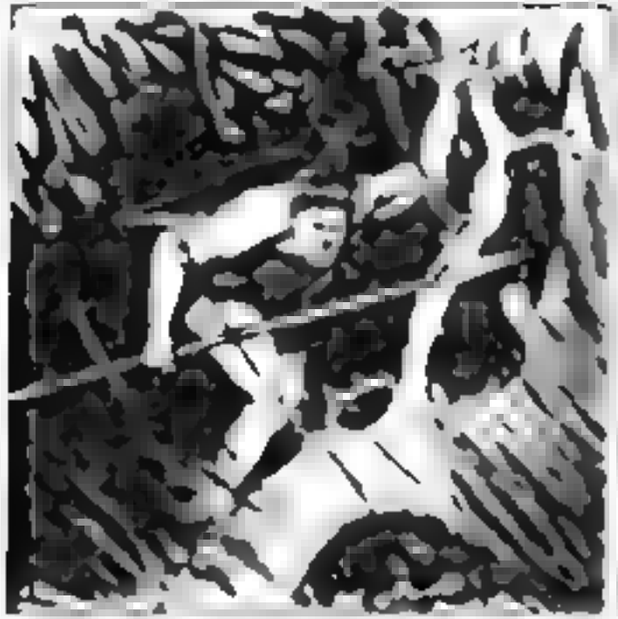

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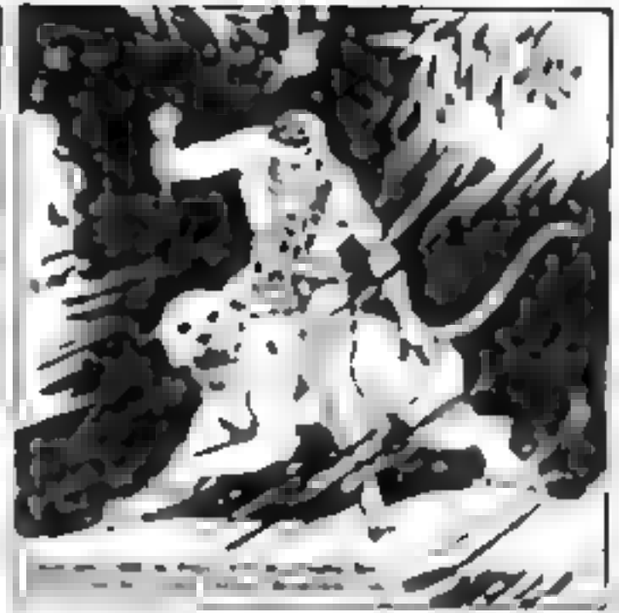

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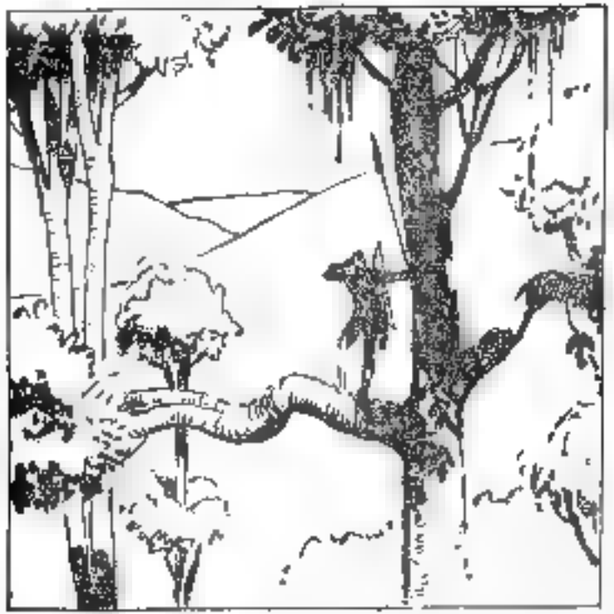
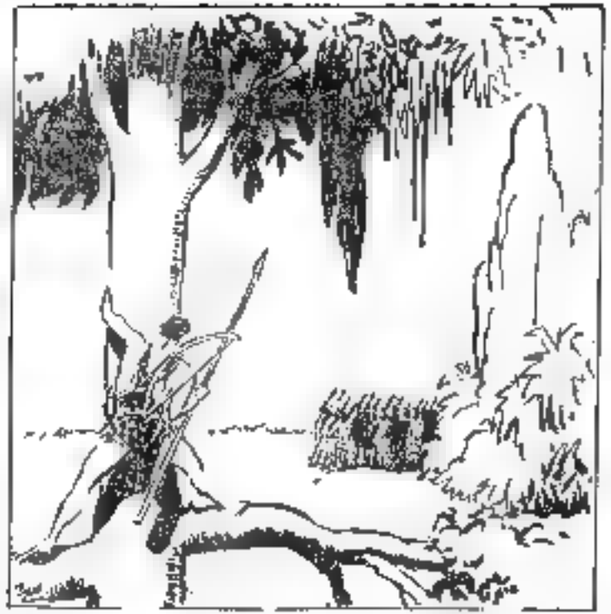


Two days later, from the slopes of Kilimanjaro, Tarzan heard the boom of cannon. He hastened on toward the distant sounds for he knew that meant Reds were there, fighting the British.



Mid afternoon of the second day Tarzan came upon troops. He saw that they were composed of native soldiers in the uniforms of the Red invaders.

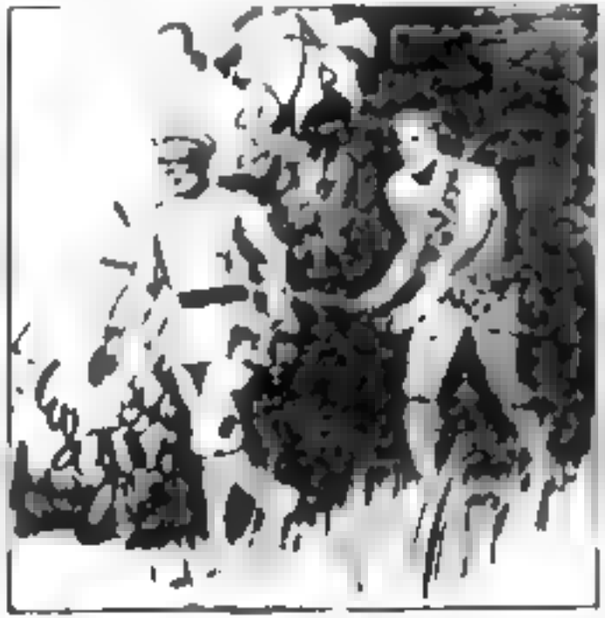
No one saw Tarzan, yet he was here and there about them. The insignia upon their uniforms was not the same as that he had taken from the dead soldier at his devastated home.

After darkness fell, he prowled about their camp, listening at the backs of tents, always searching for some clew to the slayer of his mate. A lucky chance suddenly favored him.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan caught a few words spoken in native dialect. These Waziri fought like devils and our friend, but we killed them all. When we were through our captain killed the woman. Then he laughed.



Tarzan grim and terrible crouched in the shadows. Presently the soldier who had spoken got up and strolled away. Tarzan followed, and in the shadows of some bushes overtook his quarry.

There was no sound as the man fell upon the back of his prey. Tarzan dragged his victim into the bushes and waited. With no sound, he contemplated on the man's own tribal dirk.

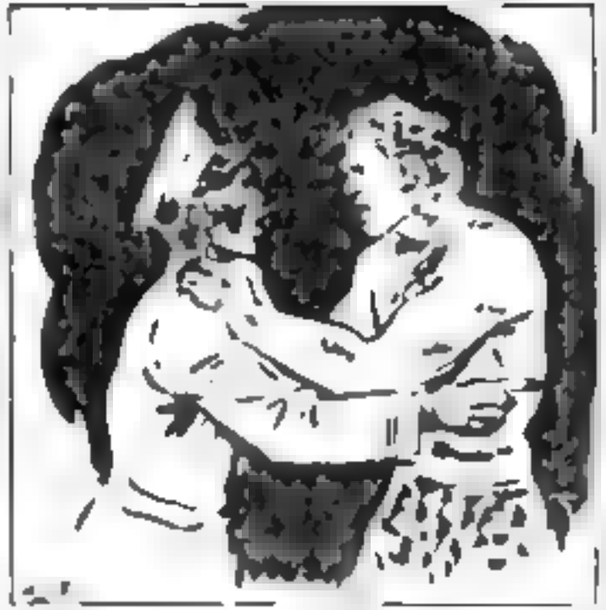
What is the name of the officer who killed the women of the hut-town where you fought with the Wa[illegible]? demanded Tarzan fiercely. "Kor-[illegible]-Kor-[illegible]!" gasped the half-strangled black.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan's prisoner told him that Korsoroff, the Red officer, was probably at headquarters. "Lead me there," commanded the ape-man, "and if you betray me, or I am discovered, I will kill you."

"I'll helped to [illegible] and kill Wissanoff," said our Wasa. "[illegible] The black [illegible] She ordered me to do it," he pleaded.

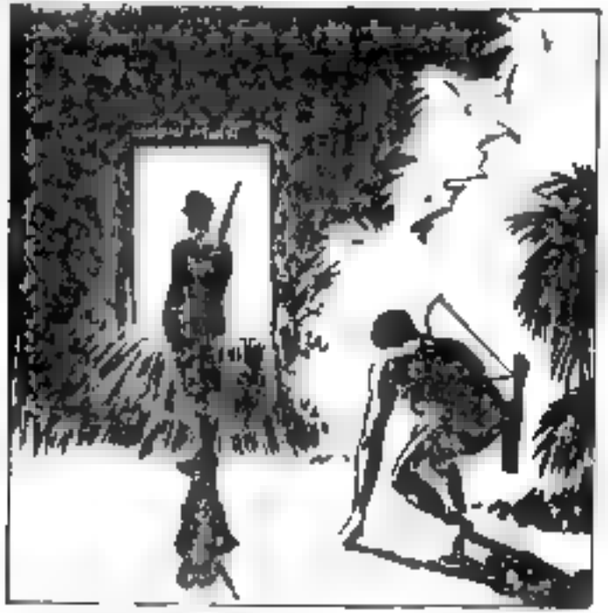


"Who ordered you down?" demanded Tarzan. "The [illegible] Nicolas Petrov," he gasped, he under [illegible] "I will [illegible] Tarzan gently, but I'll he pled to murder the Wasa."

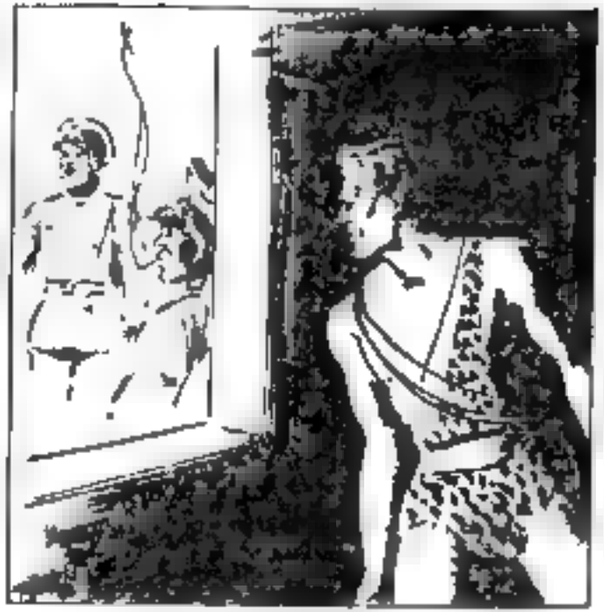
Tarzan's arms swung quickly upward and, with them the body of the black soldier, [illegible] the ape-man's home. [illegible] Tarzan turned in the direction of the Red's headquarters.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Tarzan crawled toward the unsuspecting sentry. Close to his prey now, he rose and pounced noiseless down upon the Red. Again there was no sound as the ape man carried the lifeless body toward the lighted guardhouse.



Before its opened windows he listened to the conversation of several Red officers. It concerned the successes in Africa and Europe. Not much interested in this boastful talk, Tarzan moved quietly to another window.

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There his attention was drawn to a pompous, red-faced general. Presently an aide entered, saluted and reported: "Olga Borrsch has arrived, sir." "Bid her enter," commanded the chief of staff. Tarzan saw a door opposite him open.

A young woman entered, acknowledging the departing officers' salutes with a smiling nod. Even her soiled garb failed to conceal her striking beauty. She took a folded paper from a secret pocket and handed it to the general.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan studied the girl while the general read her coded message. Correctly he judged she was one of the Red's spies. Therefore her beauty held no appeal for him. Gladly he could have wrung her fair young neck.

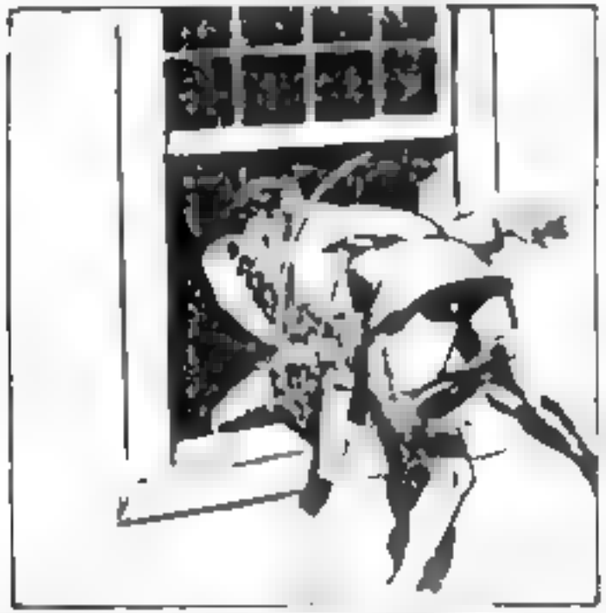
The Red finished reading. "Good," he said to Olga. Then to an aide: "Fetch Lieutenant Petrovich." Tarzan waited eagerly. For the first time he was about to see the man who had ped murder his mate and torture her faithful servants.

Soon the evil-visaged fellow was ushered in. The general returned his salute saying to the girl: "Allow me to present Lieutenant Petrovich, who will be your—" Without waiting to hear more, Tarzan of the Apes vaulted into the room.

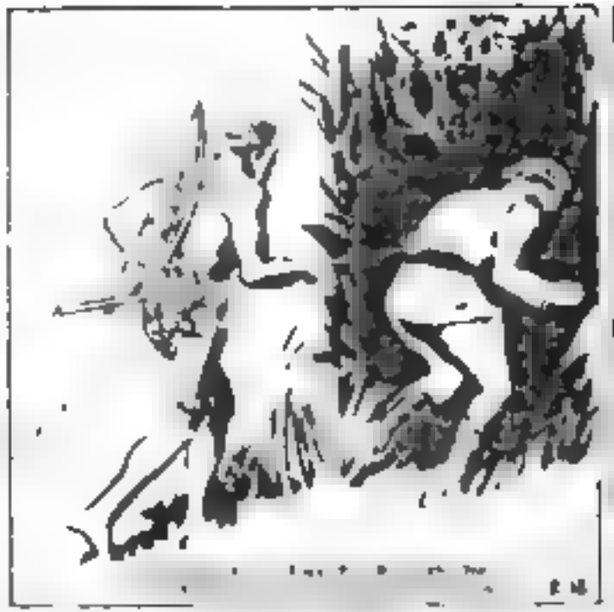
He send the lamp crashing as the surprised officers leaped for him. Grabbing one, Tarzan flung him against the other as they called for help. Freed from attack, the ape man seized Petrovich and sprang through the window.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Almost before the Reds realized what happened Tarzan and his prisoner were gone. Seeing the exact circle he carried Petrovich into the shadows. There he released his vise-like grip upon the terrified, half-choked man.



Commanding him to walk ahead, Tarzan rapidly passed the final outposts. Turning west by midnight he felt safe from discovery. Petrovich begged and questioned. The only answer he got was a prod from the ape man's sharp war spear.

Clearly Tarzan determined the Reds' fate. It must end in death. He had no desire to torture. But he with to punish his malicious slayers made him determined he [illegible] of torture should suffer even as they made her suffer.

Throughout that night the awful silence of this naked giant weighed upon the exhausted Reds' nerves. [illegible] the two beside a small stream. Here Tarzan halted, motioning his prisoner to drink and rest.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Down the game trail Tarzan saw some antelope leaving the water. He shoved Petrovich into the bushes, cautioned him to silence and hid beside him, waiting. In the dawning light the Red got his first good look at his unspeaking captor.

He saw the graceful limbs and the symmetrical body as the naked white savage crouched in the foliage. He saw the unsuspecting antelope come slowly along downwind. Now a plump young buck came opposite the giant in ambush.

Petrovich's eyes went wide and a scream of terror broke from him at what he next witnessed. He saw the agile beast at his side spring straight for the antelope and heard from these human lips the hunting roar of a wild beast.

Down went the buck. Tarzan and his prisoner had meat. Again they took up the march, doubly frightful to the Red because he knew not where it led. In silence the ape-man prodded his faltering prisoner along. The third day they reached their destination.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Upon the brink of a mighty gorge Tarzan at last ha led his prisoner. Sternly he motioned the Red to its edge. Petrovich drew back in horror of his unknown fate. Seizing him, the ape-man now broke his terrible silence.

"I am Lord Greystoke," he said. "It was my wife you murdered in the Waziri country. Now you understand why I came for you." Screaming, the Red struggled futilely as Tarzan held him in a mighty grip, high above his head.

Thus, far out into space the ape-man hurled the wretch. For a moment he watched the body hurtling downward. But Tarzan was not fully avenged for Ivan Karzanoff still lived. Suddenly the silence was broken as—

The ape-man raised his face to Kudu, the sun, and from his mighty chest rose the savage victory cry of the bull ape. Petrovich accounted for, he now sped north toward Kilimanjaro, mightiest of mountains.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

For a time, Tarzan hunted in the jungle's solitude, trying to forget. His mate had been the one strong tie binding him to civilization. Now that she was dead he was through with mankind, considering himself no longer man, but ape.

Yet more and more he found himself thinking of the British soldiers fighting against such heavy odds. In the Red camp he had heard enough to suggest they were getting the worst of this war with the Red invaders.

It made him lower his head and growl, and it worried him—a little, perhaps, because he was finding it difficult to forget that he too was of English ancestry when he wanted to be an ape. At last he could no longer endure the thought that—

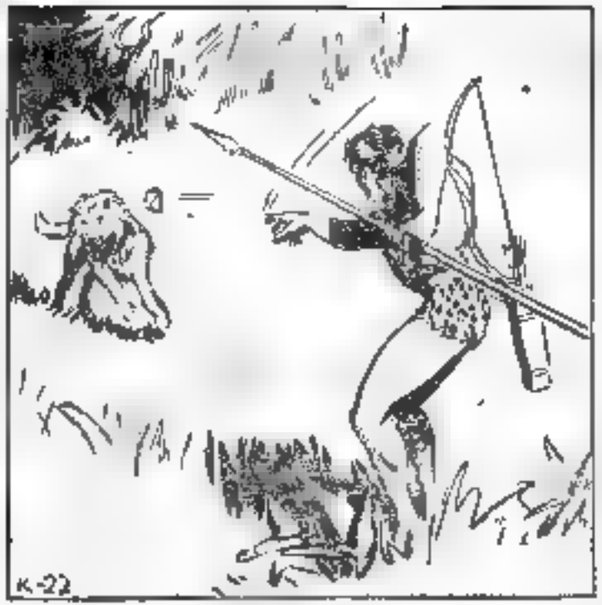
—the Reds were killing Englishmen while he hunted in safety with the great apes. Making his decision he set off toward the Reds' camp. There he planned to harass the enemy at every chance, as he knew so well how to do.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan came suddenly upon Horla, the boar, running ahead of him. Being hungry he made a quick kill. As he was gnawing the last morsel from a bone, his quick ears caught the sound of stealthy padded feet.

Turning, he confronted Dango, the hyena sneaking upon him. The beast circled hungrily about, waiting an opportunity to charge. Tarzan kept a watchful eye on him, meanwhile unslinging his war-spear, ready for instant use.



Being jungle bred, the ape-man was ready to protect his kill against all comers. "Go away eater of carrion!" he growled, and hurled a stone at the beast, which was snarling and coming closer. Dango would have charged sooner but for—

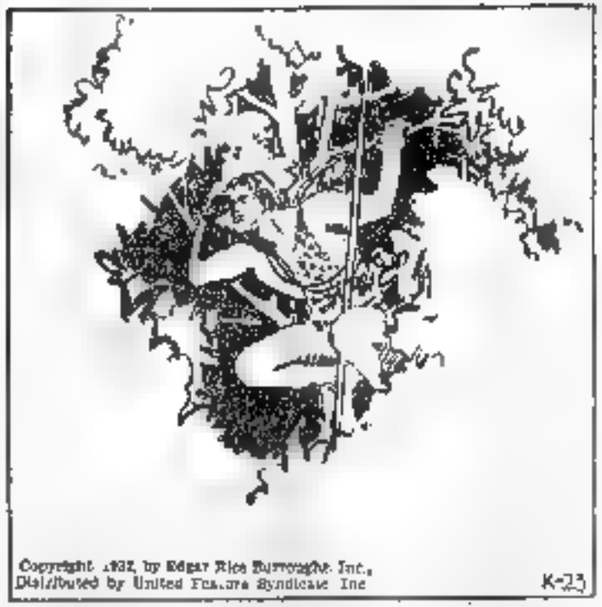
—the savage growls of the ape-man. Coming from human lips, these raised a question and a fear in the beast. Now, having eaten his fill, Tarzan rose and started again toward the Reds' camp. Suddenly the hungry hyena charged.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As Dango charged, instinctively the ape man sensed his danger. Wheeling about, swift as Ara, the lightning, he drove his spear straight for the hyena's heart with all the mighty power of his sinewy muscles.

The sharp shaft passed through the beast's body. Withdrawing his weapon, Tarzan again shouldered the boar's carcass and continued his way. Next day he came within sight and sound of the Reds' battle lines.



His position gave him a birdseye view of the entire field of battle. His keen eyes picked out Red machine-gun emplacements, cunningly concealed, and many details no ordinary man would have discovered.

Now, from the hillside below him, above the cannons' roar, he heard a single rifle spit. He waited for the next shot. That would tell him more accurately the exact location of the Red sniper he believed hidden there.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

After the next shot, Tarzan moved with panther-like stealth down the steep hillside. From the edge of a low cliff he saw upon a ledge fifteen feet below him, a Red soldier lying concealed from the British.

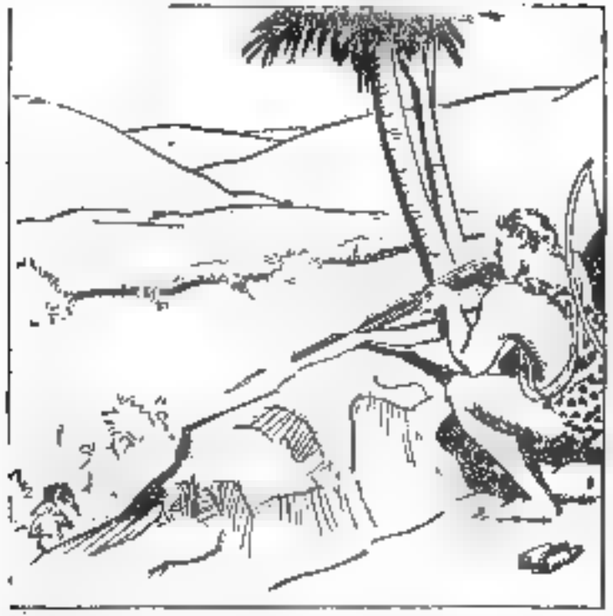
The Red sniper lay well back of his own lines, firing over the heads of his fellows. As the ape-man discovered him, he had laid aside his binoculars and was preparing to fire again.

That shot was never fired. Suddenly a brown body sprang forward from the cliff above. Probably the Red never knew what alighted on his back for Tarzan's steel fingers circled his throat. There was a moment of futile struggling and—

the sniper was done for. Tarzan now watched the Reds' trenches below. He saw a well-hidden mach ne-gun striking at the British, who evidently failed to locate it. Using the dead sniper's rifle, Tarzan took careful aim.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



While hunting big game with his civilized friends, Tarzan had become an excellent shot, though he only killed, then, for food or in self defense. But this was war. The machine gun crew became panic stricken.

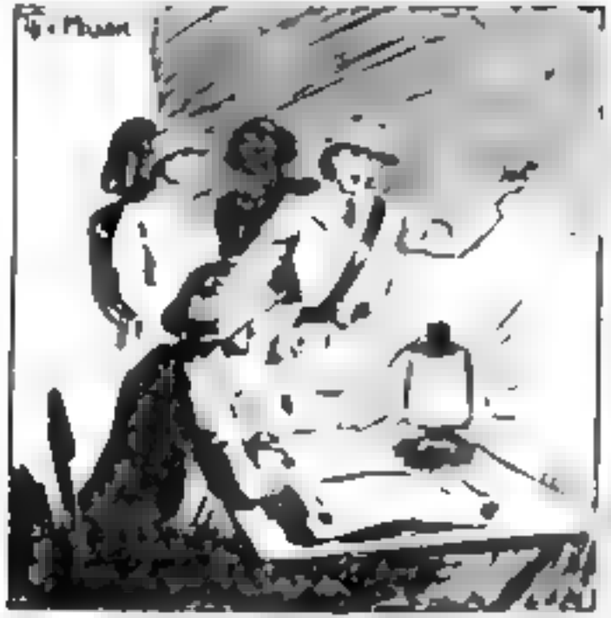
He picked off the entire crew of one machine gun. Then he silenced another and another. The Reds, in consternation, were now aware something was wrong in their own lines, but could not discover the cause.

Tarzan saw an officer examine one of the bullets. He saw the excitement this caused, for it told the Reds their men were being picked off with their own bullets. Messengers carried the news along the trenches and—

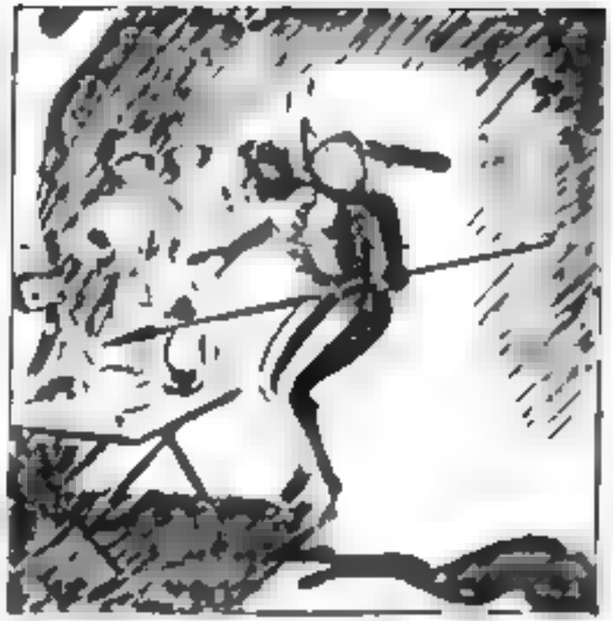
—soon the position of the supposed traitor was discovered. Then the ape-man saw a machine gun being trained upon him. Realizing the game was up, Tarzan gave them a parting shot and started to climb the cliff behind him.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



The Reds' machine guns had bothered the Rho-desians and of them the Colonel was speaking. "Something silenced several today," said a young officer. "Once when I was observing I saw a great commotion in a trench across but



I couldn't make out the cause. I think they were attacked from their rear for they peppered at the bluff behind them. Wonder what I meant? The tree branch rustled slightly and a naked brown body dropped among the astonished group.

Amazed, the regarded the man standing with the freight plane upon his superb muscles. "Who the devil are you?" snapped the Colonel. "Tarzan of the Apes," replied the new comer. "Who are Lord Greystoke," cried a major, extending his hand.

"How are you, Major Drewsbury?" acknowledged Tarzan. Did [illegible] to receive him at [illegible] laughed the major. [illegible] in [illegible] dress [illegible] Tarzan half smiled and turned toward the Colonel.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"I overheard your words, Colonel. It was I who had the luck to silence those machine guns. I have just come from behind the Reds' lines, and perhaps I can help you," said Tarzan, after the major introduced him to the commanding officer

Briefly Tarzan related what had brought him out alone in pursuit of the Reds. They listened sympathetically as without apparent emotion, he told of the savagery wrought during his absence from home and how—

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he had sworn vengeance upon the murderers of his mate. When he finished, the Colonel asked "And now you have come to join us?" "No, not regularly," replied the ape-man. "I must fight in my own way, not yours, because—

whenever I wish I can enter the Reds' lines." "That is not possible," said the British Colonel. "I have just lost three of my most experienced men trying it." "Is it any more difficult than entering your own lines?" challenged Tarzan.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Looking quizzically at the ape man, Colonel Capel demanded: "Who brought you here?" "I came alone," replied Tarzan. "I tell you I have just come through the Belgian and yours, passing through your camp unseen."

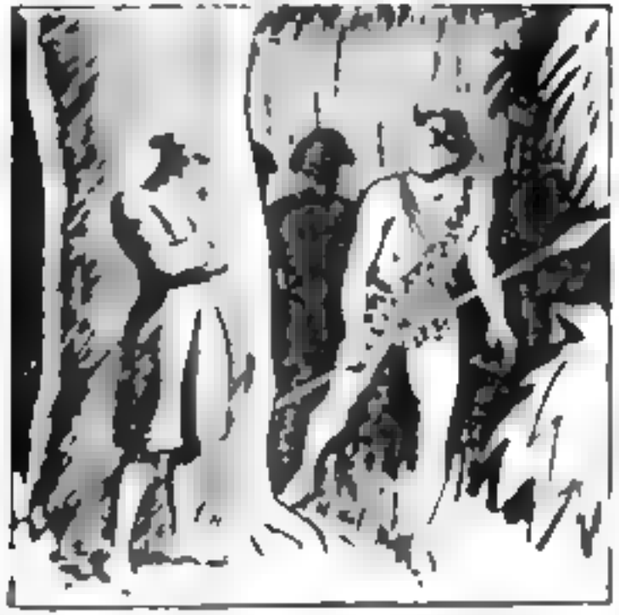
"The Belgians are stupid," [illegible] which is his answer. Tarzan: "You men of civilization which you come into our jungle are stupid," he exclaimed. "Mana the Monkey is wise in comparison. Only your numbers, weapons, and

[illegible] your reason he permits you to exist. Had I [illegible] with many reasoning [illegible] forever from [illegible]. It was a long speech for the ape man, who was given to words. Enough of that, he broke off.

"Again, can I help you?" Facetious now, the Colonel asked. [illegible] the ape man [illegible] out upon the [illegible] gang doing deadly work among the [illegible] Rhodesians.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Promising the British Intelligence information concerning the weakness of the Reds' defense lines, Tarzan announced his departure. Leaving the Colonel's staff he chanced to pass a night officer whose face he could only partially see.

The firelight revealed the officer's upper features given Tarzan a brief glimpse of a regular feminine face. Probably some officer I have met in London, he said to himself and went his way passing safely the watchful outguards.

Hours he moved across Kilimanjaro's foothills. Toward dawn he settled himself to sleep. When the sun was well up when he awoke, stretching his giant limbs he swung lightly to earth.

He had a definite object, the capturing of a certain Red spy. He had watched her in Red headquarters decoded a message. Now he was positive he had seen that same girl in the British lines, disguised as an officer.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan haunted Red Headquarters, hoping to find the beautiful spy again. Always he managed to inspire terror in the hearts of the Red troops. Days passed and the Rhodesians at last opened a breach in the enemy's Lines.

The information Tarzan gave Colonel Capell enabled them to clear the left flank trenches of the Reds' native soldiers. Retreating now the enemy was desperately contesting every mile of the railway to Tanga.

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Since that memorable night Tarzan had mysteriously dropped among them the 2nd Rhodesians had seen nothing of him. Some officers believed him dead within the enemy's lines. "I'll wager they never captured him alive," said one.

Nor had they! Tarzan spent that time profitably gathering details concerning the enemy's strength and troop location. Meanwhile, in various ways he successfully harassed them and slowly lowered their moral.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Often now native troops reported strange tales to their Red officers. They told of the frequent and frightful appearance in their trenches of a naked white giant who wrought such havoc among them that—

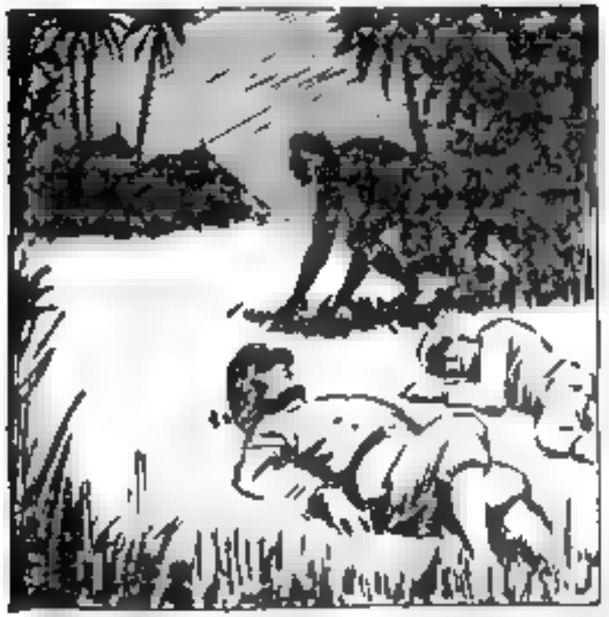
—they were sure he was some jungle demon. One night, Tarzan overheard his own doings described and smiled grimly to himself. Suddenly he saw the regimental insignia upon the officer's blouse.

It was the same as those worn by the killers of his mate. An angry half smothered growl broke from his lips before he realized it. The Reds became rigid, listening. Every eye looked toward the bushes from whence came this ominous sound.

Each thought of recent mysterious deeds none could explain. Once the bushes moved slightly. Instantly without warning they fired into them. But Tarzan of the Apes was not there.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Bivouacked for the night were the native soldiers commanded by the Red officer whom, two hours before, Tarzan had watched and heard. Toward the officers' tents the ape-man silently crept. It was slow, perilous work, for—

—the Reds were now upon the alert for their uncanny foe. Holding their vigilance he entered the officers' lines. From within a tent came the regular breathing of a sleeping man—only one. Tarzan was satisfied.

With his knife he cut open the rear flaps and stepped within. A falling leaf could have been no more soundless than the ape-man as he moved toward the sleeper and bent over him. He did not know whether or not

this was the man who had laid waste his home, for he had never seen him. He only knew his name but he meant now to know more. Shaking him, the fellow half awoke muttering something. "Silence," whispered Tarzan, "or I kill."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The Red spy, Olga, was humiliated and angry with herself, forced to admit that she was hopelessly lost. She knew Wolbemarl was an beast. But a combination of bad luck made her unable to determine that direction.

To her dismay she had discovered that her compass was lost. But prid ng herself on her woodcraft, she urged her mount in what she thought was the right direction. At last she felt assured she had safely passed the British rear lines.

By now she should have struck the road again. When this failed, she became really anxious. Her horse was tired and night, she knew, would find her in a wild trackless country notorious for its savage beasts.

It was maddening to the girl to feel she might even be forging deeper into this forbidden country further from the railway. Whatever else she may be, Olga was no coward, yet she hesitated to go on.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Just before dusk Jack le Diga came upon an open spot in the almost unending bush. Here she decided to camp for the night as the high, thick grass afforded food for her horse, a bed for herself and, best of all, there was water.

Her first care was for her weary mount. Removing the saddle and bridle she led, watered and picketed him near by. When darkness closed in she had a blazing fire and wood enough to keep it burning all night.

Hours later, alone with her thoughts, she dared not close her eyes. A mile to her west, fearing not the jungle and his unerring instinct sure of his location, Tarzan, deeming he had gone miles enough tonight, lay down to sleep.

Far away the Red spy heard faintly the boom of big guns. Otherwise the jungle seemed ominously quiet. There was neither moon nor stars. The firelight only accentuated the blackness beyond it. What terrors did it hide from her?

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Wrapping herself in a heavy military coat, for the night was already chill, the girl awaited morning. "Would she ever see another morning?" "I must not think of it," she told herself, steadying her nerves. "Luck has always been with me."

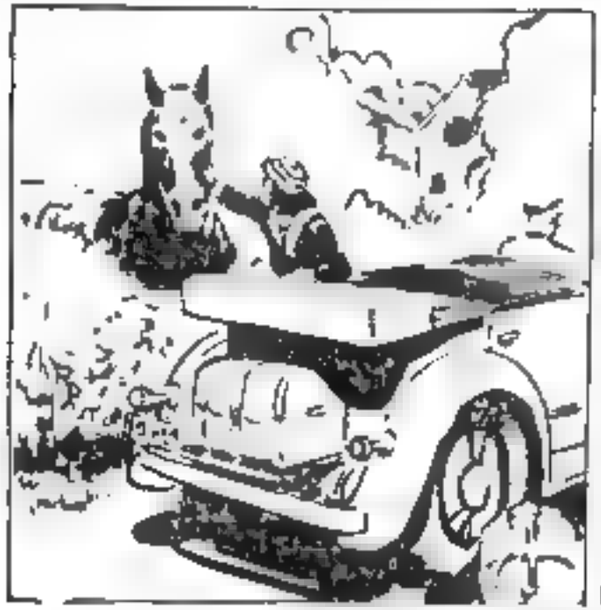
Midnight found her still staring into the flickering flames, her thoughts on other days . . . in England. Rarely did she allow herself to think of her past life, those swift, crowded, adventurous years. But somehow, on tonight—

—she thought of DIMI. She seemed to see her adoring father and her older brothers. There was her lovely mother, come as a bride from Russia and whose name, Olga, she herself had assumed when she became the Reds' famous spy.

Years of "growing up" had passed so happily. School studies, pastimes. Always her father and brothers were her closest companions, horses and hunting her keenest delight. Then on that awful day had come her first great tragedy.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

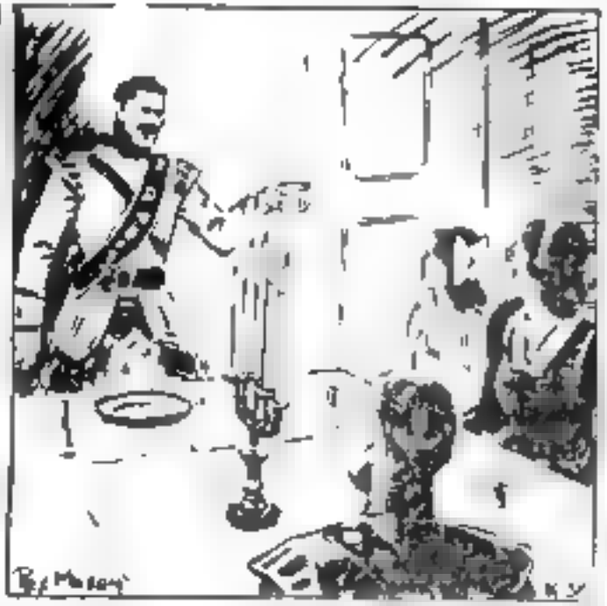
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Roland Canby Olga's father took his new motherless children to live in London. There he put his two boys in school. But the little girl, who so resembled his lost wife, he liked to be with him as constantly as his military duties permitted.

Christened Patricia Olga her father had shortened it to "Pat." The nickname better suited the child's spirited tom boy nature. And as "Pat" she was affectionately known to the officers and men of his famous regiment.

The Captain had sent for his spinster sister who now presided over his household. Unsympathetic this Victorian lady never understood the little Pat whose frisky colt like antics gave her aunt many a worried moment.



For years she did what she thought to be her "duty" by her motherless niece. But Sarah Canby admitted to herself she was not displeased when during the holidays her brother announced his "great news" and she heard what was to become of Pat.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Pat's father promoted was to be stationed in India. And she was to go with him. She would see rajahs and princes—perhaps real—or elephants and tigers. These exciting thoughts made her forget it would be long before she again saw England.

Busy days followed. While the Captain looked after the many details of the long water voyage Pat was allowed to visit those places she best loved. Always attracted to animals, she spent many fascinated hours at the London Zoo.

Two nights before sailing as a final treat her father took her with him to a certain music hall. There for weeks a remarkable educated ape was the public's latest craze. Never had Pat forgotten her horror when the beast—

suddenly refusing to perform as usual leaped for a box where a man sat alone. The audience was on the verge of panic. Then, amazed, they saw the handsome giant in evening clothes calmly do a very strange and unexpected thing.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As the great ape leaped from the stage a terrified audience expected to see the man in the box its prey victim. Instead they saw the bronzed giant placing his arm soothingly about that shaggy neck

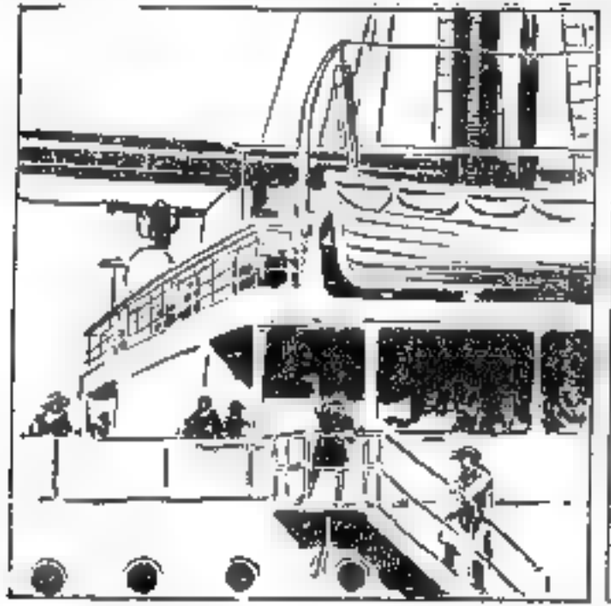
The nearest heard him speak some meaningless sounds. Meaningless to them but evidently the ape understood. Its menacing actions changed to docile ones. It whimpered softly and gently grasped the man's shoulder

When the lights again went up the man had disappeared. Later Paul's father learned he was Lord Greystoke. "We know him in London," said the eugenics friend. "But better known in Africa. There he chooses to live in the jungle almost naked."

"The natives claim he is half ape himself," laughed the friend. Paul forgot all this as the eugenics sailing day arrived. But some came when she recalled it for she was destined to meet the ape-man in his own jungle—and not as his friend.

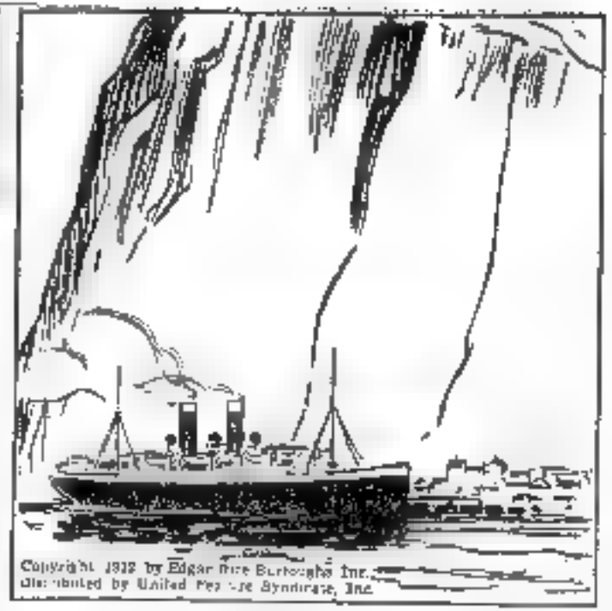
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Tearfully Pat waved good-bye to her brothers. Now that half the world was to separate them she even felt grief parting from her stern aunt who, saying India was "too heathenish," refused to leave England.

After the green shores faded in the mist, came days at sea every hour filled with interest for the happy girl. She made a firm friend of an old salt who spun marvelous tales of the things he had done and seen.

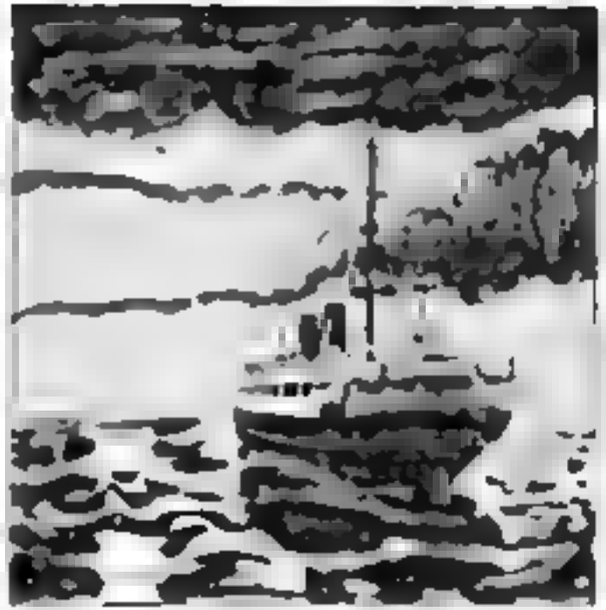


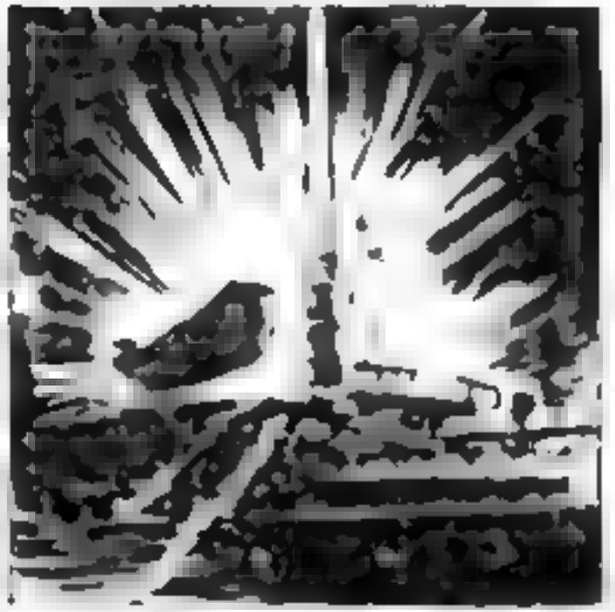
A day's stop at Gibraltar, then the blue Mediterranean, a glimpse of Italy and the ship steered for Egypt. Already Pat felt very important and travel-wise. At Alexandria they stopped for coaling and Captain Canby made a short trip—

up to Cairo to consult with the British garrison. Here, she saw the colorful bazaars, the pyramids and the cosmopolitan throngs in the vast hotels. Even a bad fall from a runaway camel only made the brave girl eager for more thrills.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

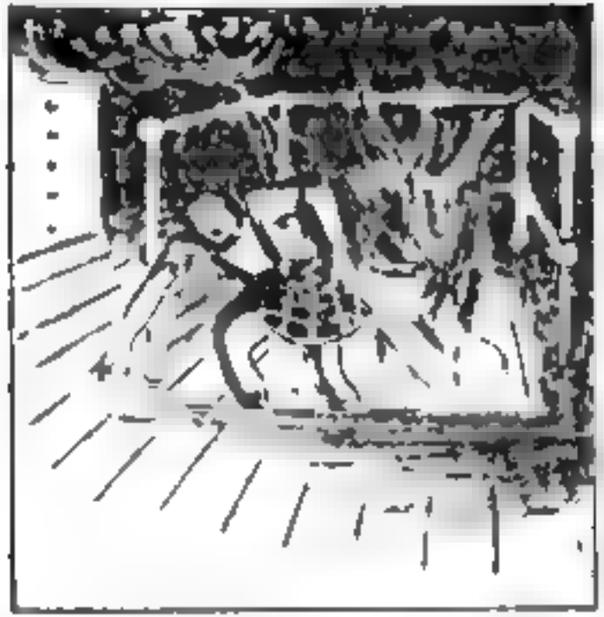
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



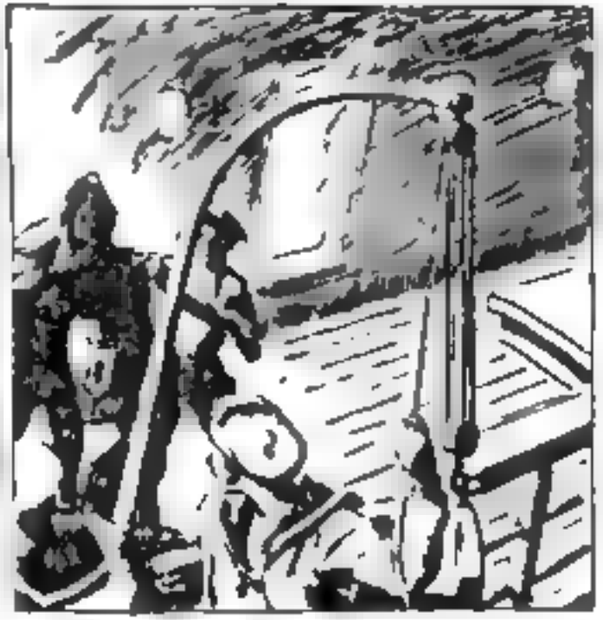


TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

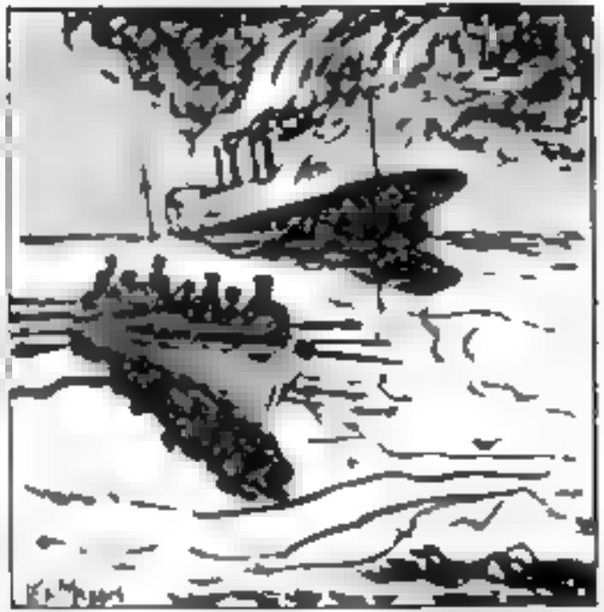


Gasping, bruised, but fighting bravely, Pat pulled herself from the wreckage. As she crawled on to the upper deck a strange dizziness overcame her. Everything went black before her smoke stung eyes, and after one cry for help—



—she remembered nothing more. Her father baffled in his search for her, staggered from below deck. Two officers found him and against his will forcibly carried him into the last departing lifeboat.

In the fire illuminated sea, men struggled around the lifeboat. Any second another explosion might come. Upon the bridge the captain shouted "Every man for himself" as he refused to leave his post of duty.



Just before dawn the survivors saw the distant transport sink into the sea. Ronald Cambre's heart also sank as he thought of little lost Pat, but he prayed that somehow, by some happy chance, death had not claimed his daughter.

—E. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A week after the voyage's disaster. Pat and her loved father were reunited in the marine hospital at Bombay. The drifting raft had finally been sighted and, none the worse, men and girl landed safely in India, where—

the presence of his daughter helped quickly to restore Ronald Canby's health. A fortnight later they started for Jodhpur. Along the way the teeming country's curious life and customs fascinated the English girl, and when—

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—at last they reached the remote outpost which her father was to command, she already loved this new home and, youth like, had forgotten the almost tragic experience on the Indian ocean, in the joys of the present.

For awhile, growing used to her strange new surroundings occupied Pat's time. A native woman and men servants made life easy in the comfortable house, and months passed serene and happily for her until one shocking summer evening.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

It did not take Pat long to master much of the Indian dialect. She learned to shoot with deadly aim. Always at her best astride a horse, she and her fiery mount soon became a familiar sight in the nearby villages.

Frequently she accompanied her father when he needed to consult his superior officer. She liked the colonel's lady and made good friends with his son and daughters. Enjoying as she did these brief social contacts with civilization, always—

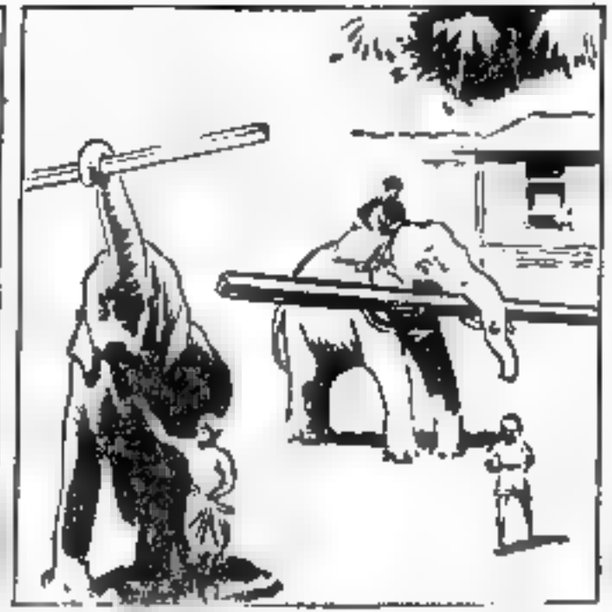
she found herself happiest when, back in the solitude of her home, she busied herself looking after her father's comfort. She was never lonely though often her sole companion was little Ricky the mongoose, whose presence so surely—

guarded her from the dangers of the deadly cobra. Yet she well knew other dangers constantly threatened. Her father warned her against unfriendly natives and she heard often lately of a man-eating tiger ravishing the neighborhood.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Against the lurking threats of both jungle and natives, Pat, when left alone, kept her revolvers within easy reach. One night Captain Canby detained, was not to arrive home until late. Supper over she sat within the little screened porch—



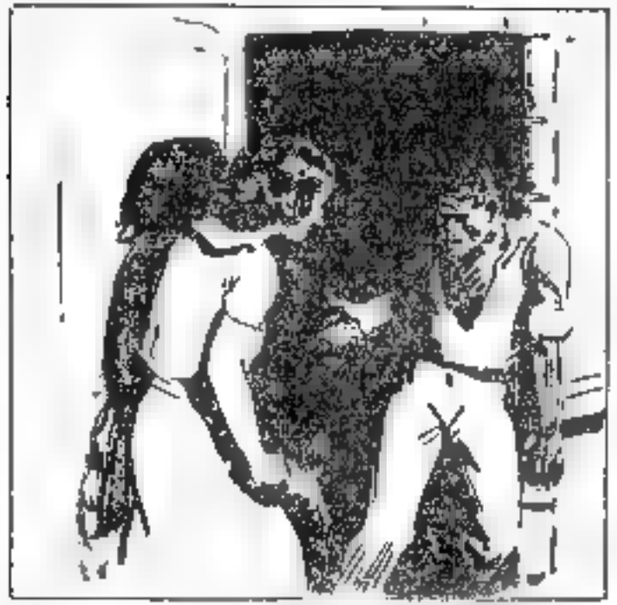
—dreamily enjoying the fragrant, star-hung night. She had spent the afternoon watching natives use the elephants in construction work for the British army. Those patient grey tuskers made her think of their peanut-begging relatives, shackled—

—in London's zoo. Dismissing her idle thoughts, she went inside to read, when suddenly the quiet night was pierced by a long weird wail. It was followed by a medley of shouts and cries . . . then foreboding silence.

Intently she listened. For a while nothing further happened. She had settled herself to read when a crashing of underbrush startled her. As she sprang for her pistol, a man, breathing rapidly, emerged from the outside shadows.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Pat about to fire into the outside shadows heard the man there calling for her father. Recognizing his voice, she admitted him, learning the reason for his midnight errand. Again had the man-eating tiger pounced upon the slumbering village and—

this time its victim was the richest native's only son. The beast's prolonged, mourning, thrilling call, twice repeated, and the lamentations of the terrified relatives were the blood-curdling sounds Pat had heard a while ago.

The stricken father had sent this messenger to the British post, imploring Captain Canby's aid. An hour later on the way home, the Captain had passed through the village and already knew the evening's tragic events.

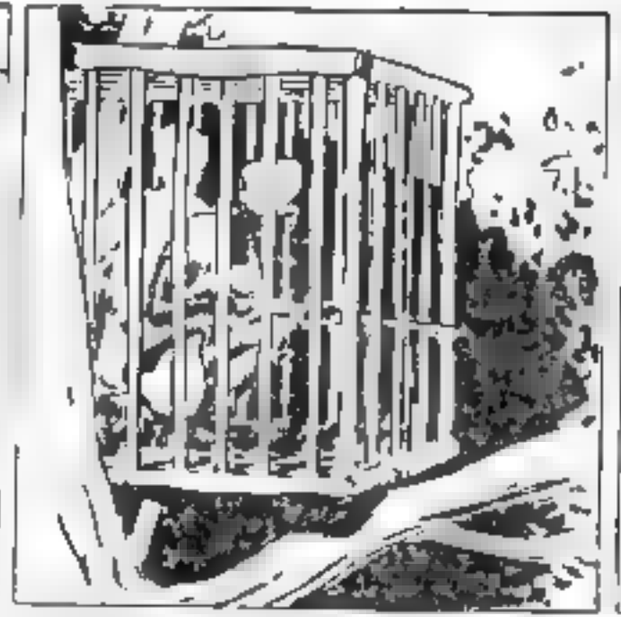
He promised the bereaved Hindu aid from the Britishers. Preparation for the tiger hunt were set for the next day. Ever eager for a thrill, Pat pleaded for permission to join the chase, but her father hesitated.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"The risks, Pat, are far too dangerous for a girl," her father answered. He well knew what skill and courage it takes to stalk a tiger's enormous strength coupled with its fierce cunning. Then he told her of the attempts already made

to rid the neighborhood of its terror. They had tried lying in wait for the creature on several nights. "Few men," he said, "dare risk the rashness of hunting tigers on foot." So a "machan," or small platform holding two persons, was built—



—in a small tree twelve feet above ground. Nearby they tethered a live goat. An hour before sunset the best native hunter with an assistant climbed into the "machan" and awaited the coming of the tiger. Three nights without success—

Then the beast stole out of the shadows, seized and carried off the prey too quickly for a shot. Once it boldly stalked out and stood in full view. When fired at it darted back into the jungle and disappeared. Then came the fatal end for the hunters.

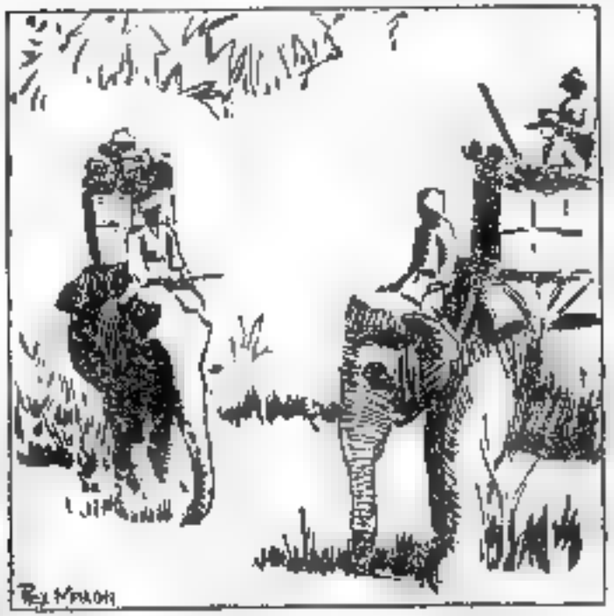
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Hours after as the moon sank and the man-eater had not re-appeared, the natives cautiously descended. Partly down the tree they were when, with a reverberating roar, the lurking tiger sprang from its concealment.

Trapped the two men were helpless. Savagely the sharp claws ripped and tore the nearest victim. A swift blow crushed the other's skull. Nor did the tiger's fury abate until it had even left the "machan" a mass of splinters.

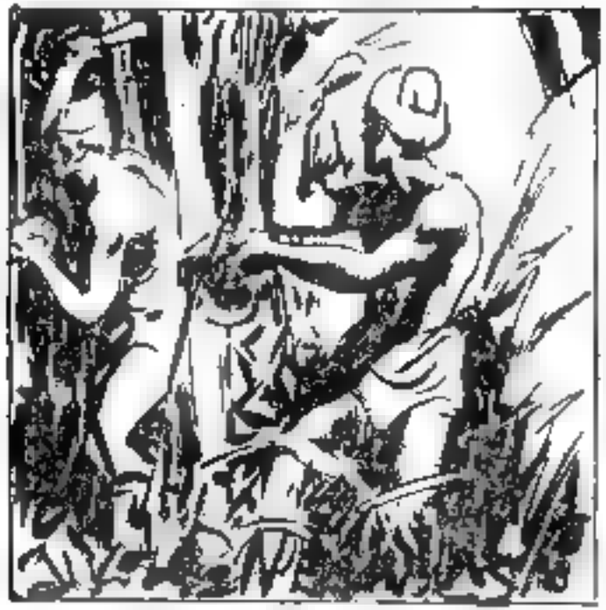
Seeking to dissuade her Captain Canby spared Pat no details of the gruesome story he had heard in the village. Instead, it but increased her desire to join the morrow's hunt. "Take me please," she begged. "You know my shots are good, daddy dear—



and I am not afraid of man or beast." So before she retired Pat gained his reluctant consent. Early morning found her armed with a big game rifle, seated in the howdah of the foremost elephant as the trained tankers headed for the jungle.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



A large number of native shikaris and beaters had for days surrounded and watched the tiger. The noise of their drums was slowly driving it towards a favorable spot where the white hunters, in the box like howdahs upon trained elephants

—awaited the man eater. How Tarzan would have smiled, amused by this small army hunting a single animal, even though it was the largest and most powerful of cats. He who had, when badly wounded, strangled a lioness—

barehanded and then leaping upon her mate, killing the raging Numa with his father's hunting knife, had never engaged in death struggle with an Indian tiger. Yet if one had lived in Africa, the ape man, doubtless, would not have met—

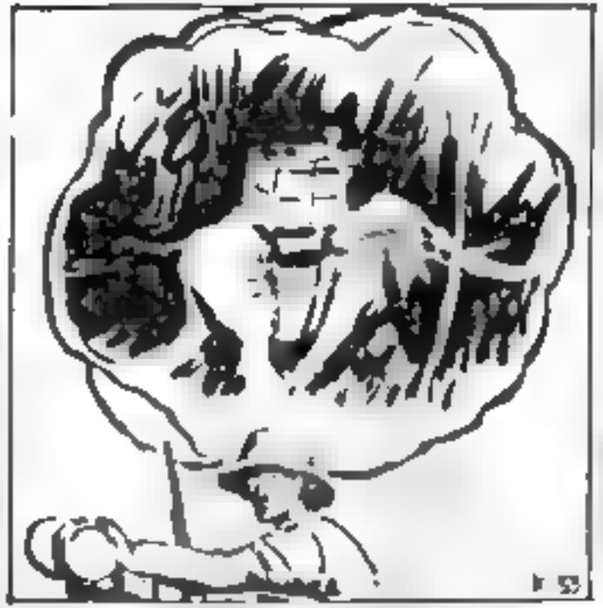
—its swift charge perched upon the back of his friend Tantor the elephant. As the circle narrowed, the drivers became more cautious, for the tiger knew the country perfectly and would make use of every means of escape and attack.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

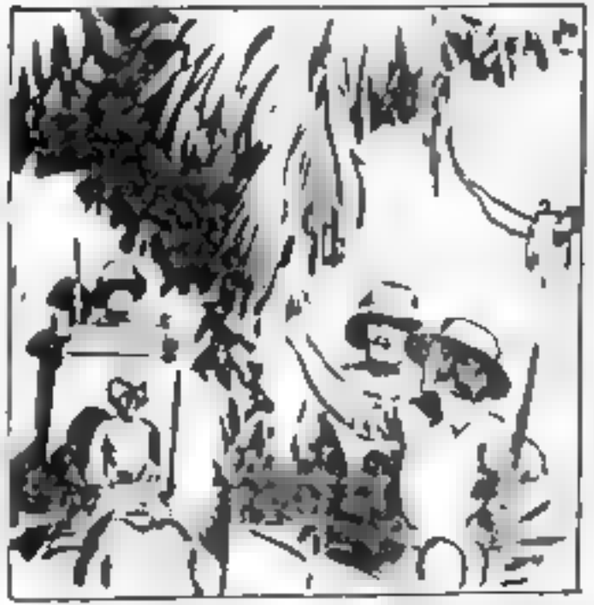
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Men were stationed in the trees to try to trace the tiger's movements and warn by cries and signals. Meanwhile Pat and her companions proceed forward on their elephants. They depended largely upon the sagacity of these animals—

—for a warning of the tiger's approach and if the tiger should come charge of the ferocious man-eater. Captain Canby knew it might come by a head leap leaving the hunters from the howdahs or by stampeding the elephants. The tiger would—



—then get through the barrier alive. He knew too that nine out of ten elephants even if staunch before will suddenly be seized with panic stricken and bolt at seeing a tiger. Then would come the danger of their riders being dashed against a tree—



or other unforeseen casualties. Fearless himself Captain Canby was uneasy in his mind regarding the safety of Pat. In the hut she had just called Gail back to him, and he was answering her hunter when suddenly—

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The driver of the foremost elephant gave a sharp warning cry. A few yards ahead crouched the man-eating tiger. Its colors and stripes so blended with the gloom and slender shadows of bamboo and tall grass that till now the lurking—

—beast had been perfectly invisible. Sensing [illegible] the master [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] the tiger's lying fact and urged his driver to goad their elephant forward. He knew that no two tigers behave the same way when encountered.

He knew also that the same animal may act differently at different times. Tigers learn to experience and have no fear of man as man. Did this tiger know this one and wait for a single or did it leave its enemies in doubt as to its actions.

from long low. It faced the nearest tusker—and [illegible] quick [illegible] The girl aimed [illegible] and waited. Before the others dared [illegible] the [illegible] elephant trumpeting [illegible] and Tarzan Lord's nerve left him as he saw a fearful sight.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

There was a flash of bright, tawny yellow as the tiger sprang, a flash also of shiny steel held by the girl as her rifle spoke. At the same time the fear crazed elephant stampeded toward the thick jungle.

With deadly aim Pat's lucky shot had penetrated the man-eater's brain. All happened so swiftly that Captain Canby, on the other elephant, sat petrified with surprise. But his joy at Pat's bravery and skill was short-lived.

Now he saw her even greater danger. For the elephant, trunk raised and huge bulk swaying perilously stopped for nothing. Fifty yards it trampled everything in its path, swerved and made for the dense tree growth.

As it passed under a mighty limb, the howdah caught beneath the tearing branch. Pat's father, pursuing on the other tusker saw the howdah swept from the elephant's back, crashing the girl and the young lieutenant to the ground.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

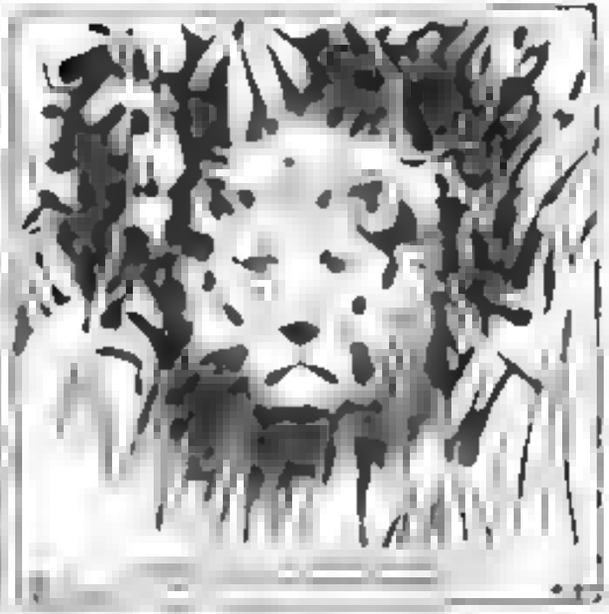
Badly bruised himself by their fall from the elephant the young officer's first thought was for the brave girl lying so white and still. When Pat's father came they sorrowfully took her limp form the long miles back home

At what cost to herself his daughter had shot the tiger Captain Canby dared not think. Impatiently he awaited the arrival of the army doctor bravely facing his fears for Pat who, as yet, made no signs of life

Though the hunt had ended in sadness for the Beechers, in the Hindu village all was joy. No longer need they fear the dreaded menace of the man-eater. Stalwart shoulders bore the carcass in triumph down the dusty street. Far into that night —

—they feasted and rejoiced. The dead terror measured 10 feet and weighed 500 pounds. Grateful for their delivery the natives decided its handsome silky pelt should become the English heroine's possession—if she lived

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Olga's horse was almost at the clearing's edge when Numa, the lion, sprang from his ambush. He struck the animal's shoulder just as the horse reared, terrified to wheel in fright. The impact hurled the horse backward—

—to the ground so quickly that the girl had no chance to save herself. She fell to earth with her mount, her leg pinioned under its body. There, horror-stricken, she saw the King of Beasts' mighty jaws close upon her faithful friend.

Numa crouched upon his kill, his terrifying eyes glaring straight into the girl's face. For what seemed an eternity to Olga, the two lay staring at each other. Then the lion uttered a menacing growl.

Never before had Olga had such cause for terror. Her pistol was a puny thing with which to menace the great beast before her. She knew it would only enrage him, yet she meant to sell her life dearly.

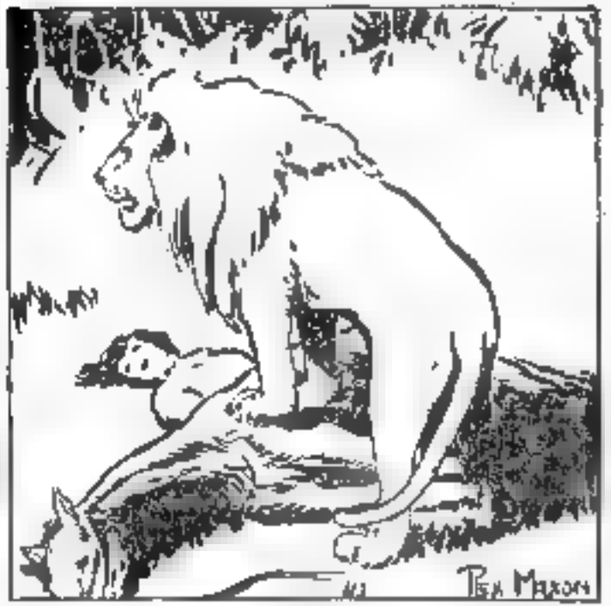
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Olga's only hope was that her end would come quickly and as painlessly as possible. No one can tell what a lion will do in any emergency. Cautiously—

—Olga tried to drag her leg from under the crushing weight of the horse, but failed. Then, nerves at breaking point, she slowly reached for her pistol. Doing so, she was forced to lift herself slightly. Instantly—

the lion was aroused. With cat-like swiftness, reaching over, he placed his heavy taloned paw upon her chest, crushing her back to earth. Growling and snarling, his face was a picture of rage. A moment neither moved, and then—



—the girl heard a human voice uttering beast-like sounds. Suddenly the lion looked up at something beyond her. His growls increased to a roar as he suddenly drew back—

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan of the Apes had witnessed the entire encounter from the moment the lion had leaped upon its prey. For sometime before, he had been watching the girl. When Numa attacked her, the ape-man had at first been minded to—

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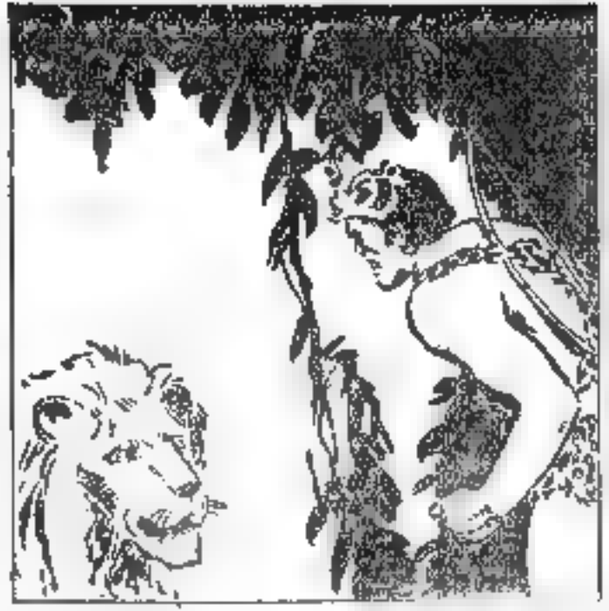
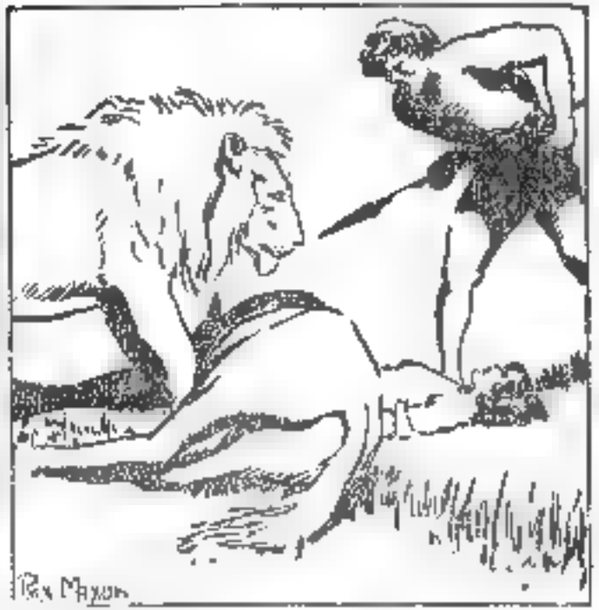
—let the lion have his way with her. What was she but a hated Red spy? Had he not seen her in enemy headquarters conferring with the high command? And later, masquerading as a British officer? It was the latter thought—



—that prompted him to interfere. Doubtless the British would be glad to question her. Tarzan not only recognized her but also the lion. Like all jungle creatures the ape-man had that miraculous sense of scent—



—by which he could recognize individual animals. He knew this lion had reason to remember him. Those unintelligible sounds Olga had heard caused Numa to draw back, undecided whether to charge or flee as Tarzan came toward him.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Olga heard the giant address the lion. In the ape-language Tarzan was thundering "Go away Numa I am Tarzan of the apes. Go, or I kill!" Perhaps the beast did not understand the words, but—

he DID understand the menace of the heavy spear the Tormangan carried. He growled and roared and when the sharp point came close viciously struck at it. Tarzan stepped over the dead horse and—

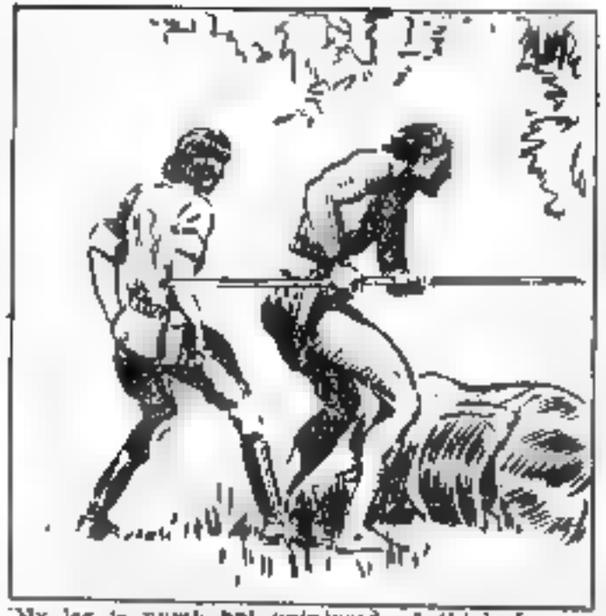
drove the angry lion deliberately from its kill. When Numa had retreated a few yards Tarzan called back to Olga "Are you badly hurt?" "I think not" she replied, "but—

—I cannot move my foot from beneath my horse" "Try again" commanded Tarzan. "I do not know how long I can hold Numa thus." The girl struggled frantically but at last sank back exhausted "It is impossible," she called.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Slowly Tarzan backed toward the dead horse's side. Reaching down, he grasped its saddle girth, and with one hand raised the carcass from the ground. Oga freed herself. Answering Tarzan's question she said



"My leg is numb but uninjured. I think I can walk." "Good," commented the ape-man. "Back slowly away behind me. Make no sudden movements." Cautiously they backed toward the bush. A moment the lion stood growling, then followed them.

Tarzan wondered if the beast would come beyond its kill or if it would stop there. If the lion followed them beyond the carcass, it would probably charge. That meant it would get one of them. When Numa reached the dead horse—

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—he stopped, as the ape-man thought he might. Tarzan waited a moment to see what the beast would do next, and then, suddenly, he heard the girl give a little gasping cry. "Was it a warning of new danger?"

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A moment the lion [illegible] Tarzan and the girl [illegible] and then looked down at [illegible] [illegible] Presently he crouched upon his [illegible] The girl breathed a deep sigh of relief. She and the ape-man

continued their slow retreat. [illegible] the jungle edge a sudden [illegible] [illegible] The girl [illegible] and would have [illegible] had not Tarzan caught her

Quickly the girl regained control of herself. "I could not help it," she said in apology. "I was so [illegible] to such a horrible death it [illegible] me. I am all right now. How can I ever thank you?" It was so wonderful [illegible] you did not [illegible]

in fear that frightful creature yet he was afraid of you. Who are you?" He knows me," replied Tarzan gravely. "That is why he fears me." He studied the girl closely. She was beautiful. Yet he could hated her

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan faced the girl, unmoved by her beauty. A sudden scowl of surprise and anger came over his face as he saw against her soft white throat the diamond-studded, golden locket of his youth.

His mother's precious momento had been stolen from his own mate when Karzenoff, the Red, (whom the ape-man now hunted) had slain her. Roughly Tarzan grasped the girl, demanding "Where did you get this?" as he tore the locket from her neck.

"What is it to you?" she challenged. "Take your hand from me!" The ape man ignored her command. "Answer me," he snapped. "Tell me who gave it to you. It is mine. Tell me—or I throw you back to the lion." "You would do THAT?" she asked.

"Why not?" he queried. "Spies must die if they are caught." "You WERE going to kill me?" she demanded. "I was going to take you to the British. THEY would dispose of you. But Numa can do it as well. Which do you prefer?"

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

After a pause the girl answered Tarzan. "Ivan Karamoff gave me the locket." "Satisfied the ape-man replied. "Come. It is British headquarters for you." Silently she followed him but all the time her brain worked busily.

Then moved east and, as long as he led in that direction, it suited Olga to have the protection of the great giant. "The man must be crazy not to take away my pistol," she mused. After a long pause, she asked

"What makes you think I am a spy?" "I saw you." "Red Headquarters," he replied, "and then a run to the British lines. The girl said no more. I cannot let him take me to the British," he told herself. "I must reach Wahlemaal and I will!"

She cast a side glance at the tall figure. What a magnificent creature. But yet he was a brute who would kill her or have her killed if she did not slay him. Olga decided that she would not be the one to die.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Olga, the ape, had known many sorts of men and she was nobody's fool. To save herself she never hesitated to lie. Tarzan was now a few paces ahead of her as the trail narrowed. That locket—she must have it back. It was her passport——

——into Wilhelmstal. Cautiously she drew her pistol. A single shot would do the work. He was so close she could not miss. As she figured it all out, her eyes rested on the man's brown skin with the graceful muscles rolling beneath.

Ever sensitive to Nature's masterpieces, she saw the perfect limbs and head and the carriage that a proud king of old might have envied. Suddenly she recoiled from her contemplated act.

No, she could not do it—yet she must be free, and she must regain the locket. And then, almost blindly, she swung her weapon up and struck Tarzan heavily upon the back of his head with the butt.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Sheeta, the panther hunting, chanced to look skyward. There he saw Ska the vulture circling above the bush a mile away downward, as his yellow-green eyes stared intently at the bird, he saw Ska dive and—

—rise again to continue his ominous circling. In these movements Sheeta knew that on the ground beneath the bird was some dying thing that Ska did not yet dare attack.

Cautiously creeping forward the panther's keen nostrils soon caught the scent of man. Always before, young Sheeta avoided the hated presence of a Tarmangani. But of late he had become more accustomed to it, with the passing of many soldiers—

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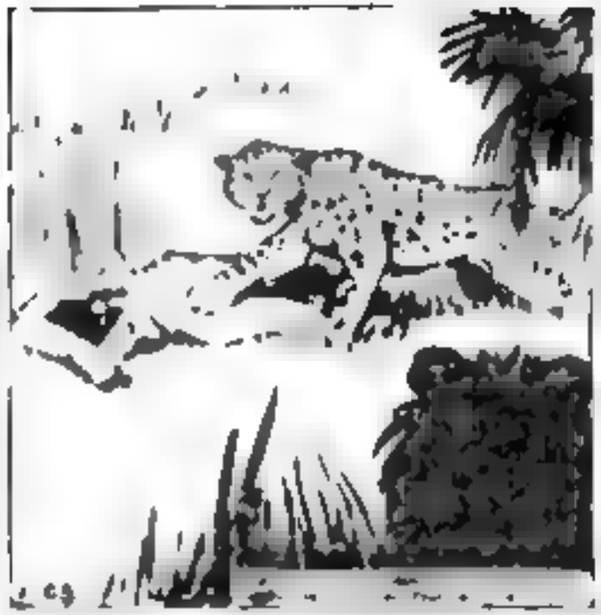
through his ancient hunting ground. And Sheeta was hungry. Stalking through the thick bush, presently he was rewarded as his greedy eyes feasted gloatingly upon the Tarmangani lying face downward in a narrow game trail.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Numa, his hunger satisfied, rose from the carcass of Tigra's horse. Dragging the remains into the bush the lion started to the lair where he had left his mate. Well fed he was sleepy and in no fighting mood and so—

He moved majestically along with no attempt at silence or concealment. At a turn in the narrow game trail he came to a sudden halt as he saw where, the panther creeping stealthily toward the great male figure of a Tarmangani.



Tarzan saw down in the trail's deep dust. Numa glared intently. Recognition came. It was Bila Tarmangani. A low growl of warning rumbled from his throat and showing battled, turned suddenly to eye the intruder.

What was not what passed within those savage brains? The panther seemed determined to defend his food for he growled warning Numa away and at and his growled warning. Only a second did the lion pause.

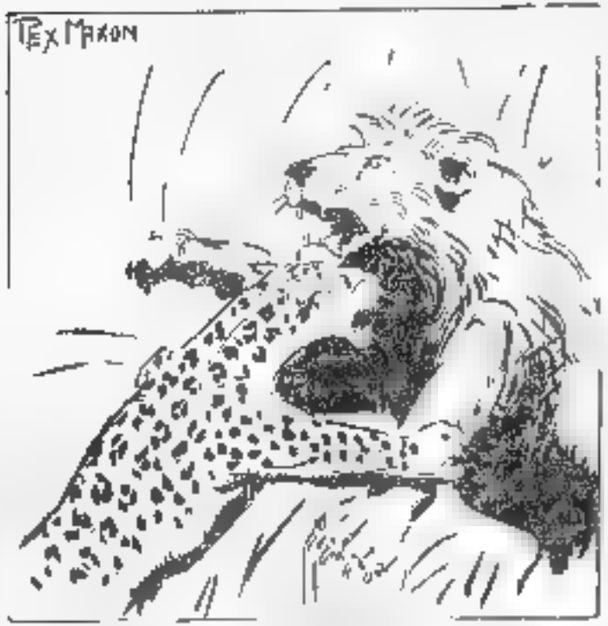
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Numa had not felt like fighting, but the sight of Sheeta daring to dispute his rights kindled the ferocious brain to sudden fire. The Tarmangani was HIS. Had not the Great White Ape mastered and subdued and fed him?

Numa recalled the fear he had felt of this now helpless man-thing and his cruel spear; but in savage brains, fear is more likely to breed respect than hatred. Jealousy and greed also may have prompted him, but in the little brain—

—beneath the massive head was a sense of loyalty and it sent the Lion quickly forward, growing toward the spitting Sheeta. His rounded eyes glared with rage as with a frightful roar, he charged this presuming vassal.



Numa came so suddenly and from so short a distance that Sheeta had no chance to turn and flee the rush. So he met it with raking talons and snapping jaws, but the odds were all against him, and the great cat's battle was soon over.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

To the lion's larger fangs and more powerful jaws than the panther's was added his greater weight. Sheeta deliberately fell upon his back and drew up his powerful hind legs.

But the lion forestalled him and at the same time closed his awful jaws upon Sheeta's throat. The panther was quickly choked. Numa arose and stood above the body of his foe. Though he, himself, was only slightly injured, he was—

—angry. He glared down at the dead panther and then, in a fit of hate seized the body only to drop it in a moment, lower his head, raise a terrific roar, and—

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—turn toward the ape man. Approaching the still form, he sniffed Tarzan from head to foot. Then, with his huge paw turned him over with his face up. Again he sniffed about the man, and at last, with his rough tongue, licked Tarzan's face.

TARZAN, THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan opened his eyes as consciousness returned. Above him towered the huge lion, its hot breath upon his face, its rough tongue upon his cheek. The ape man had often been close to death, but never, he thought, so close as this!

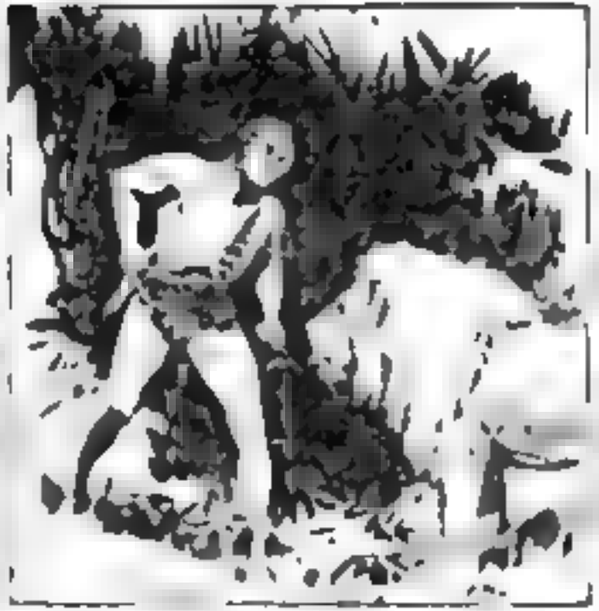
His brain still numb from the effect of Olga's blow when she felled him, Tarzan believed his end but a few seconds away. Presently he recognized the lion, and with this came a realization of the astounding fact that Numa, at least for the time being,

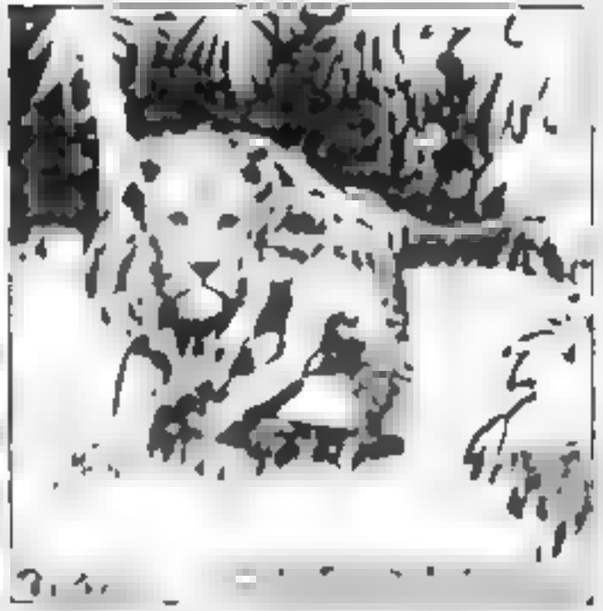
—was not bent upon devouring him. The ape man's position was a delicate one. He could not rise, for the beast was astraddle him. He dared not push Numa away. He thought the lion might consider him dead and

—and movement would probably arouse the killing instinct of the man eater. But Tarzan was in no mood to lie there forever—especially when he contemplated the fact that the girl spy who had struck him down was undoubtedly rapidly escaping.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS





TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Picking up his spear, the ape-man looked about for signs of Olga's trail. This he soon found leading toward the east. As he set out upon it, something prompted him to feel for the locket he had hung about his neck. It was gone!

No anger showed on his face, but his jaws tightened grimly as he felt the bump on his head where the girl spy had struck him. Then a half-smile crossed his lips as he had to admit that Olga had neatly tricked him.

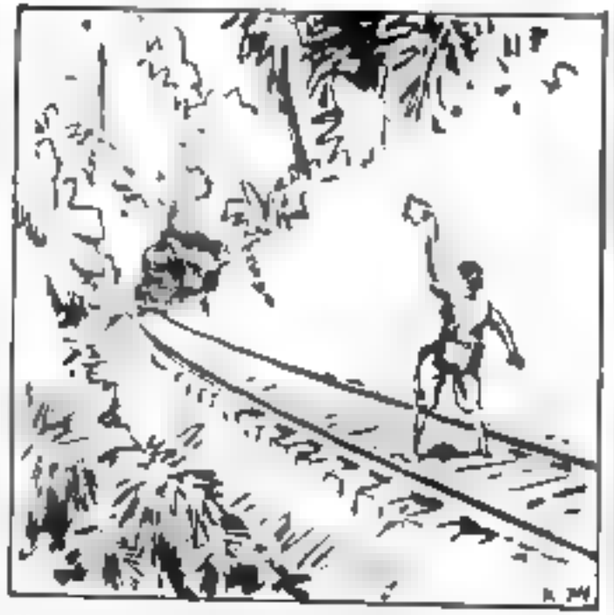
He knew it must have taken nerve to do the thing she did and then set out, armed only with a pistol, through the trackless waste lying between them and Wilhemstal. Tarzan admired courage—even in a Red spy, but he saw that in this case—

it only added to the girl's resourcefulness and made her all the more dangerous, increasing the necessity for putting her out of the way. Hoping to overtake her before she could reach Red Headquarters, he set out at a swinging trot.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

For hours, without apparent fatigue, Tarzan followed Olga's trail. He believed she could not reach the town on foot in less than two days. Suddenly he heard a distant locomotive's whistle and knew the railway was again in operation.



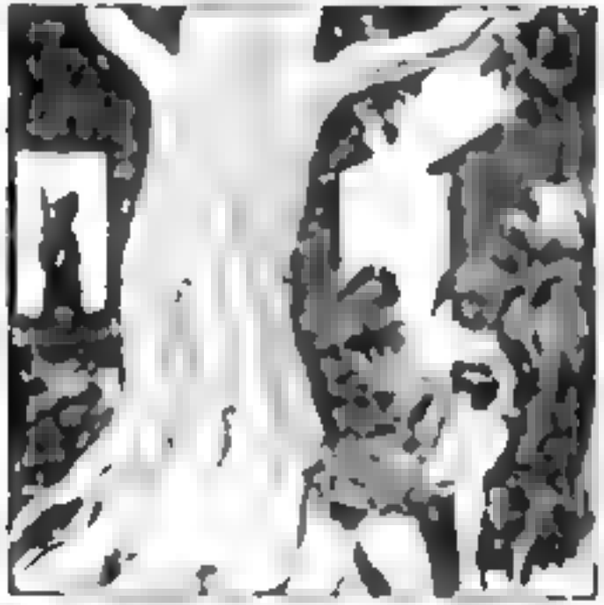
His keen ears heard brakes applied. A few moments later he knew a train had stopped, started again, and was going south. Continuing on the girl's trail he found it ended at the railroad, showing she had boarded the train, just as he thought.

He decided to follow on to Wilhelmstal, hoping to find Karnoff there, possible also the girl, and recover his diamond studded locket. Night when he reached there, he loitered on the outskirts getting his bearings.

He wondered how an almost naked white man he reached there, he loitered on the outskirts getting his bearings. Yet only a moment was lost against the ape man.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

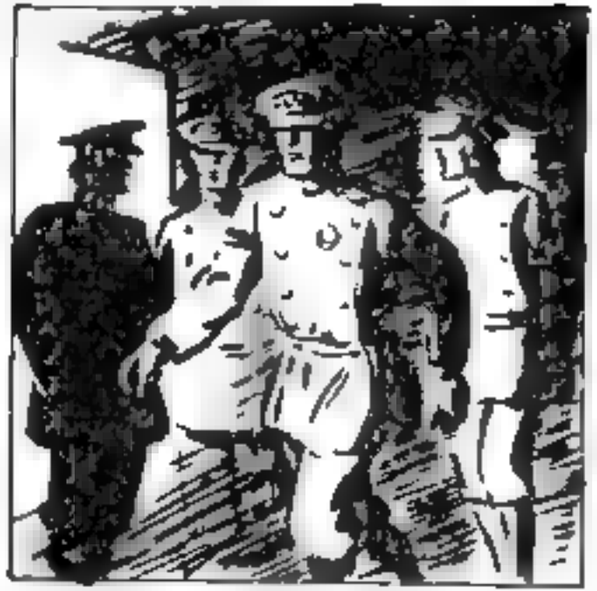


TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

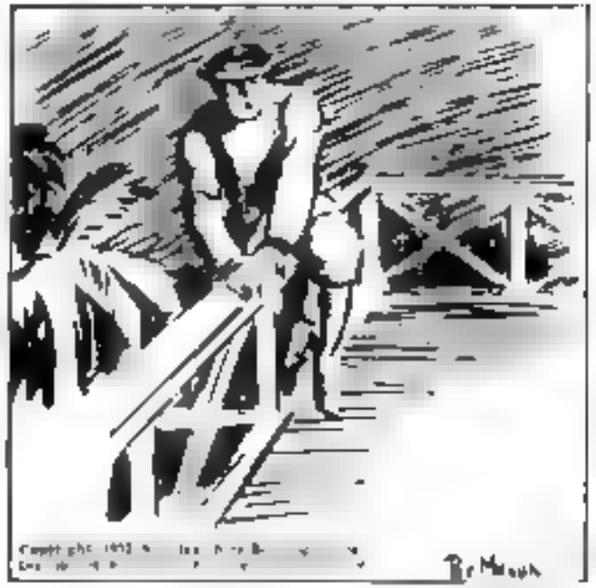
TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



These who passed Tarzan now never guessed that beneath his stolen uniform beat a savage heart filled with relentless hatred for the Reds. First he wanted to locate the hotel where he believed he would find Olga, the spy.

Where the girl was, doubtless too there would be Ivan Karaneff, who was either her confederate, her sweetheart, or both. Finding the building he considered entering and inquiring for those he sought.



His better judgment prompted him to reconnoiter first. Looking into all the lighted windows and seeing no trace of those for whom he had come, he swung lightly to the veranda's roof and continued his investigation through the windows of the second story.

In a rear room the blinds were drawn. He heard voices within, and once he saw what appeared to be a woman's figure silhouetted a moment against the blind. Creeping closer, the ape man heard a man speaking.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Although Tarzan could not distinguish their words, he distinctly heard a man and woman speaking. The next room was dark. Its window unlatched. All quiet within, the ape-man slipped into the vacant room.

Silently he crossed to the door behind which he now heard two voices raised as though in argument. "I have brought the locket," the woman said, "agreed between you and our Generals as my identification. I carry no other credentials.

"So give me the papers and let me go." The man's reply was so low Tarzan could not catch the words. Then the woman spoke again—a note of scorn and perhaps fear in her voice. "You would not DARE, Ivan Karzenoff," she said.

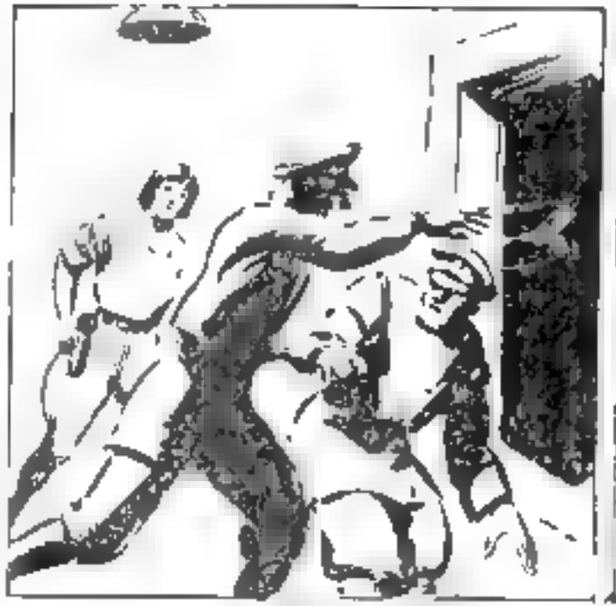
"Do not touch me. Take your hands from me!" It was then that Tarzan of the Apes opened the door and stepped into the room. He saw a huge, bull-necked officer and a girl futilely struggling against the fellow's unwelcome advances.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Ivan Karzenoff turned as he heard the door open and close. "Seeing the strange officer he dropped the girl. "Explain this intrusion, Lieutenant," he demanded, noting the insignia on Tarzan's uniform. "Then get out, at once."

The ape man made no articulate reply. But the two there with him heard a low growl break from his lips. It sent a shudder through the girl, caused the Red's face to pale and sent his hand to his pistol. Even as he drew his weapon—



—it was wrested from him and hurled through the window. Then Tarzan barked against the door and slowly removed the uniform coat. "You are Ivan Karzenoff?" he asked Red. "What of it?" demanded the latter. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," replied the ape man.

"NOW you know why I intrude!" The two before him stood aghast. The girl had recognized him now and knew her danger. With a quick movement she reached for her pistol.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"Take your hand off that pistol!" commanded Tarzan, sharply. Olga's hand dropped. "Now come here!" As she obeyed the ape man hurled her weapon out the window. He saw Karzenoff's fear-whitened face and knew that—

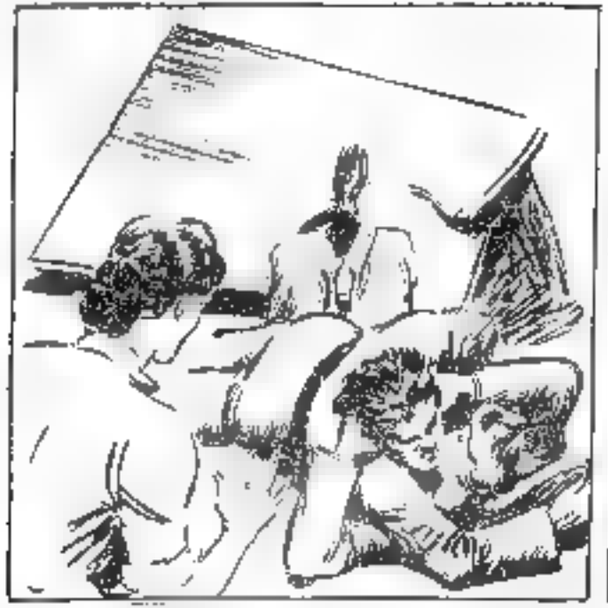
—at last he had found the right man. Now would the death of his mate be partially avenged! "What do you want of me?" demanded the Red. "You are going to pay the price for what you did in my Waziri home," replied Tarzan.

Ivan Karzenoff began to bluster and threaten as Tarzan, locking the door and throwing away the key, said to the girl: "Keep out of the way." Then he started across the room toward the burly Red. Like a cornered rat, Karzenoff prepared

—to fight for his life. Lowering his bull head he charged for the ape man and in the center of the room the two clinched. A moment they stood locked and swaying until Tarzan succeeded in forcing his antagonist backward. Then—

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



As Olga, wide-eyed, watched the death struggle she heard with horror the low growls coming from the naked giant's lips. Karzenoff was trying to reach his foe's throat with his fingers, while, horror of horrors, the girl could see—

the apeman was searching for the Red's jugular with his teeth. Redoubling his efforts to escape, Karzenoff succeeded in breaking away and leaping for the window. But Tarzan was too quick for him. Before the Red could reach it—

he was jerked back and hurled across the room. There Tarzan grasped the wretch by the throat and drew his burning knife. "Thus you slew my mate" he hissed in a terrible voice. "Thus you shall die." "I did not do it she is not—"

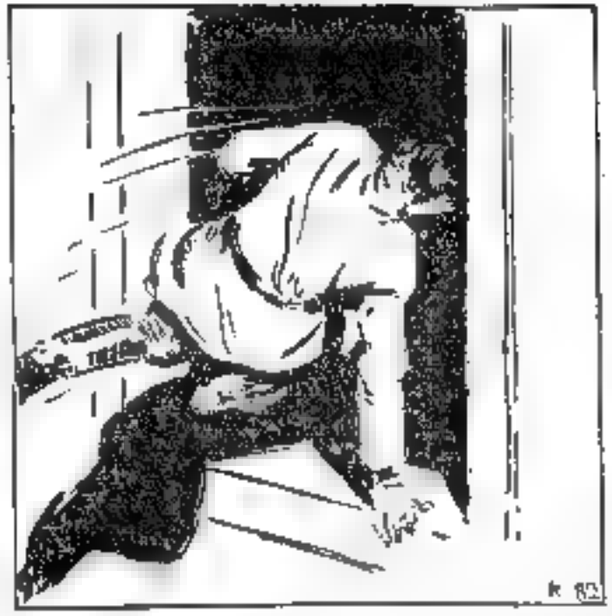
—was the Red's last gasping cry. Then Tarzan turned toward the girl, saying "Give me my pocket." She pointed toward the officer who had fallen to the floor unconscious. "He has it," she replied. For a long time Tarzan stood looking at her before he spoke again.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Tarzan searching Karzenoff's uniform, recovered his diamond-studded golden locket. "Now give me the papers!" he demanded of the girl. Without a word Olga handed him a folded document. For several minutes the ape-man seemed—

lost in thought. Then he said: "I came for you, too. It would be difficult to take you prisoner from here, so I was going to kill you as I have vowed to kill all your kind. But I am not such a beast as your Red comrades, I cannot—



—kill a woman." He crossed to the window and disappeared into the night. And then the dark-eyed spy stepped quickly to the body upon the floor. Slipping her hand inside Karzenoff's blouse, she—

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—drew forth a little sheaf of paper which she tucked into a secret pocket before she went to the window and called for help. Nor did Tarzan of the Apes discover how again she had tricked him until it was too late.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Once more in the jungle Tarzan threw off the Red officer's uniform and headed for British headquarters, raging inwardly at the sentiment that had prevented him from killing Olga Boresch. Yet he realized if the same opportunity again came, he would still find it—

—impossible to slay a woman. The papers he brought proved valuable to the British, though now he realized Olga had kept the most important. Sickened by the sight of man waging his cruel and inhuman warfare, the apeman decided it was no longer—

—his affair. Having punished the two Reds who had killed his mate, Tarzan determined to heed the insistent call of the remote jungle of his youth. He disappeared from the British camp as mysteriously as he had appeared months before

He planned to leave forever the haunts of man. Before him and his destination lay a trackless wilderness which he would be the first foot to cross. But that fact only spurred him on. Days later too late, he came to regret his rash decision

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

For days Tarzan toiled across the roughest country he had ever encountered. The sun beat mercilessly down. Never a sign of living thing did he see, except Ska, that bird of ill-omen, who had followed him tirelessly since—

—the ape-man had entered this parched waste. Hungry and thirsty he lay down to rest toward evening, deciding to push on during the cool of the night. Though this barren, terrible country was a totally new experience to him—

—he believed he could push safely through into that wonderland about which little Manu, the monkey, had told him. And so he fought on until daybreak when he found himself on the brink of the eighth awesome canyon—

—he had crossed. As he looked down into the abyss and then at the opposite side he must scale, misgivings for the first time began to assail him. A shadow swung slowly across the ground beside him. It was Ska, the vulture.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Ska, the vulture, still circled above the apeman. The grim bird of evil aroused Tarzan to renewed determination until, finally, he dropped exhausted. He realized his great strength was waning. The depressing silence settled upon him.

It was a horrible place. But at length he made his way down the canyon and started toward the opposite cliff that he must scale. If this was to be his end, he determined to die still fighting

He would fight the fates until the last throb of his savage heart. Slowly he dragged his weakening body upward, again and again slipping back. Only the merest chance kept him from falling to the canyon floor. He was weak and gasping.

At last he pulled himself over the top, too spent to rise or even move a few inches from the perilous edge of the chasm. It was then that he heard the flap of dismal wings close above him. The vulture was waiting for him to die!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

With his remaining strength, Tarzan turned himself over on his back. He saw Ska wheel quickly upward. With this sight the ape-man's mind cleared for a while. "Is the end so near as that?" "etaoishrdlu etaoinshrdlu etaoinshrdlu etaoinup," he thought. "Does Ska know I am near gone?"

"Even he dares to come down and perch upon my carcass!" And even then a grim smile touched those swollen lips as into the savage mind came a sudden thought—the cunning of a wild beast at bay. Tarzan closed his eyes.

He threw a forearm across his eyes to protect them from Ska's powerful beak. Then he lay very still and waited. It was restful there and Tarzan was dog-tired. He feared he might sleep, and something told him he would never awaken.

So he concentrated all his remaining powers upon the one thought of remaining awake. Not a muscle moved. To Ska, circling above, it became evident that the end had come. The man was dead. His long vigil was about to be rewarded!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Circling slowly, Ska dropped closer and closer to the dying ape-man. Why did not Tarzan move? Had he indeed been overcome by the sleep of exhaustion? Or was Ska right—had Death at last stilled that mighty body?

Filled with suspicion, the vulture circled warily. Twice he almost alighted upon the great, naked breast, only to wheel suddenly away. But the third time his talons touched the brown skin.

Instantly sudden life vitalized the body that had lain motionless so long. A brown hand swept downward from the brown forehead, and before Ska could raise a wing in flight he was in the clutches of his intended victim.

Ska fought, but he was no match for even a dying Tarzan. A moment later the ape-man's teeth closed upon the carrion-eater. He ate a little of the tough flesh, and the blood was drank for one who was dying of thirst.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

After killing the vulture with his bare hands and teeth, Tarzan felt he could now sleep in safety. Rain, beating heavily upon his body, awakened him. Catching the precious drops, he transferred them to his parched throat.

Only a little he got at a time, but that was best. The few mouthfuls of Ska he had eaten, together with the vulture's blood and rain water had refreshed him greatly, putting new strength into his tired muscles.

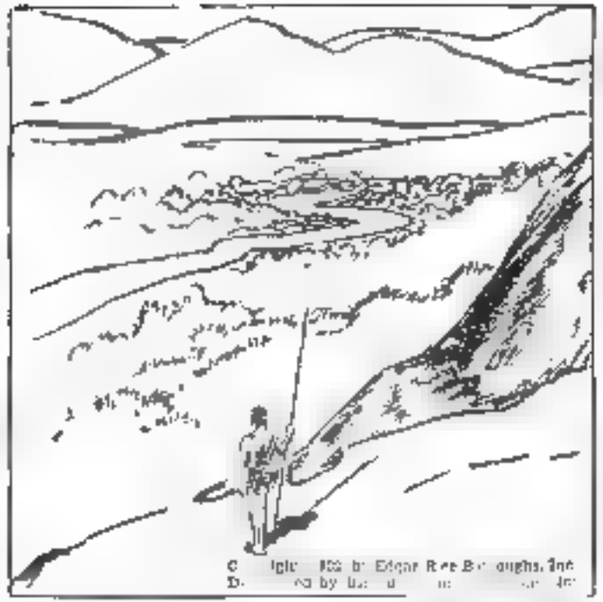
Though there was no shining sun, the world looked bright and cheerful, for Tarzan knew that he was saved. The bird that would have devoured him and the providential rain had saved him at the very moment that death seemed inevitable!

With something of his old force the ape-man set out with steady gait toward the hills of promise rising alluringly ahead. Darkness fell before he reached them. Even his keen eyes could not penetrate the blackness farther than a few feet.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The morning sun awakened Tarzan with a new sense of strength and well-being. And so at last he came through the hills out of the valley of death into a land of park like beauty, rich in game.



A deep valley lay below him. Through its center dense vegetation marked the course of a river. Beyond, a primeval forest extended for miles, ending finally at the foot of lofty snow-capped mountains. It was a land that Tarzan had never looked upon before.

Probably no other white man had ever set foot in this beautiful land. Three days he spent resting and recuperating, eating fruits and nuts and the smaller animals that were most easily bagged. Time meant nothing to him now.

The last tie binding him to civilization was severed. Absolute freedom was his. Thus had been spent the greater part of his life; he was alone but not lonely. Yet very soon his peaceful solitude was rudely shattered.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

After four days of recuperating Tarzan set out to explore this unknown valley and search for his fellow apes. He believed he must be somewhere near their hunting grounds. He had proceeded southward a short distance

Suddenly his nostrils were assailed by the scent of a man—of Gomangani the black man. There were many of them and mixed with their scent was another that of a she Tarmangani. Tarzan reconnoitered, swinging through the trees.

Soon he approached the authors of these disturbing scents. From the dense foliage of a great tree he watched them pass—a disreputable mob of natives. The ape man guessed they were deserters from the King's native regiments.

Probably they had slain their officers, taken to the jungle and stolen their women from some village. They were hurrying into the impenetrable interior but Tarzan was most interested at some thing he saw they had with them.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As Tarzan halted in the jungle shadows he saw two husky black women leading a slender white girl. Without cause one or the other would strike or push her roughly. Tarzan watched through half closed eyes.

His impulse was to leap among them and bear the girl from their cruel clutches. But he had recognized her immediately as Olga the Red spy. Because of this fact he hesitated. What was it to Tarzan of the Apes what happened to her?

He knew the fate of this clever enemy spy would be horrible, but he forced himself to let the natives [illegible] the girl. [illegible] the band came upon a palisaded village. At their approach, the villagers came out to meet them.

Usanga, burly leader of the mob, advanced with two of his warriors to palaver with the chief. After the details were settled, the newcomers were allowed to enter the village. Olga was shoved roughly into an unguarded hut.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

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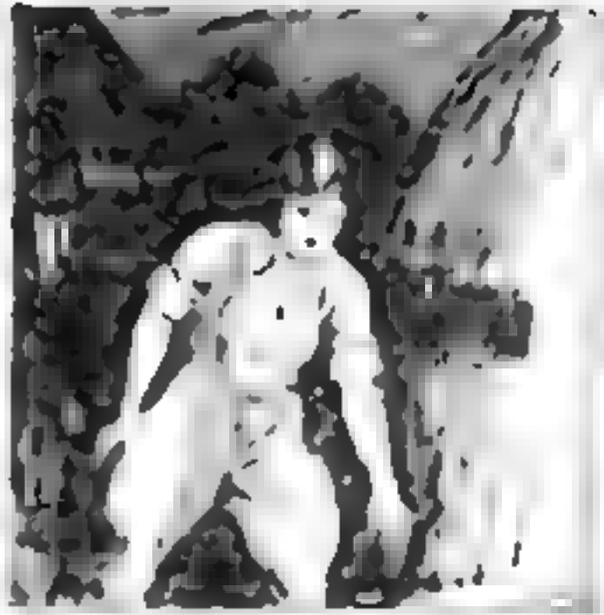
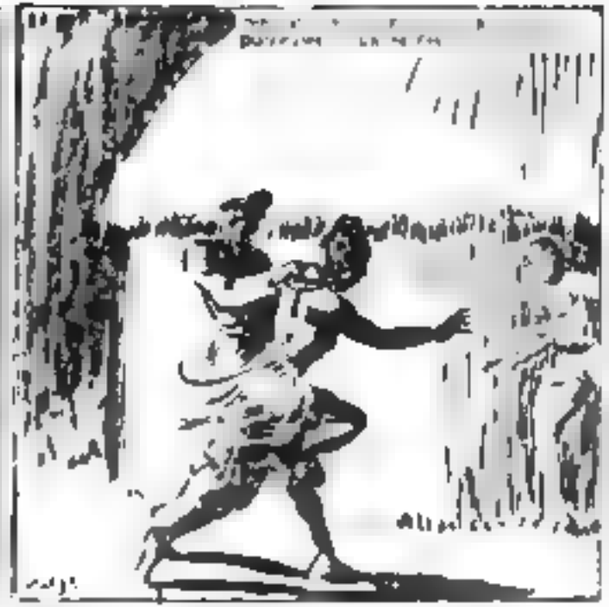


TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

As Olga, keeping in the shadows, neared the native orgy she was suddenly discovered by one on the edge of the crowd. Shrieking, a huge woman ran toward the girl, meaning literally to tear her to pieces.



This uncalled for attack found Olga entirely unprepared. She could not have escaped the vengeance that had not Lasuga, on the instant, came lurching forward to question her. "What do you want," he cried, "food and drink?"

"Come with me," he said, and throwing an arm about Olga, he dragged her toward the circle. "No," she cried, "I want Naraju. Where is she?" This seemed to sober the man a moment. He cast quick furtive glances about, for he was in mortal dread of his wife.

But being assured that Naraju had noticed nothing suspicious in his actions, Lasuga ordered the warrior who was still holding the infuriated female from the girl, to take Olga back to her hut and remain there on guard over her.

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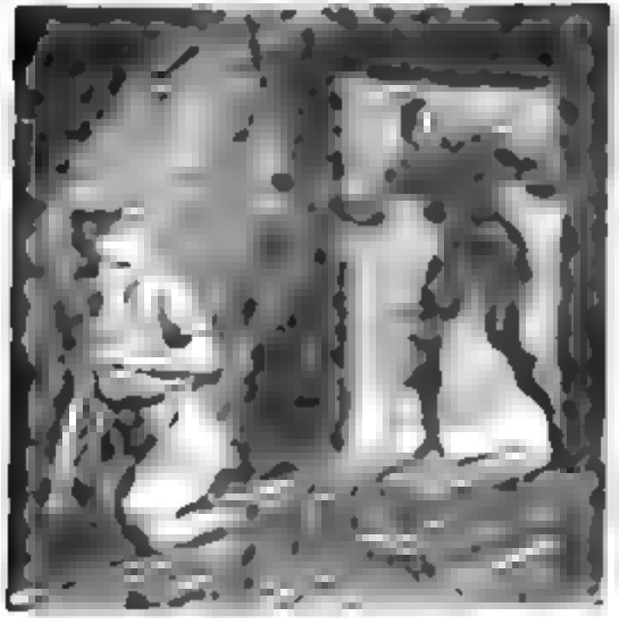


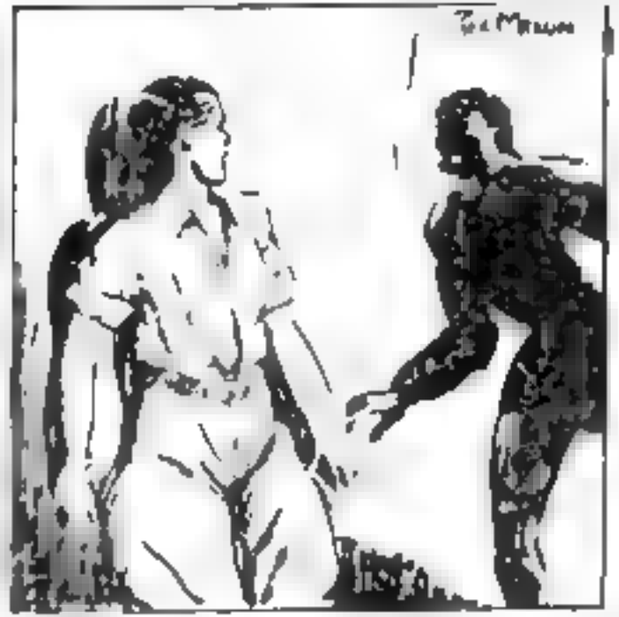
TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

With clenched fists Olga tried to protect herself and drive Lasaga away. And as the huge man struggled to capture the girl, he in crime he had heard out of the hut made his staggering way to the hut occupied by Naraka.

Just as Lasaga roughly seized Olga again, there burst into the hut a raging demon of [illegible] Naraka had come. Back of [illegible] and strong [illegible] Lasaga [illegible] order. She was bent on vengeance.

Naraka wanted only to inflict punishment upon her rival, that hard and master. She quite forgot the object of her [illegible] mation. Olga heard her scream [illegible] The [illegible] had on Lasaga's heels. But she knew that tomorrow would be different.



Naraka would come back and take out on Olga the full measure of her jealous hatred. They had gone but a few minutes when the warrior guard returned. "Take me now for Lasaga," he uttered. "Only he can halt me and he will not return—tonight."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan feasting upon a juicy haunch of Buck the deer was vaguely conscious of a troubled mind. He should have been at peace with himself and all the world, for he was in his native element, surrounded by the scenes he loved best.

But he was haunted by the picture of a girl he had caught sight of in shackles and [illegible] by the brutal [illegible]. In imagination he could see her now chained in this hot, humid country, a prisoner among degraded savages. Why did he keep thinking of her?

Why did he not remember she was a hated Bolshevik? [illegible] Should the fact that she was a woman, his race's age-old prerogative, [illegible] his mind? He wondered what they were doing to her and where they were taking her.

In all its details the picture rose and annoyed him. He told himself he would not be so weak as again to [illegible]. Night came and he settled himself in an ample tree to rest until morning. But sleep would not come to his disturbed mind.

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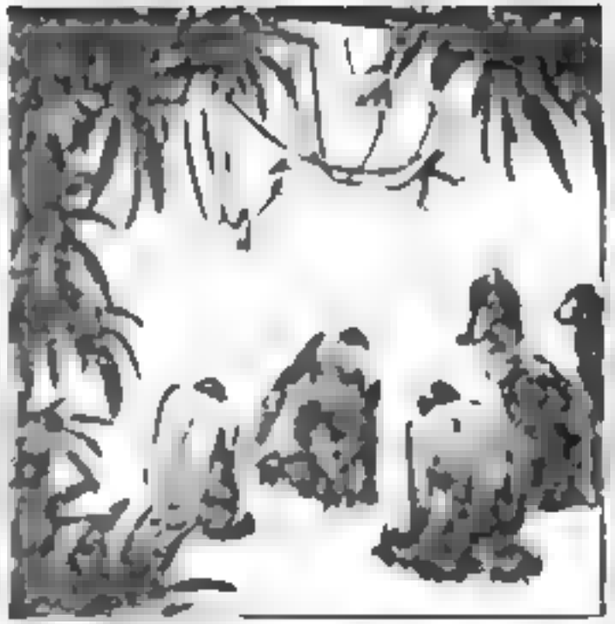

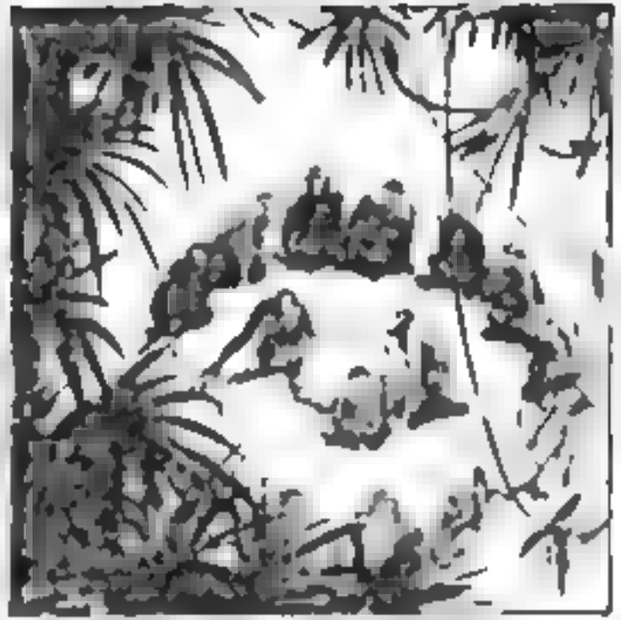

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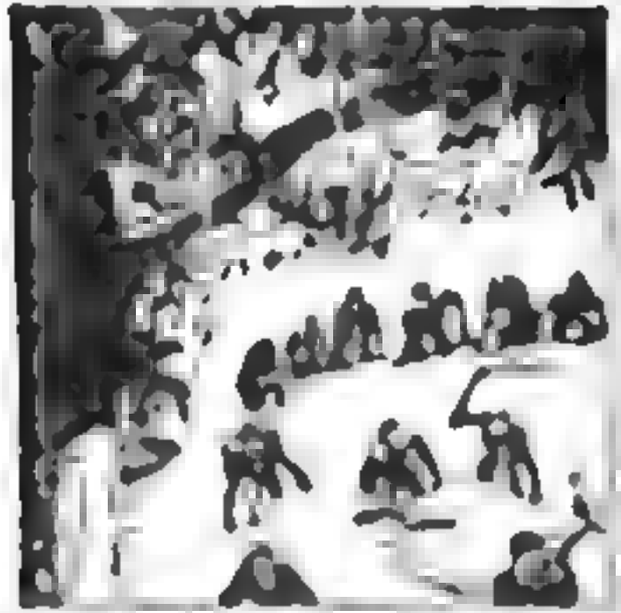
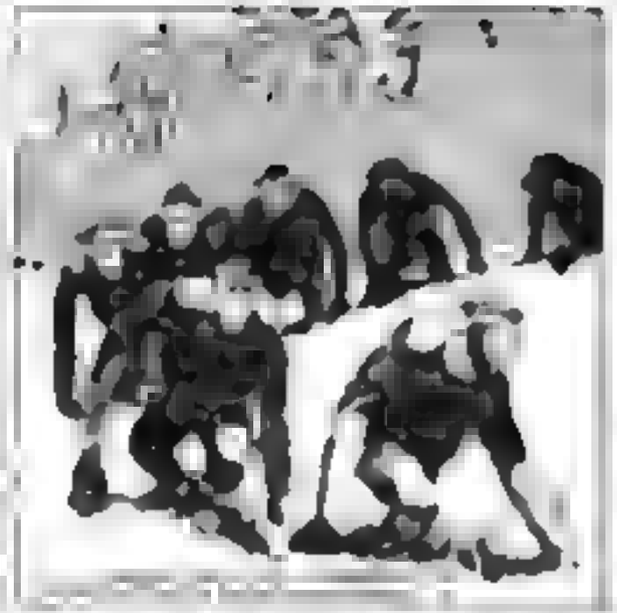




TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Now the huge bull ape that had replied to the distant call leaped from the inner circle to dance alone. Growling and barking he crouched and leaped again and again. Then he stopped to raise his hideous face to Gora, the moon.

Beating his shaggy breast he uttered a piercing scream. It was the challenge of the bull ape—had the girl but known it. Standing in the full glare of the moon, he was a picture of primitive power and savagery.

A moment he remained motionless. Suddenly from close behind her the girl heard an answering scream. An instant later she saw an almost naked white man drop from a nearby tree into the clearing. At once the apes became a roaring snarling pack.

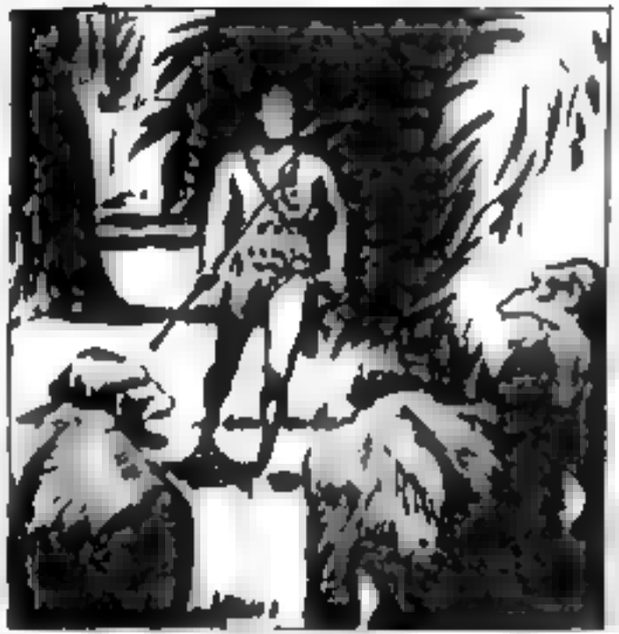
What mad man was this who dared approach the frightful and now obviously angry creatures in their own haunts, alone against fifty? She saw the brown skinned figure, bathed in moonlight, walk straight toward the snarling pack!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

As the white man dropped among the apes, the girl saw the symmetry and beauty of that perfect body—the grace, the strength, the wondrous proportioning—and then she recognized him. It was the same person who had rescued her from the lion.

It was the same she had struck down with her pistol butt and escaped when he would have returned her to her enemies—the same who had slain Karenoff and spared her life that night at Wilhelmstal. Fear filled and fascinated, she watched.



She heard sounds issue from his throat identical with those uttered by the apes. Though she could scarcely believe it, she knew that the god-like creature was conversing with the beasts in their own language.

Tarzan halted outside the inner circle of bull-apes. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," he cried. "You do not know me because I am from another tribe but Tarzan comes in peace or he comes to fight! Which shall it be? Show me your king."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Though the great apes roared and menaced Tarzan they did not attack and now he stood facing their inner circle. Again he spoke. Tarzan comes to live with his kind others. Which is to be shall he dance the Dum Dum in peace or shall he kill?

"I am Go lat King of the Apes" screamed the huge bull. "I kill" and with a savage roar he charged the Tarmangani. The girl was breathless. In another instant that perfect form would be ripped to shreds.

The man seemed entirely unprepared. The king ape was almost upon him with huge hands outstretched to seize him before Tarzan made a move but when he did move his quickness would have shamed Ara the lightning.

Suddenly the ape man's hand darted out as he seized the left wrist of his antagonist. A quick turn and the bulging left arm was locked beneath the right arm of his foe in the nelson hold that Tarzan had learned among civilized men.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan's hold upon the king ape might easily have broken its great bones. It left Go-at helpless. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," screamed the ape-man. "Shall Tarzan dance in peace or shall Tarzan kill?" "Kill. Kill," still shrieked Go-at.

With cat-like quickness Tarzan swung the huge beast over one hip and sent him sprawling to the ground. "I am Tarzan, King of All the Apes," he shouted. "Shall I be peace?" Go-at, infuriated, leaped to his feet and charged again, screaming.

Tarzan met him with a sudden hold that the stupid brute, being ignorant of, could not possibly avert; a hold and a throw that brought screams of delight from the interested audience and suddenly filled the girl with doubts as to the man's madness.

Evidently he was quite safe among the great apes, for she saw him swing Go-at to his back and then catapult him over his shoulder. The king ape fell upon his head and lay very still. Then the ape-man shouted again his offer of peace.

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TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"I am Tarzan of the Apes! I come to dance the Dum Dum with my brothers!" cried the ape-man. He made a motion to the drummers who immediately took up the cadence of the dance again. It was then that Go-lat gave up.

Raising his bloody face he cried, "Kagoda! I surrender! Tarzan shall join his brothers and Go-lat will dance with him." Now the girl in the tree saw the savage man raging, bending and stamping with the savage apes in the ancient rites of the Dum-Dum.

His roars and growls were more beastly than the beasts, his handsome face distorted with savage ferocity as he beat his great breast. It was weird, this strange scene that she looked upon, and not without beauty.

It was a scene that probably no other human being had ever witnessed—and yet it was horrible. As she gazed spell-bound, a stealthy movement in the tree behind her caused her to turn her head. Sheeta, the panther, had found her out!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

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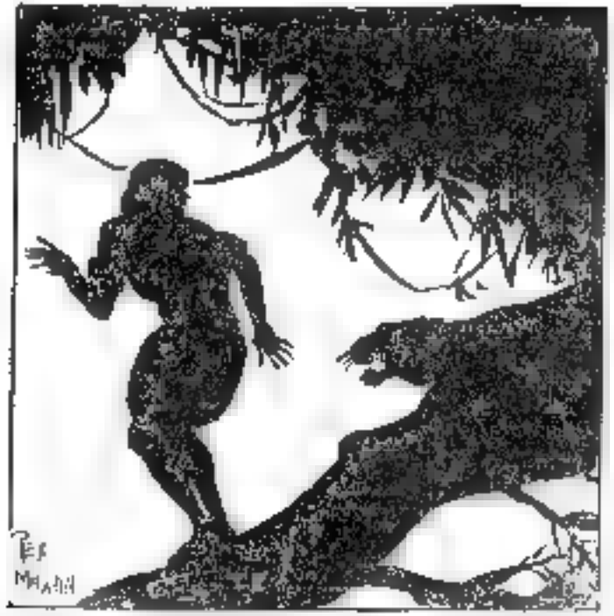
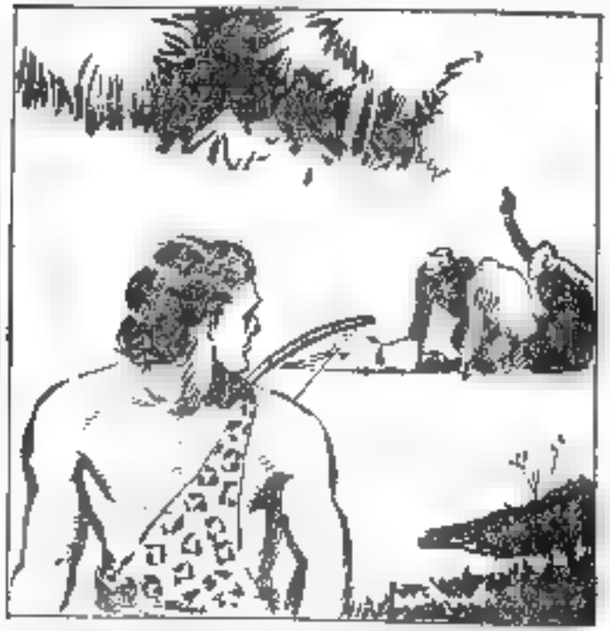


There, back of Olga blazing in the reflected moonlight shone two great yellow-green eyes. The beast was so close that it might have reached out and touched her with a great taloned paw. There was no time to think.

Impulse was her guide, as, with a loud scream, she caped from the tree into the clearing. Instantly the apes, now maddened by the effects of the dancing and the moonlight, turned to note the cause of the interruption.

They saw this she Tarmangani, helpless and alone and they started for her. Sheeta, the panther knowing, but not even Numa, the lion, unless maddened by starvation, dares meddle with the great apes at their Dum-Dum, had silently vanished into the night.



He sought his supper elsewhere. Tarzan, turning with the other apes toward the cause of the interruption, saw the girl, recognized her and also her peril. Here again might she die at the hands of others, but why consider it? He hesitated one brief second.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Only a moment, however, did Tarzan hesitate. He knew that he could not permit what was about to happen to the girl. And though the acknowledgment shamed him, for he believed it his weakness, it had to be admitted.

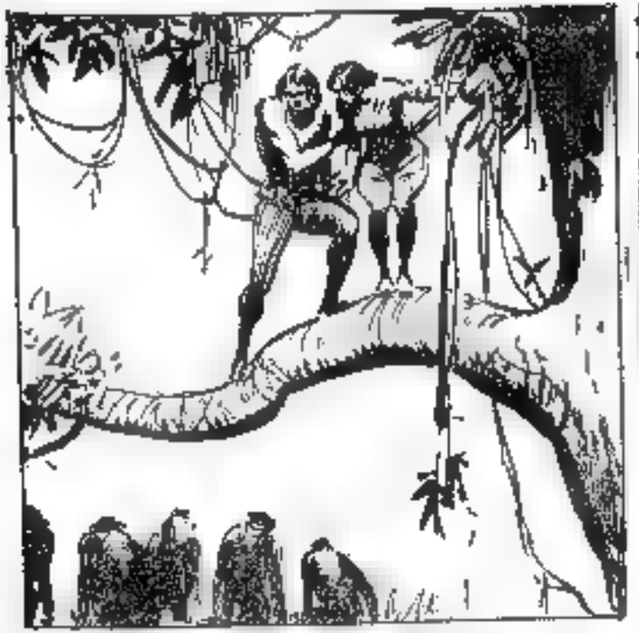
Once again must he save this hated Red spy's life. The leading ships were almost upon the girl when Tarzan leaped among them, and with heavy blows scattered them to right and left. Then the bulls came to share in the kill.

They thought this new ape thing was about to make the kill that he might steal all the flesh for himself. They found him facing them, with an arm thrown about the creature as though to protect her. "This is Tarzan's she," he said, "do not harm her."

It was the only way he could make them understand they must not slay her. He was glad the girl could not interpret his words. Forced against his will to protect his enemy, Tarzan growled in excuse to himself. "She is a woman, so it could not be otherwise."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

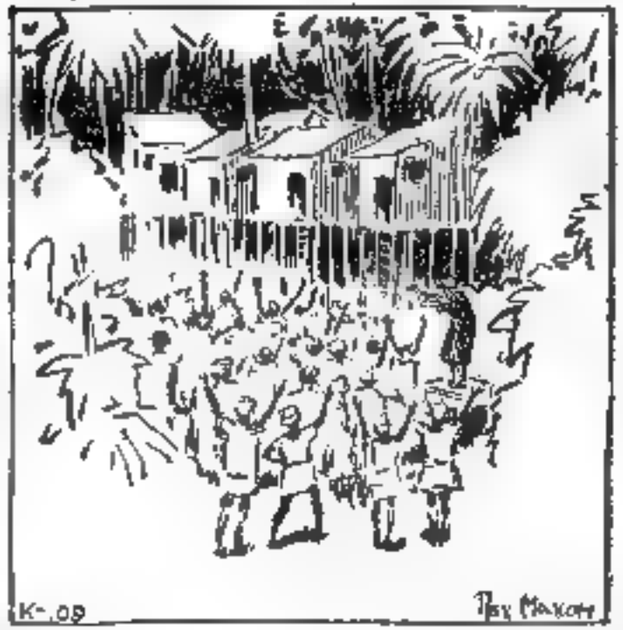
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



With the apes quieted by Tarzan's declaration that Olga was his "she" and not to be molested, the two humans were allowed to pass unchallenged from the scene of the dumdum dance. Some hours later Tarzan lifted the girl lightly into a great tree.

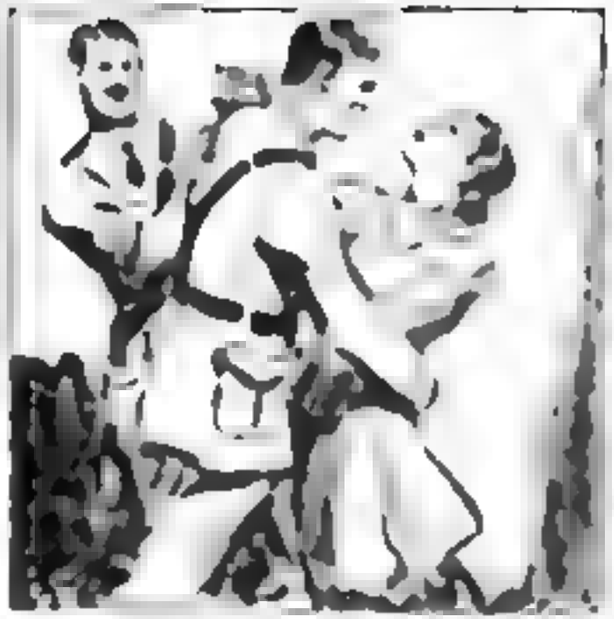
The muffled pounding of the apes' dum-dum dance reached her from the distance. She recalled the time in India long ago, when beating drums drove a tiger toward her elephant, and how her crash from his back had put her near death.

"If I, Patricia Canby," mused Olga, "had been killed that time, there would never have been an Olga Borosch, spy for the Reds! . . . Loving care and her own zest for life had pulled her through. Summer found her girlish prettiness blossoming into real beauty



Her father Captain Canby, had made exciting plans for her Lady Cecil, his colonel's wife, invited Pat to spend several months with them in their mountain place. The Captain himself could not leave his post, for an uprising threatened in a native state to the north

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

In the foothills of India's border mountains, Pat thoroughly enjoyed the quick passing days. Lady Cecil's hospitality was a joy to the motherless girl. There was hunting of the lesser native animals and nights of entrancing beauty.

Roger Cecil was Pat's constant companion as the two became the best of pals. At his university the young Oxford undergraduate had once befriended his classmate, a certain rajah's son, by defending him from the insults of a husky student.

In return the Prince invited Roger to visit his father's palace that summer. As the sultry season waned and Caroline Cecil prepared to take her young people back to the British post, there came a crested note renewing the invitation from the rajah's son.

The Prince urged that they come at once, for a Hindoo festival was to be held. Lady Cecil, desiring to see her friend, the governor general's wife, decided that she and Pat would accompany Roger as far as Delhi. So the Fates hurried Patricia toward unhappiness.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

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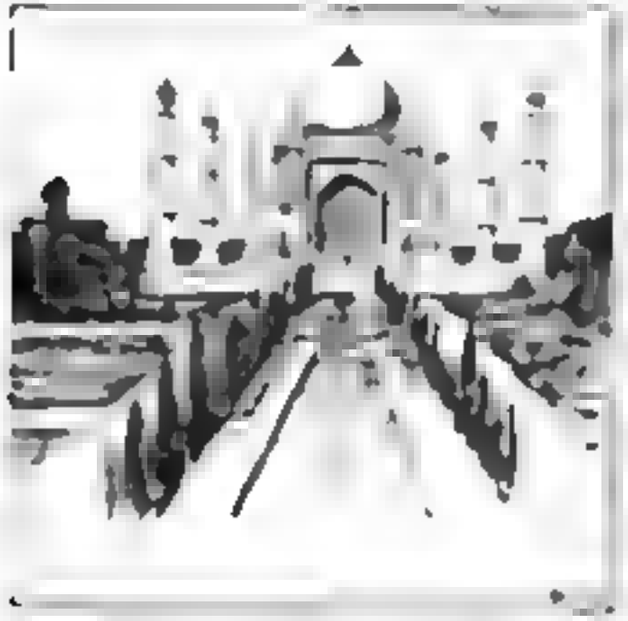
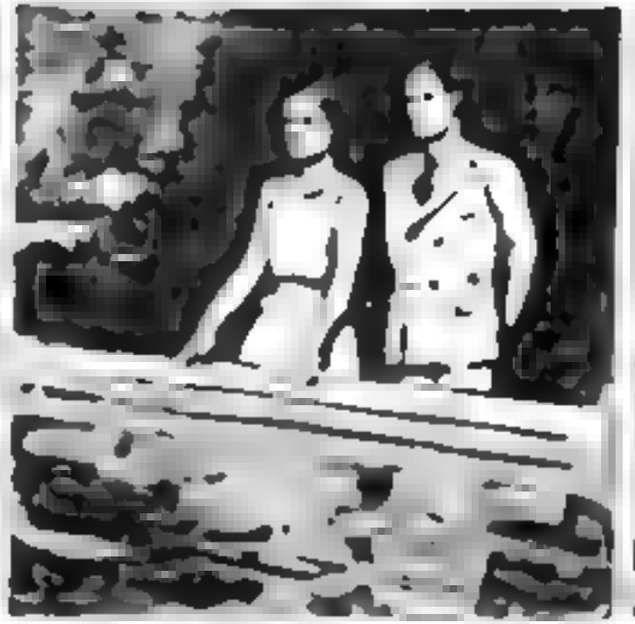


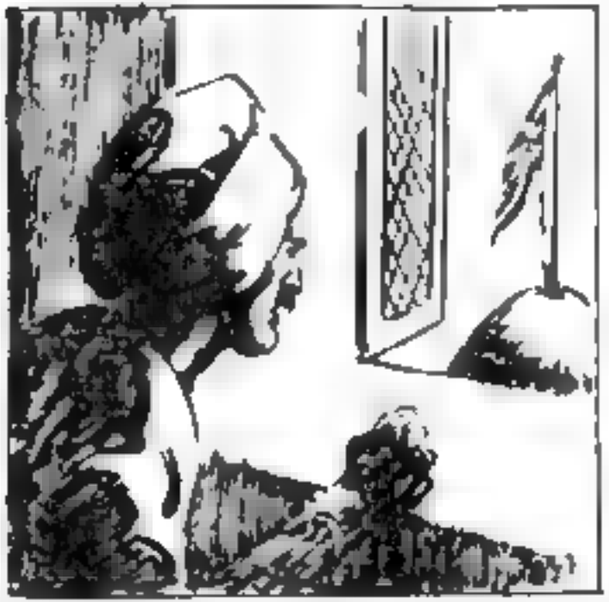


TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Ahmed, son of the maharajah, was perplexed. Roger Cecil had sent word he was arriving at noon. And the thing that caused Ahmed to raise his eyebrows he was bringing with him an English girl, hoping she, too, would be welcome.

This prince of India, cultured and Western civilized by English schooling, was far removed from his ancestors, whose rites included suttee, or the burning of widows with their deceased husbands, as well as the practice



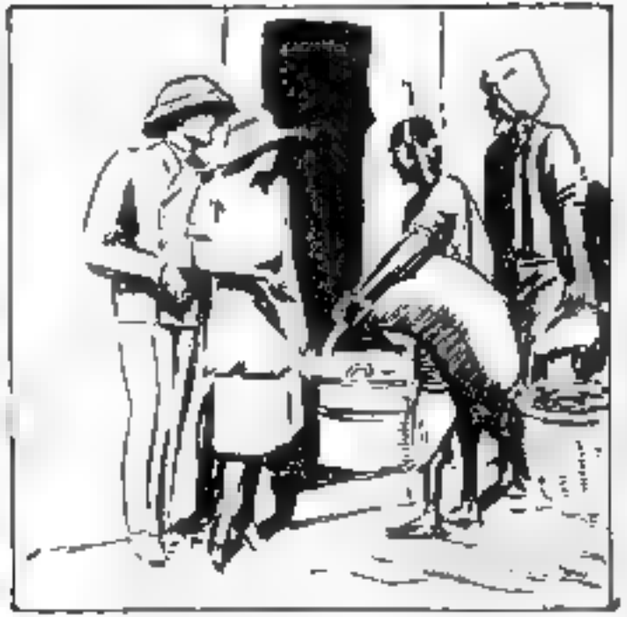
of throwing infants into the sacred river Ganges. But there was his fanatic father to be considered. He knew how his highness hated the conquering British and detested the presence of English women in his palace.

Another thing caused Ahmed uneasiness, for this native state was secretly conspiring to throw off the British yoke. But he much desired to honor his friend Cecil, who had once so bravely come to his rescue, and so he had decided to accept the royal fancies.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

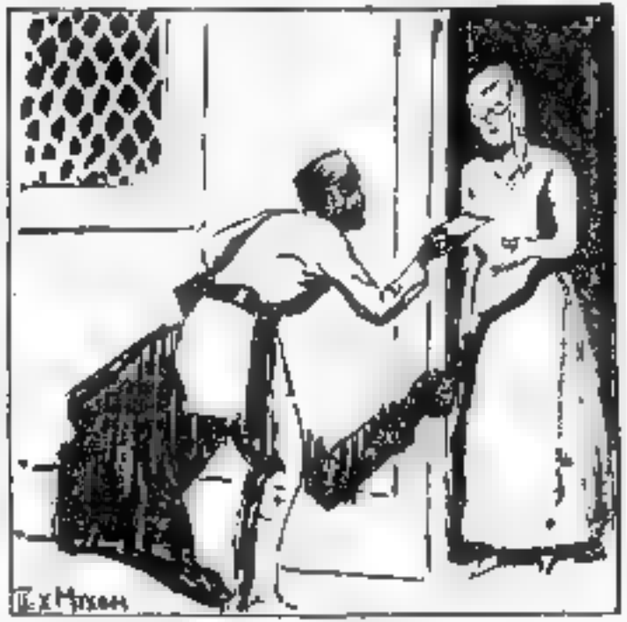
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Lightfully but tactfully Pat silenced Roger's eager love making, begging it but a mood inspired by their lovely surroundings. Marriage she would not think of yet; she had just begun to live. Besides, she could not desert her father, who so needed her.



And Roger, determined, did not press the subject nor did this memorable night break their close friendship. In the city of the peacock throne, days thrilled Pat with new and astonishing sights. She wrote frequent letters to her father.

They told of strange crowds, street bazaars and incredible magic of wonder working fakirs. In Jodhpur Captain Canby, reading of her pleasures, did not write back that his regiment was entraining for the north.

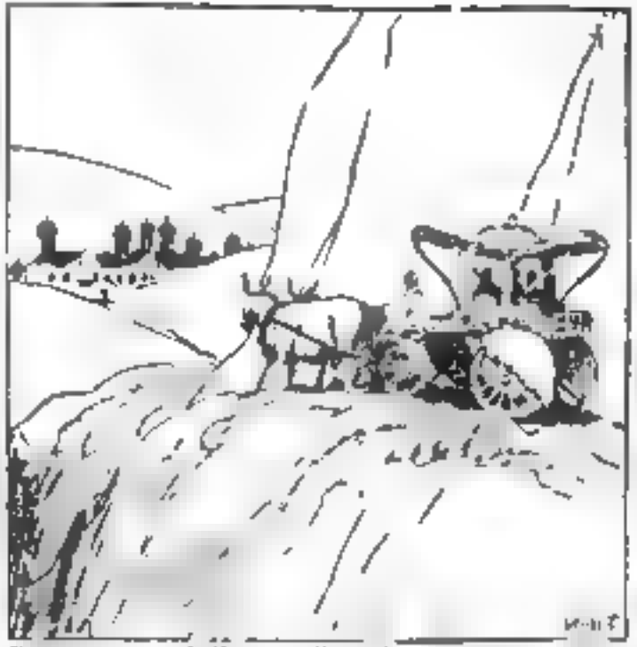


He was to join the forces ordered to quell the Sikh's mutinous uprising. Unfortunately, Captain Canby believed fighting would soon cease. The third day of their stay in Delhi, Lady Cecil received a startling telegram, causing her at once to summon her son.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"The threat of war means we must return home," said Lady Cecil. "The journey to Nepal is no longer safe." Roger only laughed at her fears. Finally, however, she yielded, for she would not allow Pat to go unchaperoned.



[illegible] their visit with the maharajah's son would be brief. But when the last rough miles into the Mugaria state had to be made by ox-drawn carts, [illegible] regretted leaving Delhi. Even she revived, however, as Prince Ahmed warmly welcomed them.

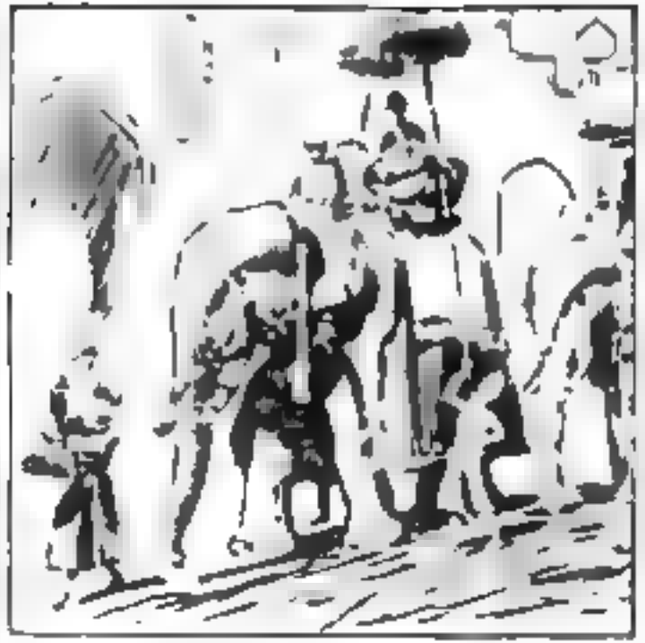
The splendor of the palace, its gorgeous gardens, and the native pomp were most impressive. That evening Nautch dancers performed in their honor. Lady Cecil, wearied, kept to her room. Pat and Roger were presented to his august Highness.

Instinctively the girl ducked the suave politeness of the maharajah. Nor did the gleam in his wicked black eyes as he looked upon the girl's charms escape her. Afterwards, she said to Roger: "That man is our enemy."

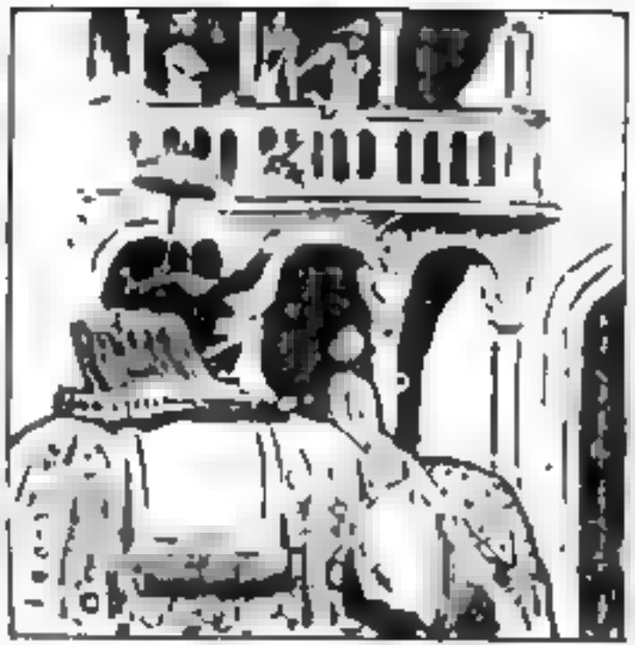
TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

From a balcony of the maharajah's palace next morn ng Pat watched the fe tive procession of the Buddha's Tooth. For hours it passed beneath her shaded gaze, a gorgeous pageant of native humanity and color.



Upon an elephant of state dressed in jewels rich silks, and ornaments rode the maharajah in all his glory. Following upon another tusker came prince Abeed, and as Rogers friend neared, Pat turned him a rose.



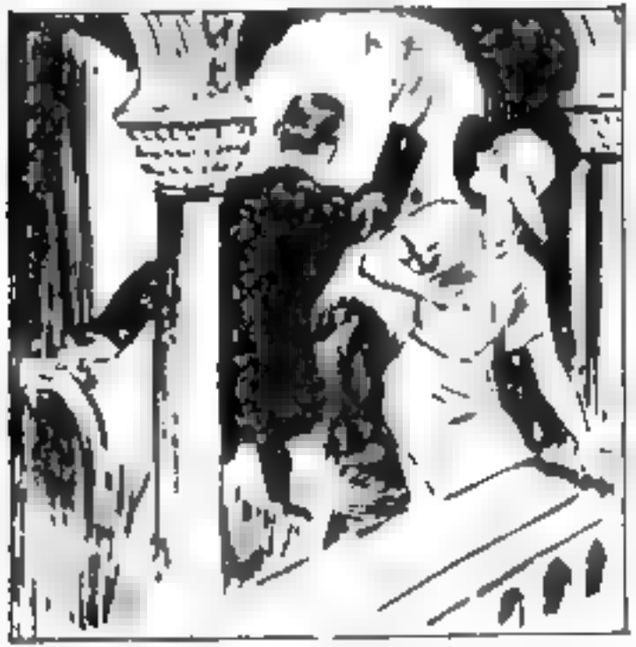
She was rewarded with a smile. Several times Pat fancied she detected amid the throng angry murmurs directed at herself and her companions.

Lastly came a huge wooden cart upon which were three jewel-decked Hindu idols.

The crowd's frenzy now reached its climax as slowly the car was dragged nearer. Suddenly from among the idol's hysterical worshipers came a cry. "The heathen. Kill those Englishmen." A moment after a dagger whizzed swiftly through the air.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

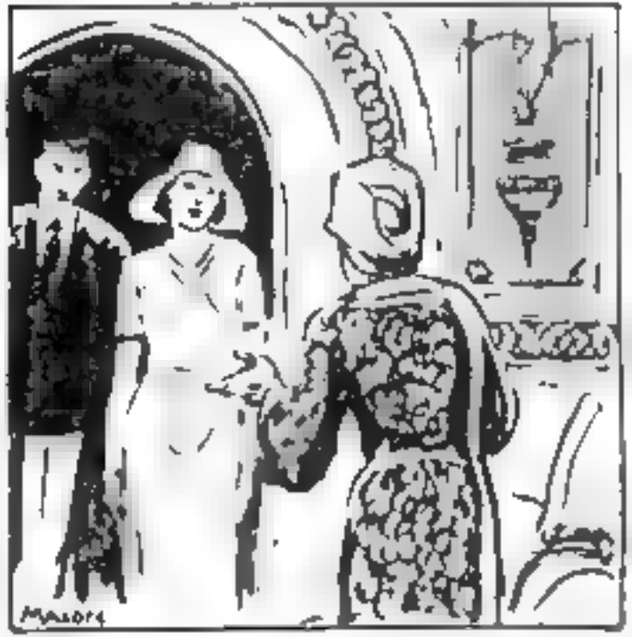
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



The dagger's point buried itself deep in the wall over Pat's left shoulder. Roger springing up to wrench the weapon free whispered tensely: "Quick Pat, we must clear out of here." The angry cries of the mob below mounted to a shrill chorus.

Lady Cecil had fainted when she saw the would-be assassin's nearly fatal knife miss its mark. Her son lifted her, and a moment later the three disappeared from the crowd's sight, temporarily safe behind the curtains.

Pat's steel nerves were unshaken by her narrow escape from death. After Lady Cecil revived Pat went to her own apartment where from below came the muffled noise of men surging down the street.



She wondered what was the real cause of the disturbance. Not long was she left in doubt. Soon Roger came seeking her. Ahmed desired to see them both. Pat was shocked at the change in the prince's face—and more so at his words.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Much grieved at the near-fatal end to his hospitality Prince Ahmed spoke of graver things impending. The thrown dagger had been a signal for the uprising of the smouldering revolt in his father's state against the British.

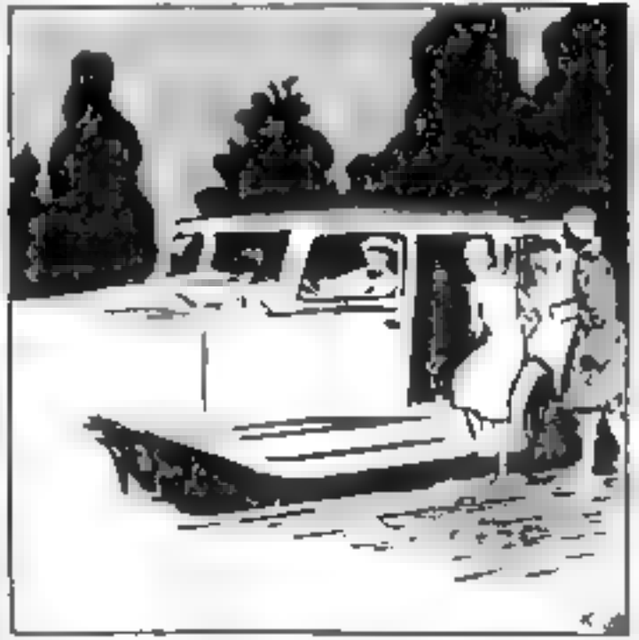
The procession of the Buddha's Tooth had broken up in the wild disorder as the people cheered the war like Gurkhas, hastening to join forces with the outbreak of fanaticism on the frontier. "There," said Ahmed, "are your countrymen."

"The British are amassing a considerable force." His entire state, he added, was now unsafe for English travelers. He assured Roger of his own loyalty and urged his guests to remain within the safety of the palace for a while.

But fearing the treachery of the other natives, Roger Cecil had no mind to risk the lives of his mother and Pat by remaining. He, too, had come to distrust Ahmed's father, the wily maharajah. After dinner he sought out Pat and unfolded his plan.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



It was decided that, under cover of this night, the little English party should try to reach British protection a hundred miles away on the western front. Pat, game daughter of a brave soldier, had no fears.

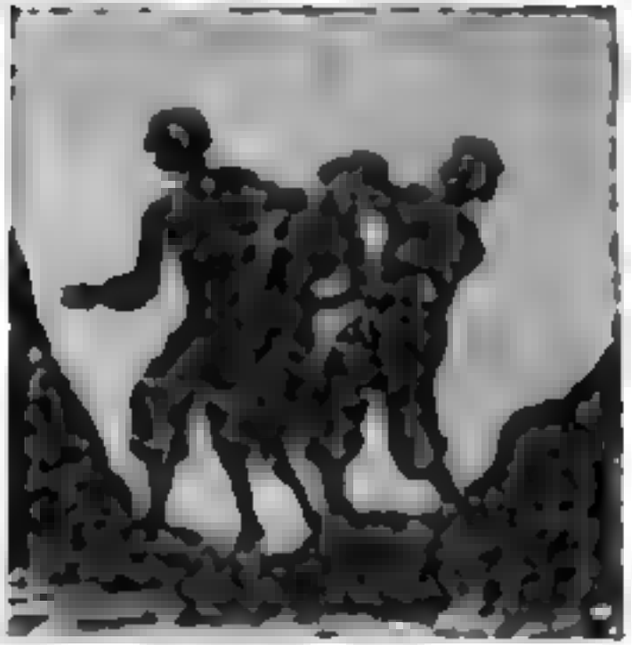
But Pat had her hands full convincing Roger's mother that all would be well. Prince Ahmed, doubtful, promised, however, to have al[illegible] n readi[illegible]ness. Shortly before midnight, the three received an escort of Ahmed's personal guards.

They bid their host farewell and glided through the palace gardens that were drugged w[illegible]th too sweet perfume. And in his royal chamber the maharajah, fully acquainted with al[illegible] that was happen[illegible]ng, summoned a trusted official.

The maharajah gave careful instructions. See that no harm be[illegible]ls the g[illegible]l. [illegible] were his words as the fellow left. Some a slow smile twisted his face, indicating that his highness's thoughts were not unpleasant [illegible] to himself.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Softly the door closed behind a slender Hindu woman, swathed in veils that left only her large dark eyes uncovered. A moment the mysterious visitor stood silently regarding Pat. Then she came closer to the girl.

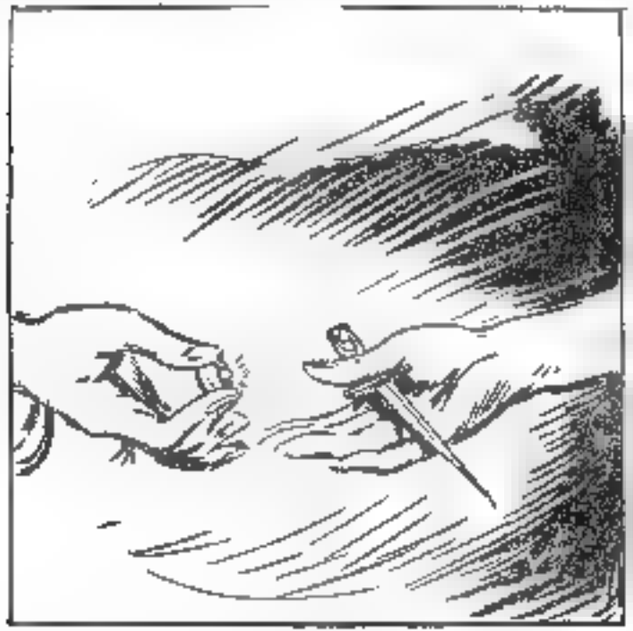
She spoke rapidly in a low musical voice using excellent English. "I am the Ranee," she said. "At my peril I have come to warn you. Though I am the Maharajah's favorite wife, nothing would save me if he knew my errand."

Astonished, Pat started to speak, but the woman cautioned silence. "Only briefly can I stay. Listen carefully. Never shall you leave the palace alive! This I learn through my spies. I dare not tell you more."

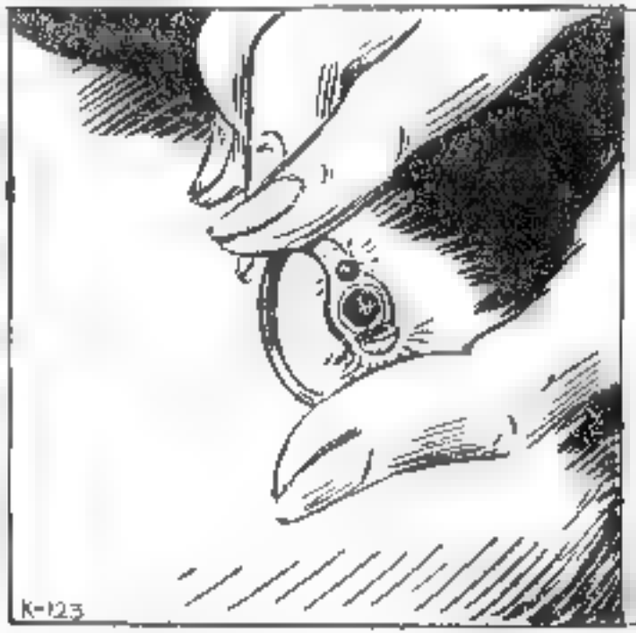
"You will know soon enough. I know that women of your race prefer death to dishonor. Take these. Either will set you free, when the time comes, from the hateful fate awaiting you." And she held forth something she wished Pat to take.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



Pat held in her hand the Rance's gift. One was a slender jeweled dagger—the other a curious, carved ring set with precious stones. As the Maharajah's wife placed the ring upon Pat's finger, she explained.



The ring had a cunningly contrived secret spring. "See beneath this ruby," she whispered, "the tiny needle. It is dipped in the triple distilled poison of the deadly cobra. The merest scratch means death!"

"But perhaps you prefer the dagger? I leave the choice to you." She moved toward the door, then added: "No white woman shall ever take my lord from me!" She was gone, leaving Pat too astonished to utter a sound.

Despite herself, Pat was alarmed at the uncertainty of the night's weird events. She looked at the flashing rubies and emeralds of the ring, hid the dagger within her bosom, turned from the door and fainted.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

When Pat regained her senses at first she thought she had dreamed of her midnight visitor. But now there were the poison ring and the dagger the woman had given her. The silvery moonlight flooded the prison room.

All was silence. Rising to her feet she crept to her bed. Soon she was into a quiet sleep. In a few hours the dream faded. Suddenly Pat heard her name called. Her dying call her name. The voice was strangely real.

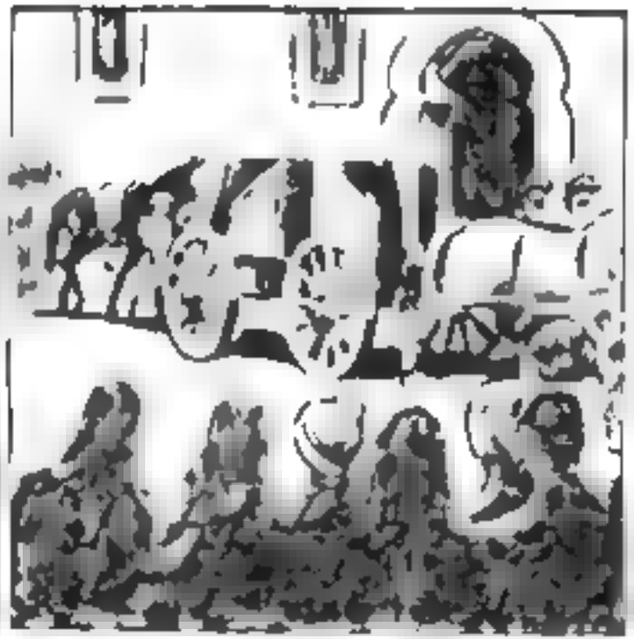
The dream awakened her. With fast beating heart she sprang up only to find the man gone. The girl dozed, lighting her incredulous person. And about the same hour on the north frontier of India Captain Clayton went over the top.

He was leading his brave Tommies in a costly charge against the enemy. Far on the field where Pat's father lost his life, dying with his daughter's name upon his lips, never knowing that the evil Mahar had held her captive.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

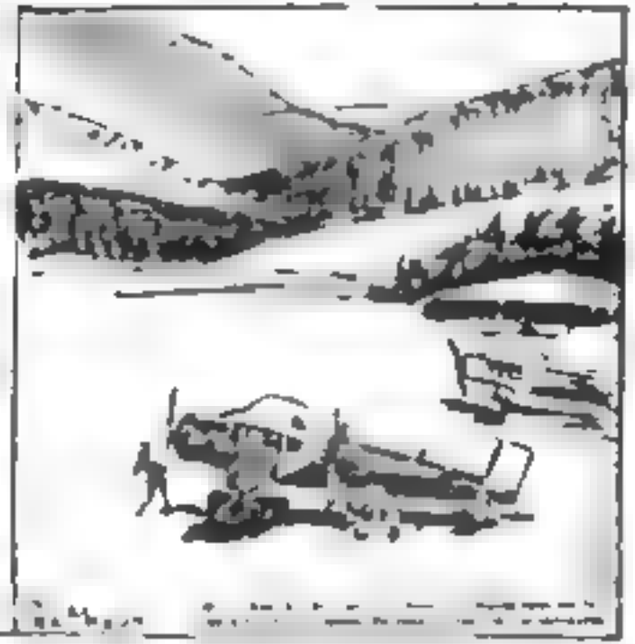
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

After the kidnapping of Pat from Roger Cecil's motor car the young Englishman and his mother raced hour after hour until they arrived at India's capital. Here, after attending to the nerve shattered Lady Cecil, Roger sought news of Pat's fate.



A chief stricken he found that the house officer was to be buried. For days a fakir, an aged holy man, had lying a hero who had given his life in his master's service. He learned of the troop's success on the frontier.

The British were steadily pushing back the tribesmen to the gates of the Maharajah's city. Roger Cecil, being suspicious that somehow the Maharajah was responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the girl, he heard.



He determined to find out. When months in England he had learned to pilot his own airplane. Now his pleadings and influence obtained him a commission with the Crimson Squadron, chosen daring aviators fighting on the frontier.

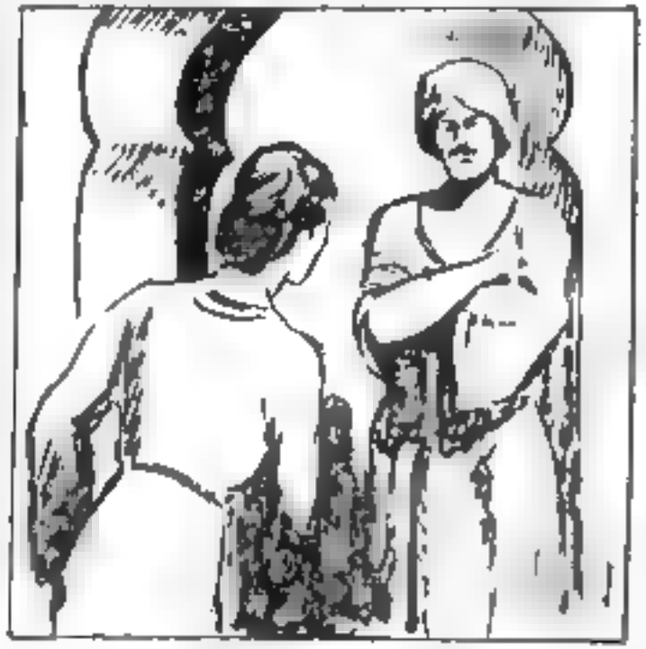
TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

While Roger Cecil's plane sped to join the battling fliers and Pat for the third day was wondering what was to happen to her the Maharajah was busy with important state affairs. He gave a sumptuous banquet to his subject rulers.

Toward the end of the feast news reached him of the defeat of his hired soldiers and the ever nearing menace of British troops. But uppermost in his mind were other thoughts and plans.

They concerned the beautiful girl he had so treacherously trapped. Eagerly he awaited the moment when again he would feast his eyes on Patricia Canby's charms. Pat was still wakeful at the late hour.



She stood looking at the enchanted scene below her window. Suddenly she was startled by hearing someone softly enter the room. No servants ever came thus unannounced. Turning to question the intruder Pat faced the Maharajah himself.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"Your Highness, what means this?" Pat faltered as the Maharajah approached her. "It means," he replied mockingly, "that ever since I beheld you first I desired you—and now I have you." Too stunned to reply, Pat stepped quickly backward.

In doing so, a silken rug slipping on the polished floor betrayed her and she fell. Immediately the swarthy monarch caught her, and despite her frantic struggles, enveloped her in his arms.

Pat gave herself up for lost, knowing how useless it was to scream for help. She thought of her father—and of Roger—Oh! Why had she not accepted his honest love? The man's breath touched her face; she heard his mocking voice.

For a moment all went black before her eyes. Suddenly her brain cleared; she recalled the Rajah's subtle reference to suicide. "Women of your race prefer death to dishonor." Quickly she drew the jewled dagger from her bosom.

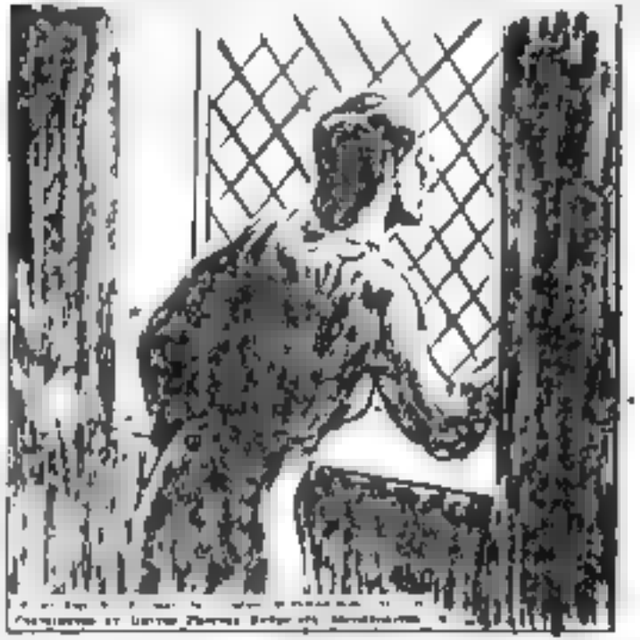
TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

With a supreme effort, Pat wrenched her arms free from the Maharajah's clut hes, the jewelled dagger flashing in her raised right hand. One brief second it poised in air before it descended. Now it was the Maharajah's turn to feel terror.

He made a vain lunge for the glittering weapon, thinking to prevent his victim from killing herself. But that was not Pat's purpose. Backed by the full force of her strong young arm, the blade descended.

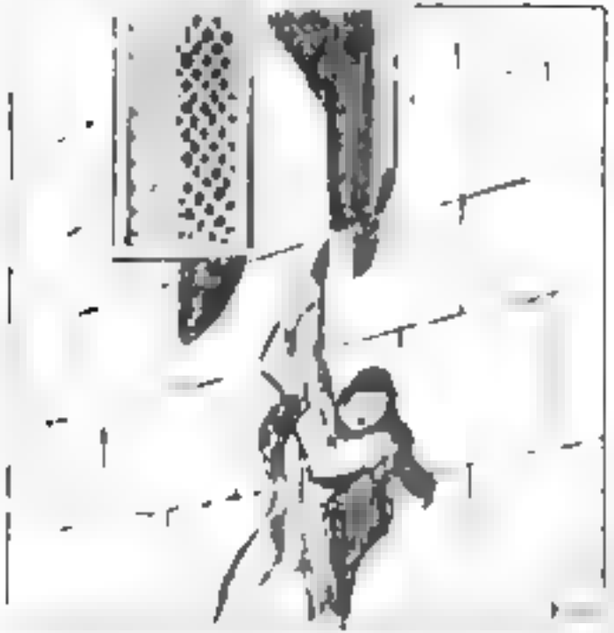
It drove straight through her persecutor's heart. Writhing in pain the Maharajah fell to the floor tried to call for help, then suddenly stiffened. Pat had killed a man. At the thought a dizziness swept over her.



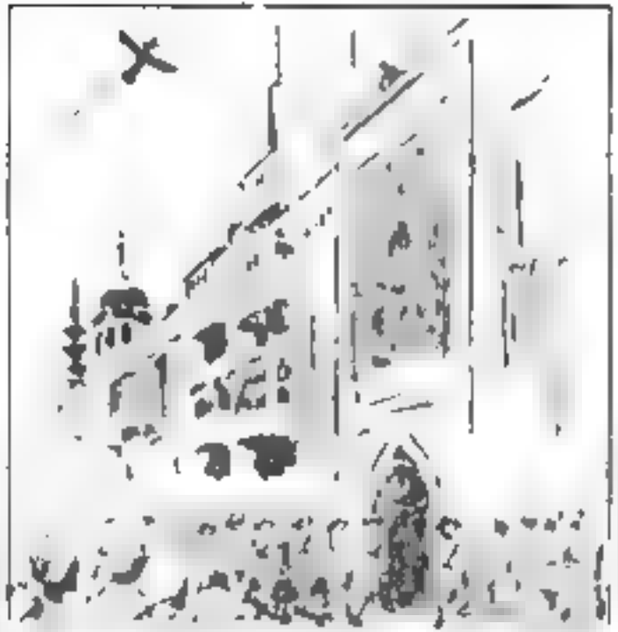
Her heart thumped wildly and a noise like the distant hum of airplane engines buzzed in her ears. The sound increased and there came shouts from outside. But Pat's only thought was to escape before the Maharajah's death was discovered.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

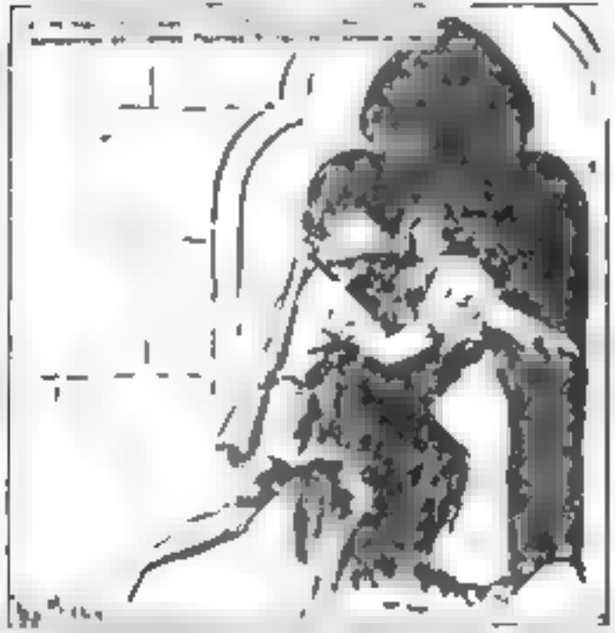


Swiftly Pat [illegible] the bed [illegible] hurried a [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] the window [illegible] she was a broad [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] she leaped [illegible] and ran [illegible] ledge.



Crawling the street beneath. In the rising dawn she [illegible] Pat's [illegible] Tarzan [illegible] recognized as part of the [illegible] squadron.

[illegible] down a [illegible] she [illegible] [illegible] Pat's [illegible] down and [illegible]



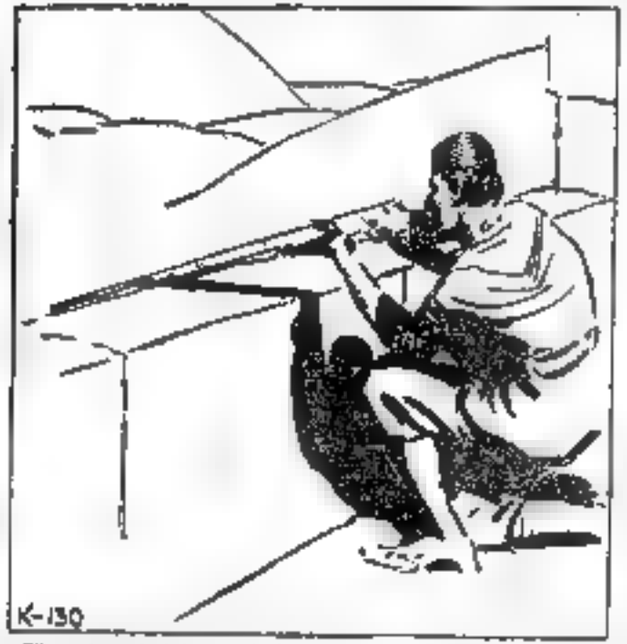
[illegible] toward her [illegible] he recognized the [illegible] of the [illegible] swung and [illegible] had the soldier not caught her [illegible]

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

A cool drink from the soldier's canteen quickly revived Pat. She awoke to a scene of furious combat. British soldiers were everywhere, silently and efficiently advancing in the face of a murderous fire from natives concealed behind hastily constructed barricades.

Her companion quickly explained that a short distance away was a large field where it was possible for the planes circling overhead to come down. There he thought, he could signal one of the planes and put Pat in a place of comparative safety.



They hurried toward the field, the soldier half pulling Pat along with him in his haste, immune to fear of the bullets which whined about them. And up in a balcony a native sniper caught sight of Pat's red shawl. He leveled his rifle at the spot of color.

Pat and her soldier companion were in sight of the field. Suddenly to Pat's horror, the gallant Tommy gasped and fell. He clutched his side in anguish, but turned a smiling face to Pat's. "Go on, Mum," he whispered. "That red shawl—hide it."

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

When the soldier who had brought Pat from the palace almost to the airplane field, fell victim of a sniper's bullet, her first impulse was to stay and aid him. But the bullet had done its work and with a last smile at Pat, his brave eyes were soon closed in death.

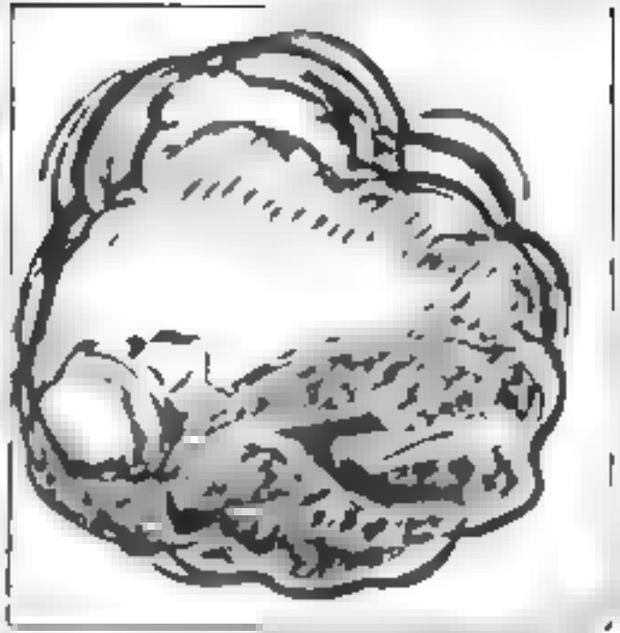
Somehow she made her way through the turmoil to the field. A single crimson airplane swooped low. Pat waved her red shawl furiously, but it seemed as if the aviator's attention would never be attracted. Suddenly the plane circled closer.

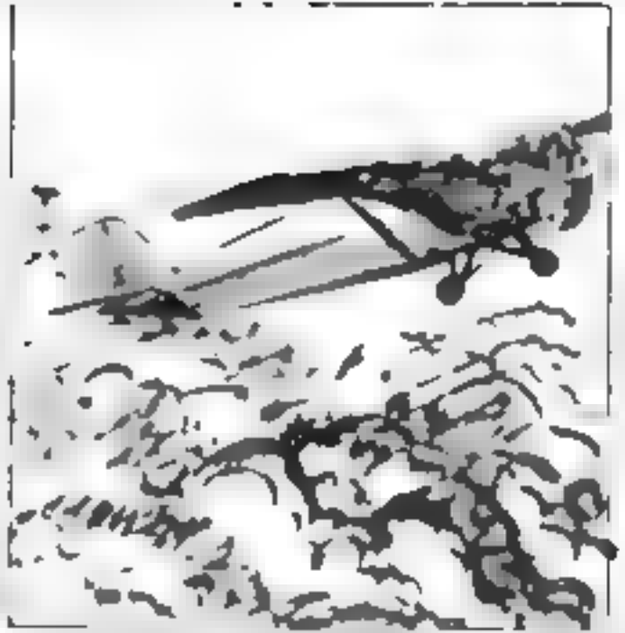
As Pat gazed upward, the plane's motor suddenly became silent. the craft dropped lower, touched the ground, came to rest. Slowly it taxied toward her. A voice called out. Hardly believing it possible, she recognized the well-loved voice of Roger Cecil!

A moment later she was in his strong arms. "Thank God I had the luck to find you," he whispered fiercely. And Pat wept happily as they clambered into his plane. Surely now her troubles were over. Instead, disaster was even to follow her through the air.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

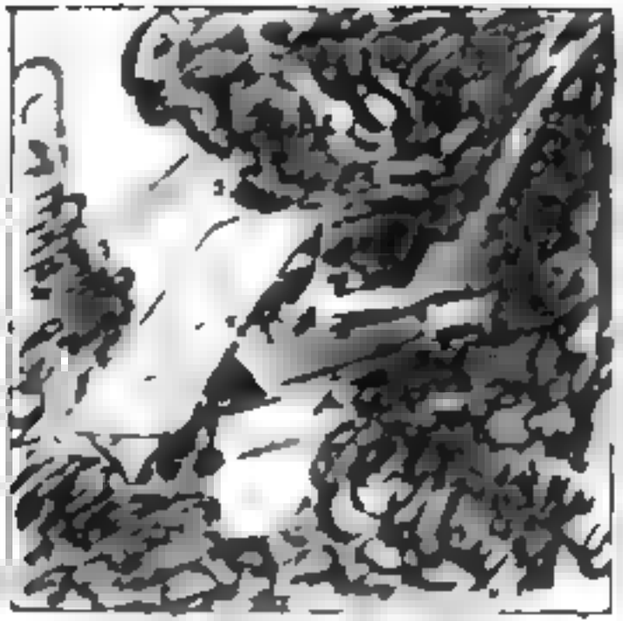




TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Roger realized the airplane had small chance of enduring the dreadful southern monsoon. With the engine dropped, Pat and his men would be fortunate if their lives were saved. But for twenty minutes he valiantly carried on his skill.



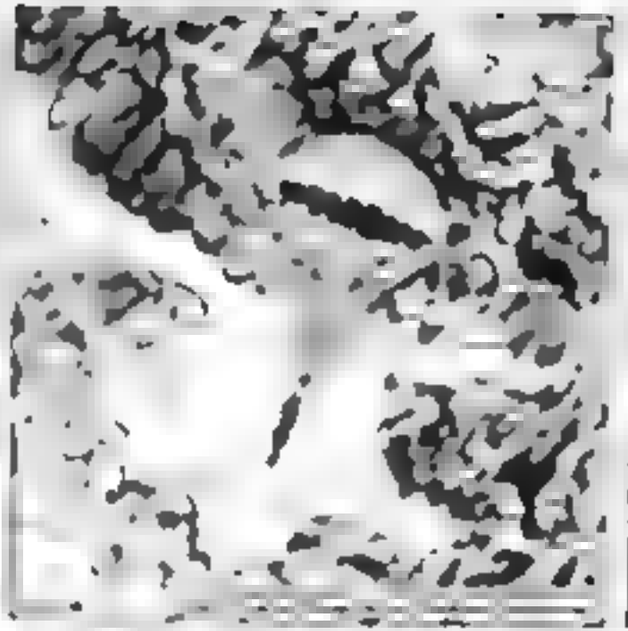
Roger still could hope to come through. Possibly he would have succeeded had not a blinding flash of lightning followed by a deafening roar showed the crew plane for one brief second. Immediately longer of Tarzan appeared.

The two behind around the aft section and Roger knew the game was up. Giving over the control to his sub-lieutenant he turned to Pat, who faced but calm. Quickly she moved to her pare chute. It is your only chance, cried Roger.

We will follow if we can. Good luck! Pat heard him. I love you. Happy landing. Kissing her lips and smiling bravely, Pat heard him. A moment later she jumped overboard, toward like a feather in the raging elements.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Olga awoke from troubled sleep unable for a moment to account for her surroundings. Then she realized that the fall in the storm loosed parachute like the other events of her dream, had really happened years before. Instead of her beloved Roger the one now bending over her was Tarzan, the ape man.

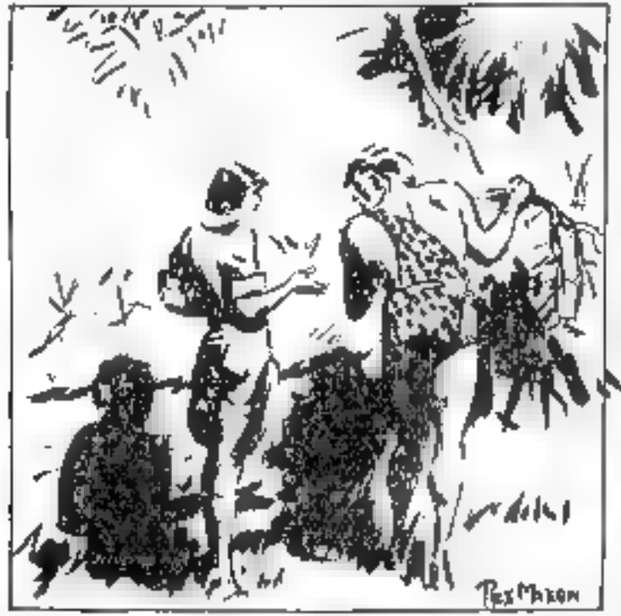
Hopelessly again she felt the terror of her strange predicament. She knew this savage wild man was her enemy, hating her as he did all Reds. Nor could she expect much mercy from him, since she had once tried to kill him. Now began busy days as Tarzan built a thatched hut with a small boma surrounding it.

Olga tried to help. They worked almost in silence. She watched this sun tanned, handsome giant with puzzled awe. He moved with the graceful ease of a jungle cat, lifting heavy weights with no apparent effort, as if he had the attributes of superman and savage beast.

Both seemed closely intermingled in him. His stern and silent presence produced a feeling of unnamed dread in the girl's heart as days went by. "So far he has not attempted to harm me," Olga told herself, "but for what sinister purpose is he protecting me from the other savage denizens of his cruel jungle?"

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



Olga, the spy, tried to put from her mind the probable fate that awaited her at the hands of this wild man. At last she asked Tarzan what he intended doing after the hut and boma were completed. "I am going to the west coast

. . . where I was born," replied the ape-man, "but in the jungle there is no reason for haste. First I must see that you have a safe place to sleep and learn how to provide yourself with necessaries." "You intend to LEAVE me . . .

"In this terrible jungle?" she cried. "Why not?" asked Tarzan. "I did not bring you here. Would any one of your men give any better treatment to an enemy woman?" No white man would leave a defenseless woman a prey . . .

"to wild beasts and savage men!" answered the girl, hotly. Tarzan shrugged his broad shoulders. The conversation seemed profitless. Again they worked on, but now they were watched by Zu-b'vah, the king ape, hidden in the thicket a short distance away.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

With grudging approval, Tarzan noted the girl's helplessness in the oftimes painful labor of gathering thorny branches. Although she was an enemy, the ape-man felt compunction at her bruised, bleeding hands and arms.

At last he bade her stop. "There is no reason why I should not do my share, since this shelter is solely for my protection," answered Olga. "This is not a woman's work," said Tarzan. "If you want to do something, fetch water."

"You may need it when I leave." Without a word, Olga took the gourds and wacked toward the river. She knew the man had passed a death sentence upon her the moment he left her—her doom was sealed! She would last a very short time.

The grim jungle would claim her, for how could a lone woman combat the savage forces of destruction all about her? So occupied was she with these gloomy thoughts that she had neither eyes nor ears for the lurking danger near her.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Olga, turning from the river, gave a half stifled scream and shrank back from the menacing figure looming before her, backing the way back to the hut. Za-h-vat, the king ape, hunting apart from his tribe, had seen the woman go for water.

It was he who now confronted her. The king ape was not a pretty creature judged by human standards. But the chief of his tribe and Za-h-vat himself considered his glossy coat, shot with silver, quite handsome.

His dangling arms and bullet head, sunk between mighty shoulders, were marks of great personal beauty. In his little savage brain was a conviction that this strange she, belonging to the Tarmangani, must look with admiration upon him.

Za-h-vat felt that surely his beauty entirely eclipsed such as the hairless white ape who owned her might lay claim to. But Olga saw only a hideous beast, a fierce and terrible caricature of man, as it lumbered toward her.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Tarzan heard Olga's cry and looking up, saw at a glance the cause of her terror. Leaping lightly over the boma, he ran swiftly toward her, as Zu-b'yat lumbered closer to the girl. The ape was uttering low gutturals.

He meant to be most friendly, though the sounds seemed to the girl like the growlings of an enraged beast. As Tarzan drew nearer he called aloud to the ape, and Olga heard from the human ape the same sounds that had fallen from those of the beast.

"I will not harm your she," Zu-b'yat called to Tarzan. "I knew it," replied the ape man, "but she does not. She is like Numa and Sheeta who do not understand our talk. She thinks you come to harm her."

Now Tarzan was beside the girl. "You need not be afraid," he said to her. "This ape has learned his lesson. He knows that Tarzan is lord of the jungle. He will not harm that which is Tarzan's." But now more apes were appearing.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

More apes arrived. Some of the shes plucked at Olga's garments, commenting upon them to one another. "You must not show fear," Tarzan called to her. "You will often be surrounded by these apes. But then you will be safest.

"Few jungle creatures dare attack the great apes when several are together. When I am gone I advise you to seek their society. But if you let them know you are afraid they will take advantage of it.

"Your life will be constantly menaced." "I will try," said the girl, "but they are the most frightful creatures I ever have seen." Tarzan replied. "No doubt they think the same of you!" Olga had to exercise all her will-power.

She succeeded in passing through the ordeal of inspection by the she apes without showing the terror or revulsion she felt. Tarzan watched her closely, realizing the torture she was undergoing. Suddenly he addressed the apes.

Tarzan felt no pity for this woman of a race enemy. Yet despite his sentiments toward her he was forced to admire her fine display of courage. Tarzan goes now to hunt for himself and his pet, he said to the apes. The she will remain here.

The ape man pointed toward the hut. "See that no member of the tribe harms her. Do you understand?" The apes nodded. "We will not harm her," said Zu-bat. "No," threatened Tarzan, "for if you do, Tarzan will kill you."

Then he said to Gra-ta, "I am going to hunt. You had better remain at the hut." The apes had promised not to harm Gra-ta, "but stay with you. It is the best weapon in case you need to protect yourself."

Tarzan walked with the Red ape as far as his home and when he had entered he took up his gun with them he his. The girl watched him as now he walked away toward the forest.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Olga watched the ape man moving across the clearing noting the easy cat like tread and grace of every movement. At the forest's edge he swung lightly into a tree and disappeared from view.

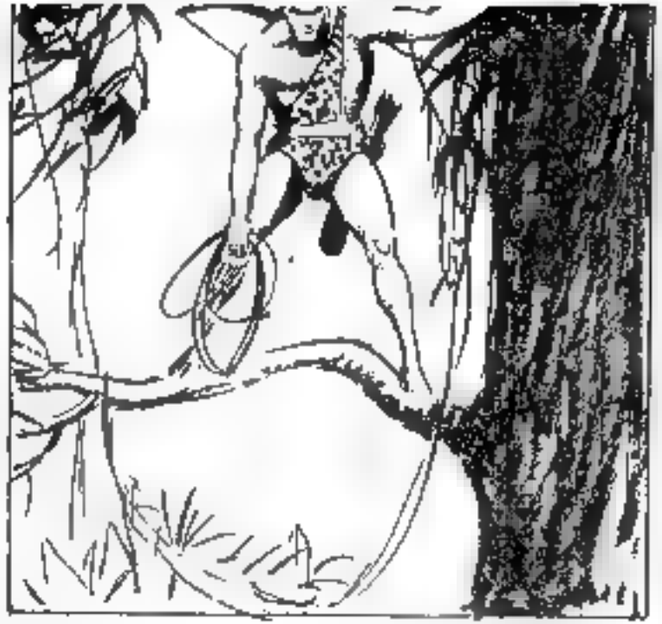
Then the strained nerves of the girl spy gave way. Entering the hut she threw herself upon the ground and burst into tears. Tarzan sought Horta the boar for of all jungle animals he believed its flesh would taste best to the girl.

Though his keen nostrils were ever on the alert, he traveled far without being rewarded by even the faintest game scent. He kept close to the river where he hoped to find Horta approaching or leaving a drinking place.

Tarzan came at last upon the strong odor of a Wimabo village. Being ever ready to pay his hereditary enemies the Gomangani an undesired visit he swung into a detour came up in the rear of the village—and upon unexpected disaster!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



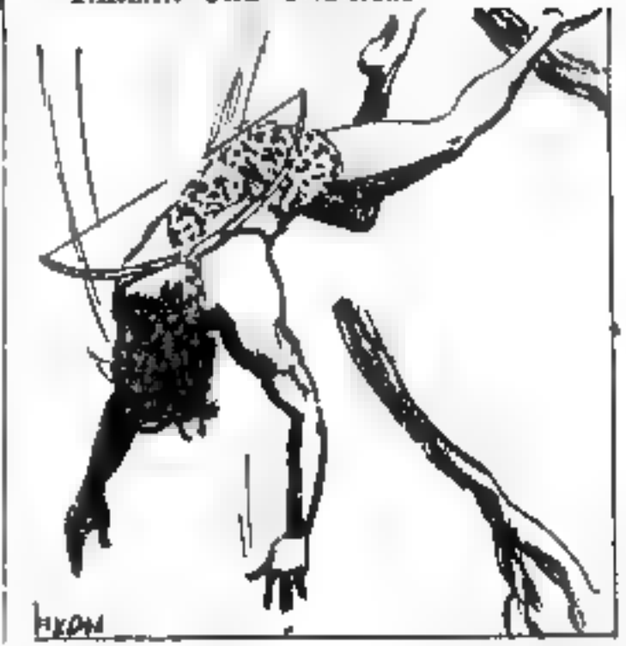
In the village street below, Tarzan saw preparations going on which his experience told him, indicated the approach of one of those frightful cannibal feasts. More than any other amusement the grim jungle afforded him . .

. . the ape-man took keen enjoyment in annoying and terrifying savage man-eaters. To rob them of their feast in some way that would strike terror to their hearts was his object now as his eyes searched the village

He was trying to locate the prisoner. To get a better view, he climbed high and moved cautiously out upon a slender branch. Outwardly the limb looked as strong as many other that had often borne his weight

Nor could Tarzan know despite his marvelous woodcraft, that a burrowing insect had eaten away the solid wood beneath the bark, close to the tree's base. And so when he reached a point far out on the limb, it snapped without warning under his feet!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

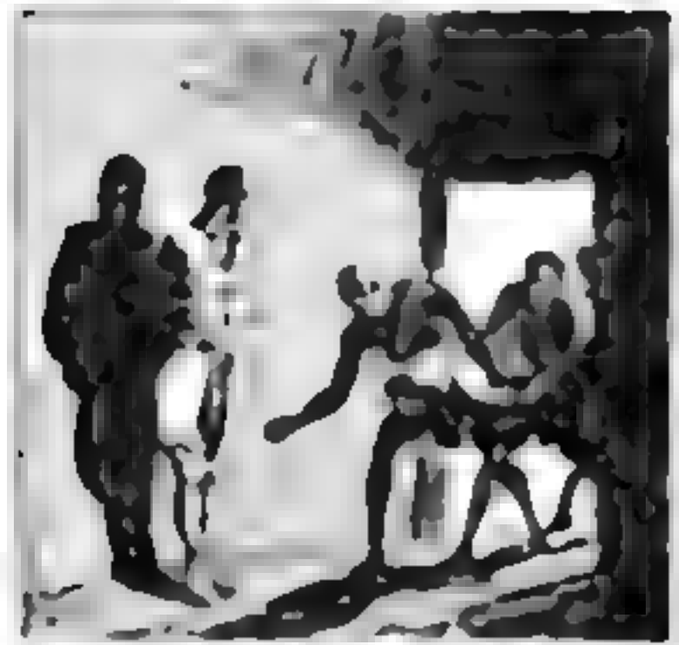


Below Tarzan were no larger branches that he might clutch as he lunged downward. His foot caught in a looped creeper so that he turned completely over and alighted on his back in the middle of the village street.

At the sound of the breaking limb and the crashing body falling through the branches, the startled blacks scurried to their huts for weapons. When the braver of them emerged they saw the still form of an almost naked white man.

Tarzan lay where he had fallen. Seeing that he did not move and that none of his kind were in the tree, a dozen armed warriors surrounded him. One was for thrusting a spear through his heart, but Numabo, the chief, would not permit it.

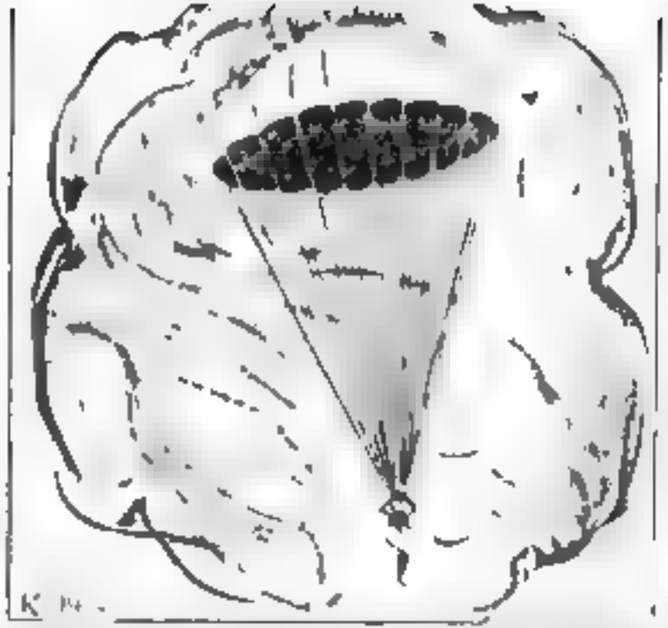
"Bind him," he said. "We will feed well tonight!" They tied Tarzan hand and foot with thongs of gut, a crowd of natives gathered him into the hut, where another white man also awaited his fate.



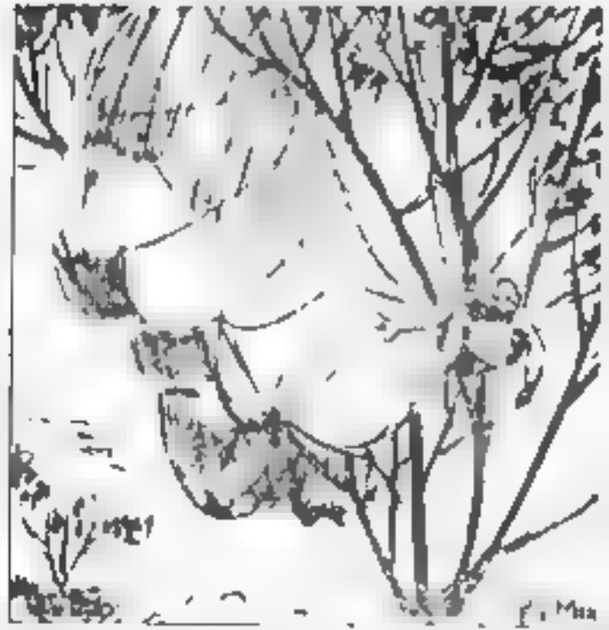
By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Lieutenant Roger Cecil, Royal Air Service, for R was he who now watched Tarzans reunion with his mistress, had been the captive prisoner for some weeks. Unknown to him, they were leaving to fetch Roger for a feast. Then Tarzans ill luck brought him, too, into their fiendish clutches.

For eight long nights of his imprisonment Roger was left alone. Then his thoughts were [illegible] of the circumstances which brought about his capture. He was certain his flying career and his life were doomed. "What beastly luck!" he thought.



What was to come to [illegible] escapes he had come through. Many a previous air crash had he survived. He thought of that one in the India mountains when, to save Patricia Fanby, the girl he loved, he had made her jump with a parachute from his burning plane.



Roger recovered [illegible] crew had [illegible] to save their lives. How he at last bruised and battered, landed [illegible] he recalled vividly the events that followed. He had not known where he was.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

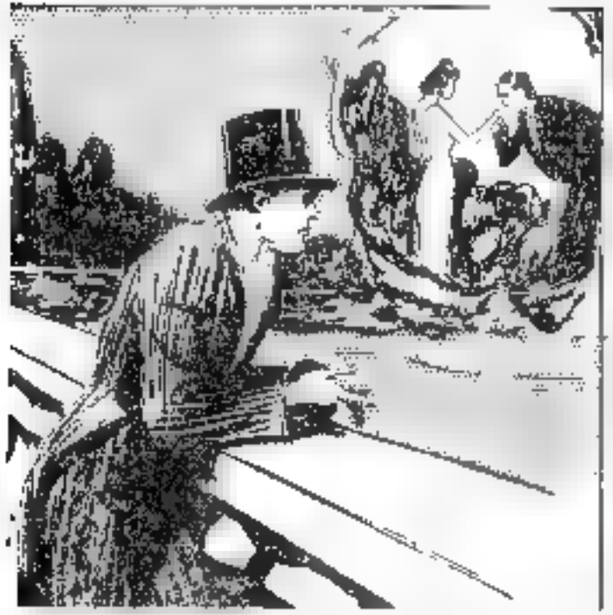
Laboriously Roger Cecil succeeded in freeing himself from the tangled parachute rigging. The burning remnants of his airplane lay in a clearing close by. An hour later he heard the whirr of motors skyward.

In the clear light of morning, after the terrible India monsoon that nearly finished him, he saw two scout planes of the "Crimson Squadron" winging above him. Luckily his fellow fliers had followed him from the captured city of the Maharajah.

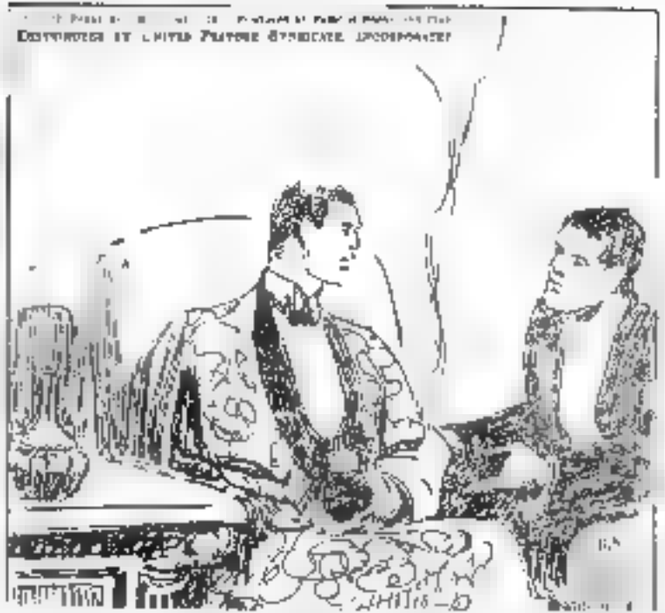
Avoiding the storm, they had seen his body drop from the doomed plane. Searching, they rescued the young Englishman but found no trace of his crew or of Patricia Canby. Reluctantly, Roger was forced to admit the quest hopeless.

Finally he allowed the fliers to take him back to Delhi. Long he grieved for the once happy girl who had captured his young heart. Only the knowledge that he had done his best to save her comforted him at all.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



The beautiful unknown woman the perfumed night and the poetic setting of the Riviera recalled to Roger that never-to be forgotten hour in the gardens of the Taj Mahal when he told his love to Patricia Canby.



He had thought those precious memories buried in his heart. Before retiring, he mentioned the subject uppermost in his mind inquiring about the lovely stranger "Everybody knows HER! Where have YOU been?" laughed his host.

"She is the famous Russian dancer Why?" "Nothing, replied Roger casually "Just a mood old top. I fancied I once had known her—in India" And the young Englishman smiled to himself, thinking how absurd had been his notion.

Still this gorgeous creature with the worldly look MIGHT have been his innocent, gay little Pat Next morning suddenly wearied of pleasure, Roger decided to return to London Saying he must get to work, he left "la Cote d'Azur and began a great adventure.

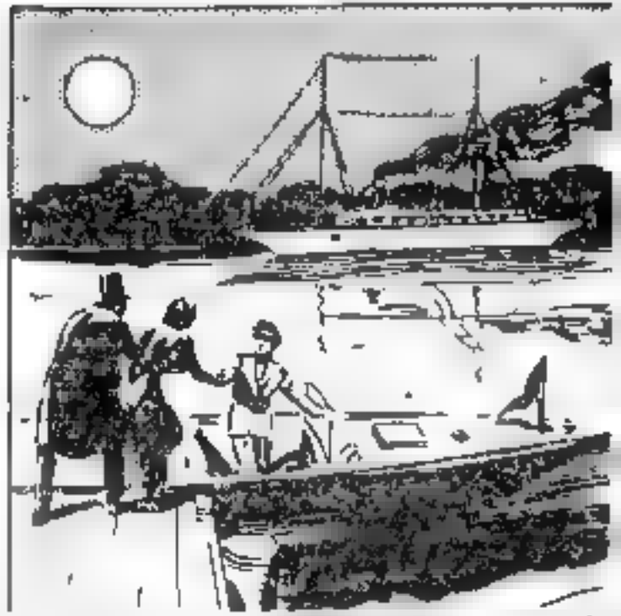
TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

As though instinctively she sensed Roger's unuttered call to her the beautiful woman's eyes met his, then turned to answer laughingly her handsome escort, speaking in French. Only a moment she looked at him.

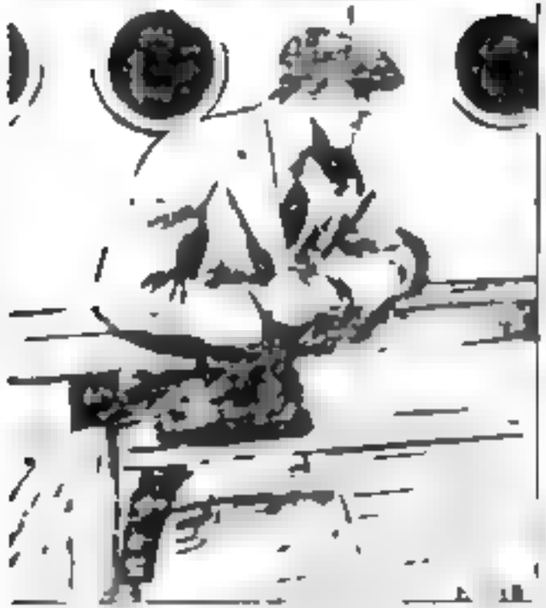
In that moment Roger's memory leaped the years, back to his summer in India, for something in the woman's presence vividly recalled Patricia Canby and his love for her. Later he saw her in the baccarat room.

Here he observed the woman closely as, calmly winning, her slim white hand fingered the ivory chips. She wore no jewels, except an exquisite ring of emeralds and rubies, curiously designed. He saw her leave early

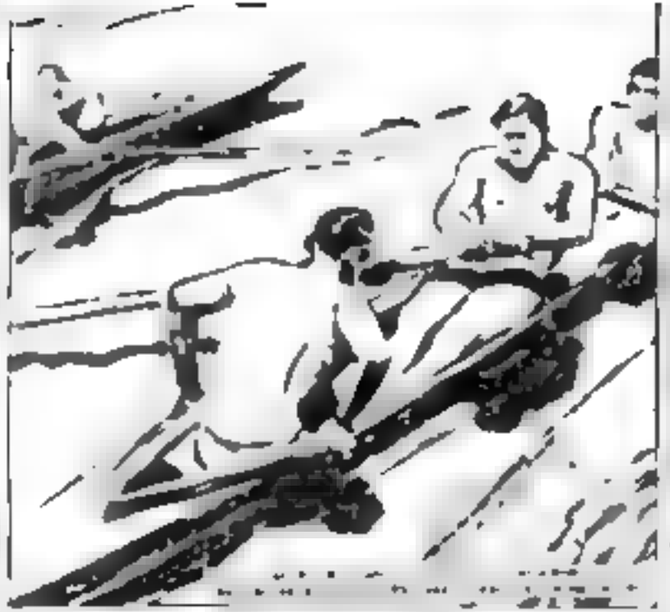


She left with the same man, and Roger watched her as she boarded a smart motor boat and speeded toward a palatial yacht anchored under the Mediterranean moon. Vaguely disturbed and homesick, Roger turned to seek his friend and host.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

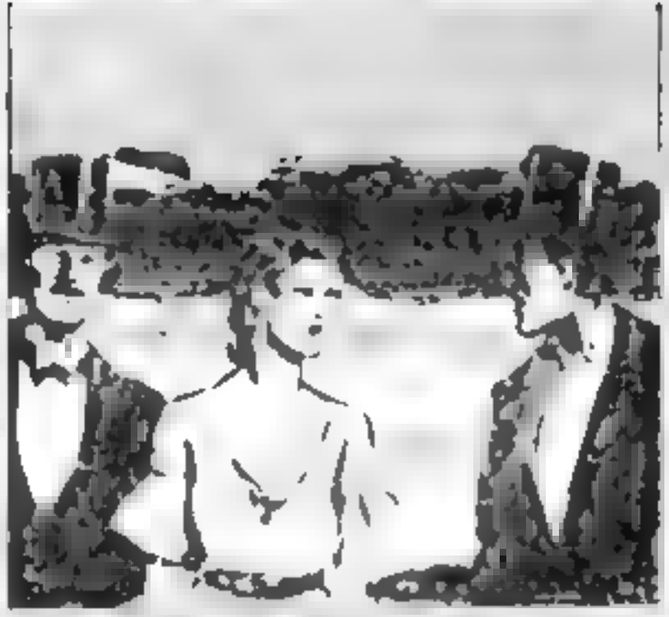


Due to the tragic experience of the last months India had forever lost its attractions for Roger Lord. After that adventurous summer changed and matured he was glad to return to England. Another year found him out of Oxford.



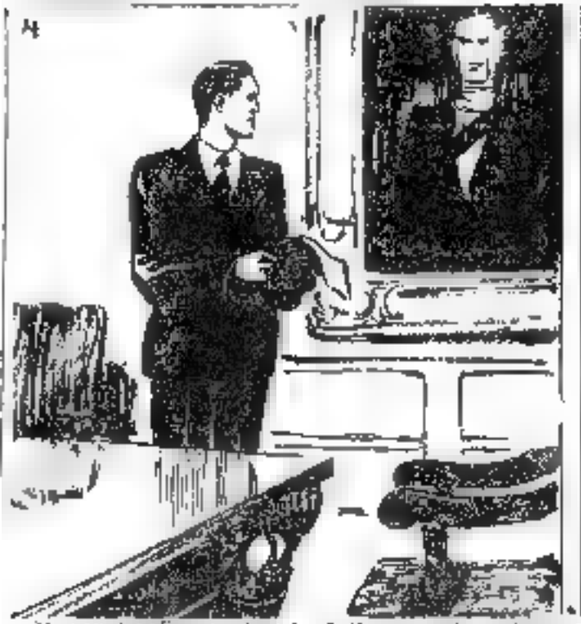
There, working hard trying to forget his first love, he graduated with honors, had played rugby and rowed stroke on the varsity crew against Cambridge. The following six months he spent on the continent.

This was before he entered his uncle's London business as a clerk. One spring he visited the tables at Monte Carlo, enjoying the orchestra's gypsy melodies.

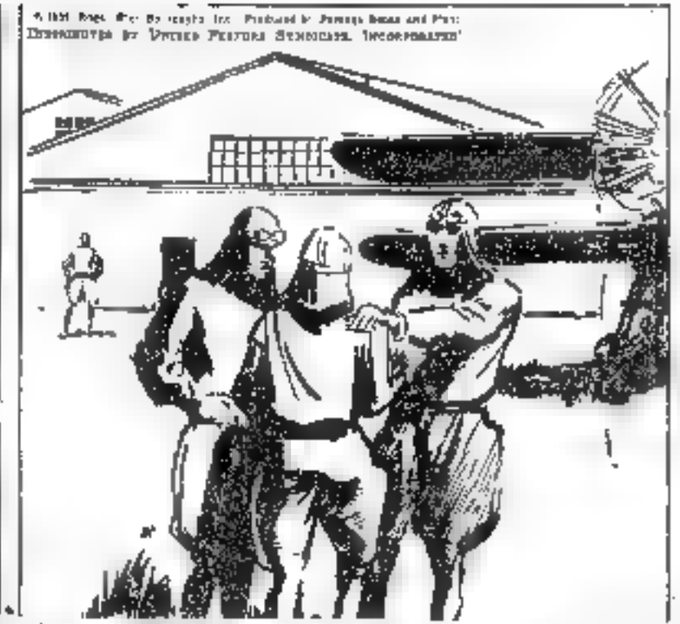


But while he was watching the twinkling lights dotting the Riviera hillsides, his attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman [illegible] near him. Just a crowd her dark eyes [illegible] and Roger's heart leaping almost cried out [illegible]

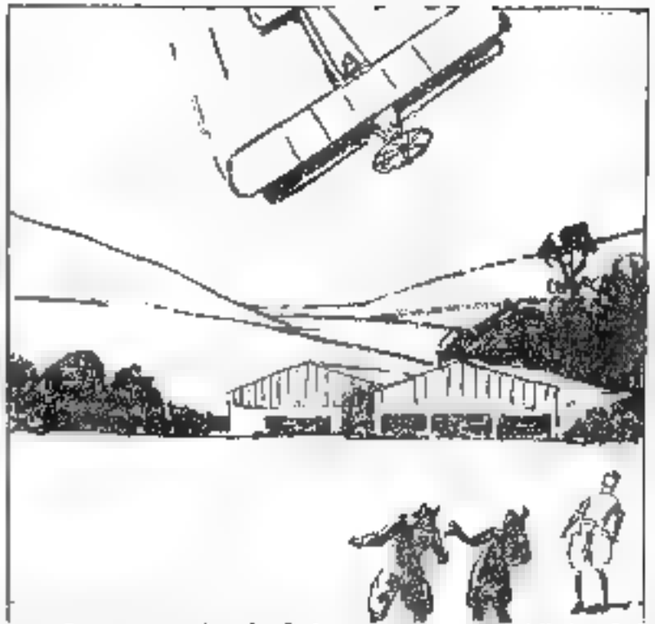
TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.



Roger Cecil was tired of the uninteresting details of legal affairs in his uncle Jeremiah's austere London office. He was that elderly gentleman's favorite nephew and heir. Also, he had been christened for him.

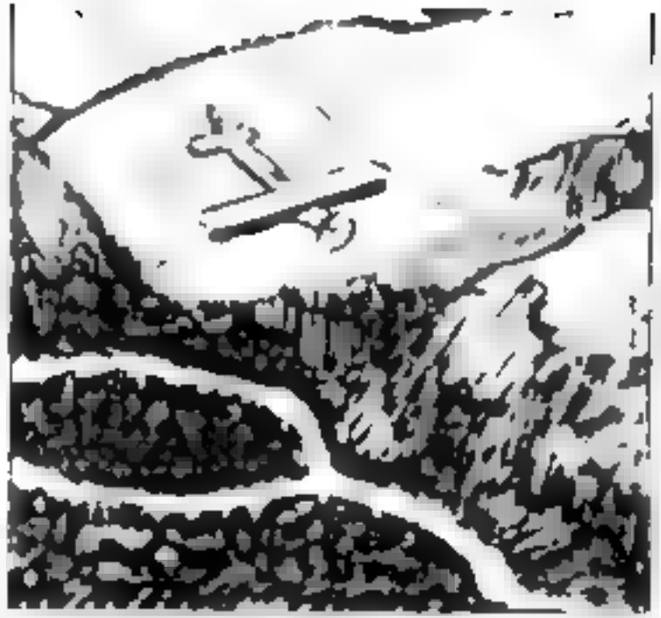


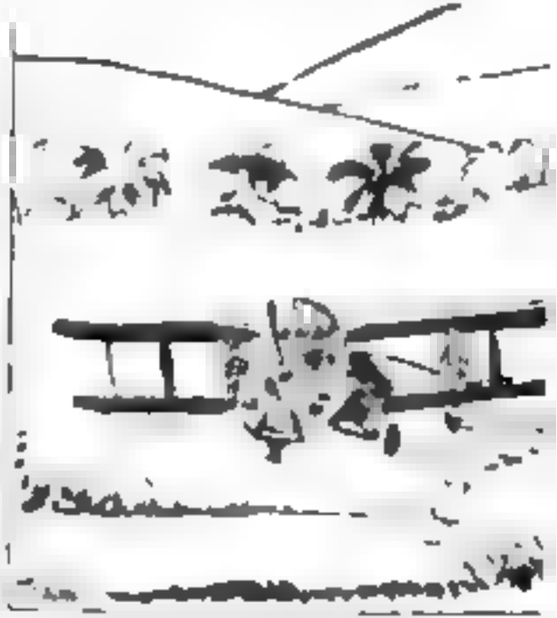
He disliked his Biblical middle name and never used it. His chums at Oxford knew this and, ragging him, nicknamed him "Jerry." And "Jerry" he was to his intimates on the flying field where every spare hour found him.



For years he had been a capable pilot of his own plane, and more and more flying became his chief interest. His breath taking air stunts gained him fame as one of England's most noted non-professional aviators.

It was autumn of this fateful year that Roger's world and the Empire rocked with a sudden shock. The Red Army of Europe struck its initial blow for world supremacy against the hated English in East Africa!





Too young was Roger to have experienced the World War horrors, so unmindful of African dangers longing for adventure, fired with patriotism and hatred of the new menace he was among the first to enlist in the African struggle.

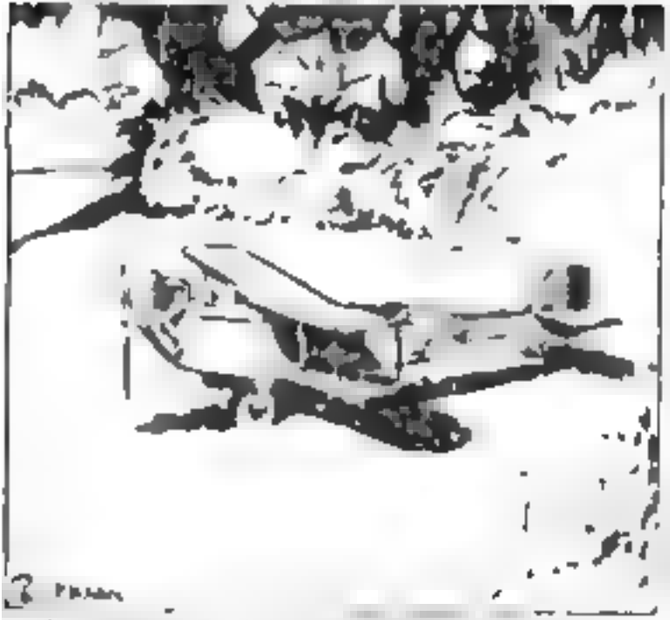
Weeks later Flight Lieutenant Roger "Jeers" Cecil Royal Air Service was on reconnaissance. A rumor had come to British African Headquarters that the Reds were marching across the dark continent to reinforce their colonial troops.

The thing seemed preposterous, but no good general permits the least rumor of enemy activity to go uninvestigated. Therefore Lieutenant Cecil flew low toward the west searching with keen eyes for signs of the Red Army.

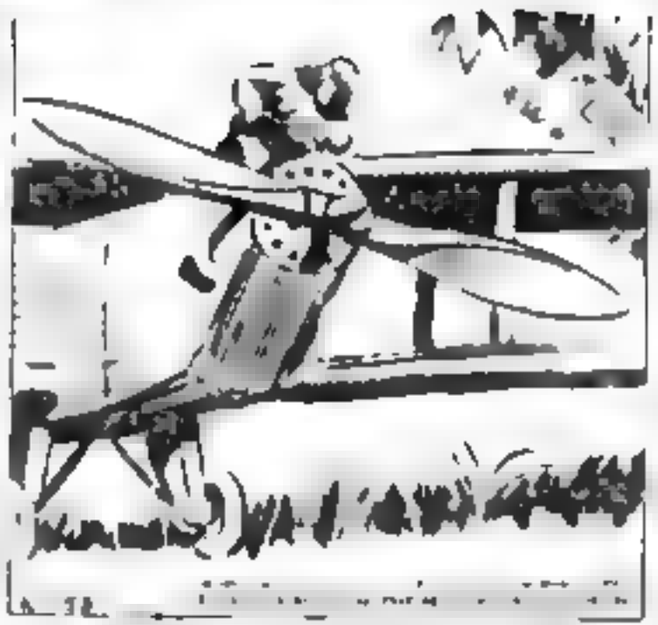
His all day scouting had given no sight of man. At top speed it would take straight flying to cover the distance back to camp before darkness. With ample fuel and trusty machine he had no doubts that he could do it. It was then that his engine stalled.

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Lieutenant Cecil brought his plane down into the meadowland and began to work over its disabled motor. As he worked he whistled London's latest popular hit—for it was typical of the man to be light-hearted.



He was careless of the immediate future and his surroundings. That the district might be infested with cannibal enemies seemed not to bother him at all. Expertly he worked, correcting the adjustment that had caused the engine to stall.

Not once did he give the country around him a single glance. Even if he had probably he would not have seen the figures crouching in the underbrush of the forest's edge. The repairs completed, he shut off the motor and jumped to the ground.

He wanted to stretch his legs and light a smoke before continuing his return flight to camp. Some gorgeous tropic blooms caught his aesthetic eye. He walked over to examine them more closely. And as he bent over them it happened!

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Roger Cecil was some hundred yards from his plane. It was at this instant that Numabo, chief of the Wamabo, chose to leap from his ambush and lead his warriors in a sudden rush upon the white man. The young Englishman had had no intimation of danger.

There was a chorus of savage yells and turning, Roger saw a score of blacks, naked warriors advancing upon him. A quick glance showed him they had cut off all chance of his retreating to his airplane and that their attitude was hostile.

Heavily armed with spears, bows and arrows, he knew they could overtake him at the first rush in spite of his pistol. Numabo was leading and the lieutenant aimed at the husky chief. Unluckily for the Englishman he missed his target.

Otherwise the killing of their chief might have dispersed the others. The bullet struck a warrior, and as he lunged forward, screaming, the others retreated. But to Cecil's chagrin they ran toward his plane, so that he was still cut off from escape.

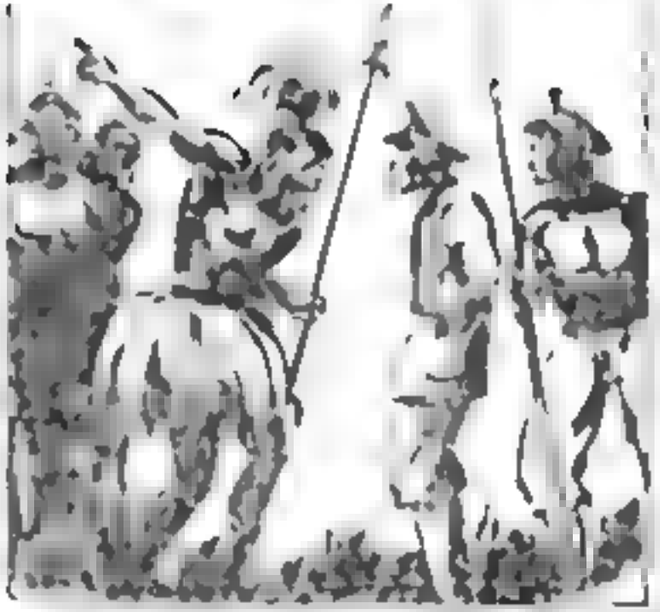
TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

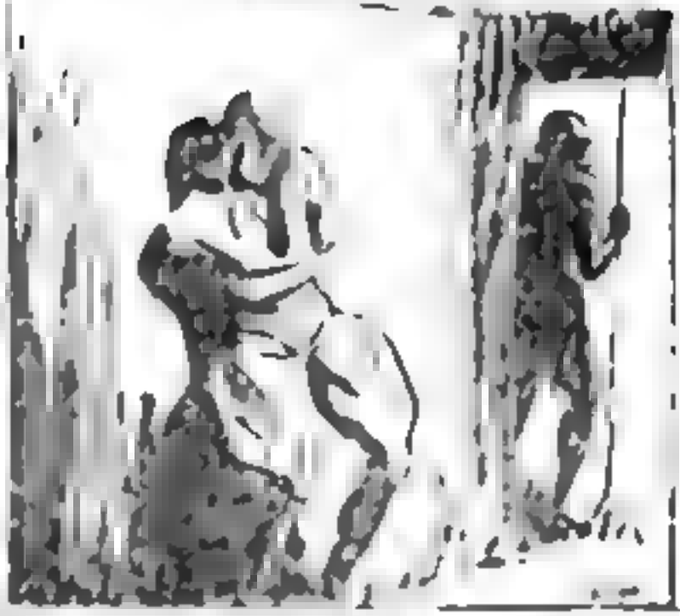
Roger Cecil saw the savages stop and again face him. Presently one leaped into the air, brandishing his spear and uttering savage war cries. Soon the others joined the antics which would bolster up their courage and spur them to attack.

Their second charge brought them closer and, though Roger dropped another with his pistol, three spears had been launched at him. He had five shots remaining and there were 18 warriors to be accounted for.

Unless he could frighten them off his fate was sealed. That they must pay one life for every attempt to take his had its effect upon the savages, and when they began a new rush they did it more skilfully scattering into three bands.

These rushed him from different directions, and though he emptied his pistol with good effect, they reached him at last. Seeming to know his ammunition was exhausted, they circled close, evidently intending to take him alive.





The prisoner was a member of Nu's war [illegible]

[illegible] Where did you get the Englishman

He [illegible] down from the [illegible] a strange [illegible] you captured him, Nomalo [illegible] and Usango

[illegible] Nomalo will see that this white man flies no more

[illegible] What are they going to do with me? inquired the young lieutenant

TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

"Why did they take me alive?" asked Jerry of the savage leader. Usanga laughed, leading the prisoner outside. Jerry saw a sinister thing whose meaning was only too obvious. Usanga eyed him closely, hoping to see signs of fear.

But he was disappointed, for the white man only shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Really, do you beggars intend to eat me?" "Not my people," replied the black. "The Wamabos will eat you, but we will kill you for their feast."

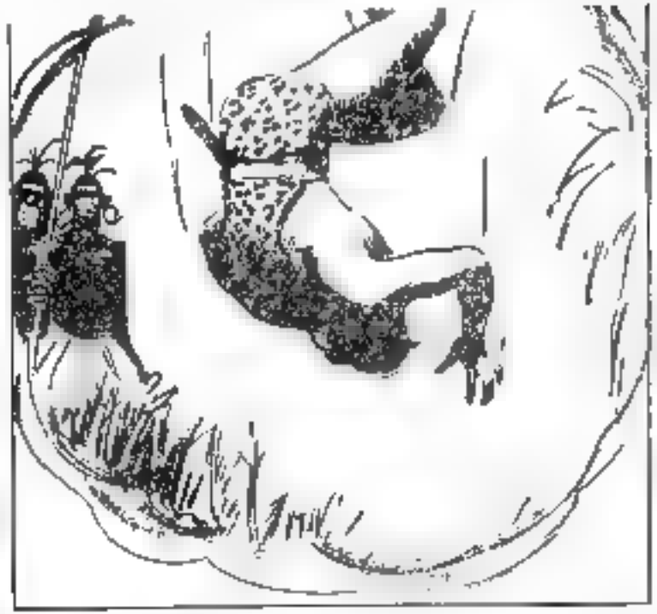
Jerry watched the preparations for the orgy that was so horribly to end his life. If he felt fear he hid it perfectly under a mask of coolness that impressed even the brutal Usanga. "No more will your great bird fly over our people," said the black.

Usanga left to join his warriors. Shortly after this, Tarzan was captured and imprisoned with Roger. And now the British aviator, watching the cannibals' new victim, saw the helpless, naked giant slowly recovering his senses.

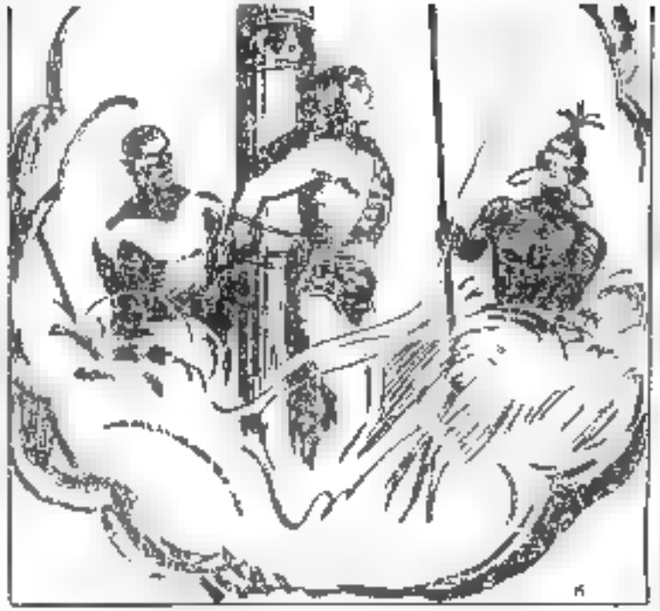
TARZAN THE UNTAMED—

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

As Tarzan saw the tightly bound Englishman, he half smiled, saying "They will fill their bellies tonight." Jerry Cecil grinned. "From the fuss they made," he said, "the beggars must be hungry. They almost ate me alive when they brought me in."



"How did they get you?" Tarzan shrugged his head ruefully. "It was my own fault," he replied. "I deserve to be eaten. Falling from a broken branch my foot caught and I came down on my head. Otherwise they would not take me alive."



"Is there no escape?" asked the Englishman. "I have escaped them before," replied Tarzan, "and I have seen another escape even when a dozen spear shafts had pierced his body and the fire had been lighted about his feet."

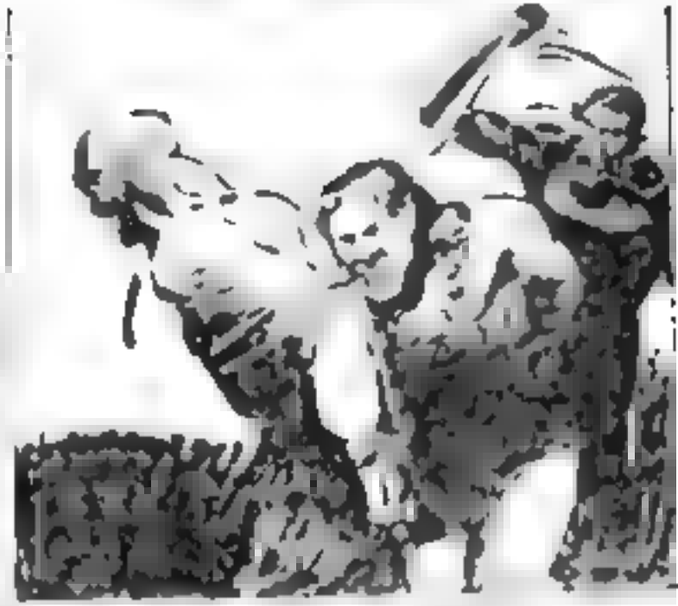
"Lieutenant Cecil shuddered. "God!" he exclaimed. "I hope I don't have to face that. I could stand anything but the fire. I should hate to show fear before the devils at the last moment." "Listen!" whispered Tarzan.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"Don't worry," said Tarzan. "It doesn't last long, and you won't feel it. There is only a brief period of pain before you lose consciousness. I have seen it many times before. It is as good a way to go as another. We must die sometime."

What difference whether it be tonight or a year hence—just so that we have lived and I have lived. Your philosophy may be all right, said he, replied the young lieutenant, but I can't see it is exactly satisfying.

Tarzan lived and saw. Even a second so [illegible] that cut his pals with an axe. [illegible] fears for the [illegible] giving [illegible] strong white teeth. In another moment they would part and then it would be simple for him to remove them.



He would be able to free Tarzan. Just then a guard [illegible] saw what the new prisoner was [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] Calling to see [illegible] they fell upon the [illegible] men, kicking and beating them on [illegible] falls.

The guards bound Perry more securely, and tied both men fast to opposite sides of the hut. When they had gone, Tarzan looked across at his companion in misery. "While there is life," he grinned, "there is hope." Lieutenant Cecil smiled back.

He said. "I fancy we are getting short on bo b. It must be getting close to the cannibals' supper-time." Zu-lag Big-neck hunted alone far from the balance of the tribe of Zu b yat. He had just arrived at maturity.

He was a large, powerful, ferocious beast whose flat forehead denoted he was high above the average ape in intelligence. Today he was returning along a river path because it led past the village of the Gormanganí, whose peculiar manner of living interested him.

The cannibals always aroused Zu-lag's curiosity. Taking up a position in a tree where he could watch the blacks, he had just settled himself, when, with the cannibals, he was startled by the crashing of Tarzan's body within the palisade.

TARZAN, THE UNTAMED—

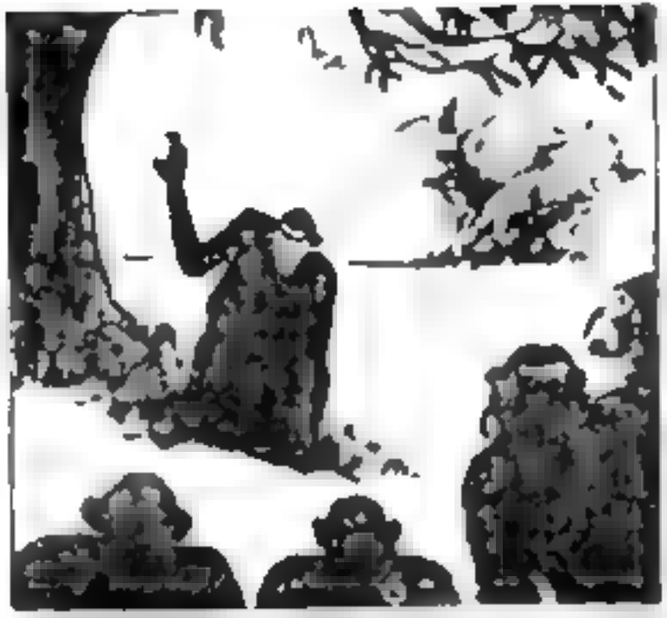
—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

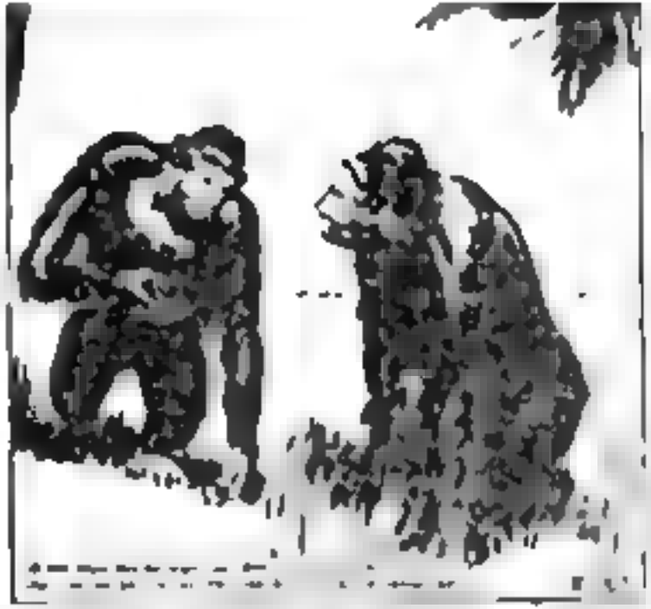
Zu-tag saw the Negroes carry the prostrate man into the hut. He recognized the brown-haired Tarmangani as the strange white ape who had danced the Dum Dum with his tribe.

It was he who by mastering their leader had won the savage respect and admiration of this fierce young bull. Zu-tag rose to his full height, raised his face skyward and was about to scream out a savage protest and a challenge.

His ferocity being tempered with native cunning and caution, he decided to act instead of scream. He thought he would like to save this wonderful white ape from the common enemy. At first he was for entering the village alone.

But seeing how numerous were the warriors about the entrance to the prisoner's hut, it occurred to him that this was work for many rather than for one. So, silently, Zu-tag slipped away through the foliage.





Zu-tag, filled with suppressed excitement, dropped suddenly from the tree into the midst of his tribe. The old king had seen others come thus filled with a sudden resolution to wrest the kingship from their chief. He grunted and growled, baring his fighting fangs. Zu-bwat advanced to meet the younger bull. Zu-tag told the king ape what he had seen. Zu-bwat grunted in disgust and turned away. "Let the whole ape take care of himself," he said.

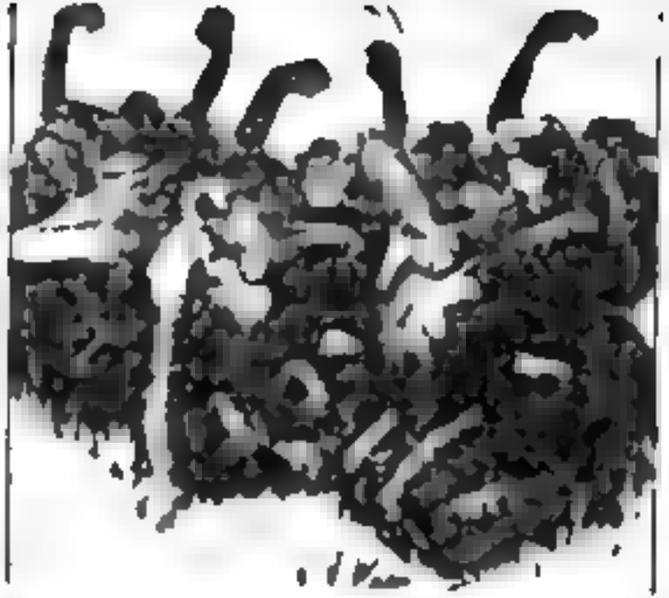
"He is a great ape," pleaded Zu-tag. "Let us drive him from the Kromangani." Zu-bwat grunted again and moved farther away. "Zu-tag will go alone and get him," cried the young ape. "If Zu-bwat is AFRAID." The king ape wheeled in anger, growling loudly.

He beat upon his breast. "Zu-bwat is NOT afraid," he screamed, "but he will not go—the white ape is out of his tribe. Go yourself and take the Tarmangani; he with you if you want so much to see him." "Zu-tag WILL go," replied the young ape.

—By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

"Zu-lag WILL take the white she and all the bulls of Za-ram who are not [illegible] in the morning [illegible]. Who will go with Zu-lag to [illegible] and bring back our bulls?" he demanded.

Eight adventurous young bulls on the full prime of their vigor leaped to Zu-lag's side. But the older bulls spoke among their herds and wondered aloud after their king. [illegible] Zu-lag. We would die and then we fight with us.



The elders of the tribe paid no attention to his boast [illegible] with well grounded reasons [illegible] their herds, but by their looks and attitudes their hatred [illegible].

The people [illegible] with the horrid sound. The [illegible] to what the [illegible] between [illegible] was almost paralyzed with fear now as Zu-lag advanced toward her.

With the agility of a cat Zu-tag leaped over the protecting wall and stood before the girl. Striking away her spear he jabbered and motioned. Coming close, he seized her by the arm, but not roughly. She shrank away in terror.

But now Olga began to realize the ape was not menacing her. His whole attitude was one of attempting to explain a knotty problem. He pointed south, dragging the girl that way. His efforts became frantic as he again pointed to the boma.

The ape pointed to herself, the forest and then, inspired, seized the spear and threw it south over the wall. Suddenly it dawned upon Olga that what the ape was trying to tell her had to do with the white man whose property they thought she was.

Perhaps HE was in danger! No longer holding back as Zu-tag pulled away the thorn bushes that barred the entrance, she followed the nine apes starting off toward the jungle, running at top speed in her effort to keep up with them.

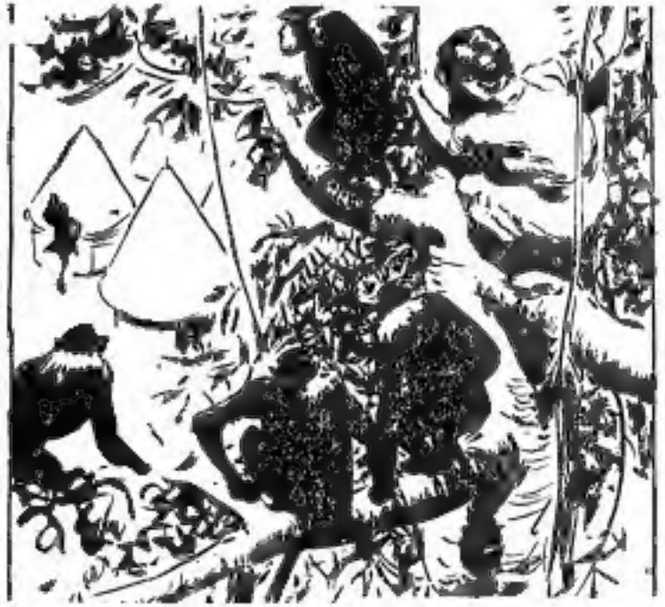
TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Much to the chagrin of Zu-tag, the girl soon found she could not keep up with the ape's rapid pace. He kept constantly running back and urging her to greater speed. She caught her foot and fell. Then indeed was Zu-tag furious!

His apes were waiting at the forest edge for him to lead them. Suddenly he realized this poor weak she would keep them traveling so slowly that they might be too late to help the great white ape. So the giant anthropoid picked Olga up bodily.

He swung her to his back. Then he started off rapidly to join his companions. The girl clung tightly to the mighty bull, but when he took to the lower tree branches she shut her eyes, expecting each second to fall to the ground.

That journey through the primeval forest will always live in the girl's memory! Later, she found that even with her weight, Zu-tag moved more rapidly and with no greater signs of fatigue than his unburdened fellows.



Not once did Zu-tag pause until he came to a stop among the tree branches near the cannibal village. They could hear the sounds of life within the palisades and Olga caught glimpse of the hideous savages.

From them she had so recently escaped. She shuddered to thing of possible recapture by them and she wondered why the apes had brought her here. Now the anthropoids advanced slowly and with noiseless caution, until they could easily look down into the village street.

Za-tag, loosening the girl's arms, squatted on a limb, motioning her to find a footing for herself. Repeatedly he pointed at a hut's open door and by various gestures seemed trying to explain something to her.

At last Olga caught his meaning—her white man was a prisoner there! Darkness was falling. The fires beneath the cooking pots were lighted. She saw the stake and fagot piles, suddenly realizing the meaning of these grisly preparations! But how could she prevent the feast?

TARZAN THE UNTAMED— —By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

Two warriors appeared before the girl's vision now, and soon set up a large stake beside the one already in place. Others entered the hut that Zu-tag, the ape, had been watching. They came out, dragging two captives.

One of them the girl recognized as her protector and the other as an Englishman in an aviator's uniform. This, then, was the reason for the TWO stakes! "Come!" she said to Zu-tag, as if she were talking to one of her own kind.

She swung lightly to the hut's roof below, then to the ground, keeping within the dense shadows. "If I only had some sort of weapon," she thought, "that might give me a slight advantage against the savages!" She turned to look for Zu-tag.

Seeing that Zu-tag was close behind her, and believing that the other apes followed, she felt more secure. Moving cautiously, she saw the cannibals congregating about the prisoners, already being bound to the stakes. Quickly she slipped into the hut.